HUBERT PARRY

HIS LIFE AND WORKS

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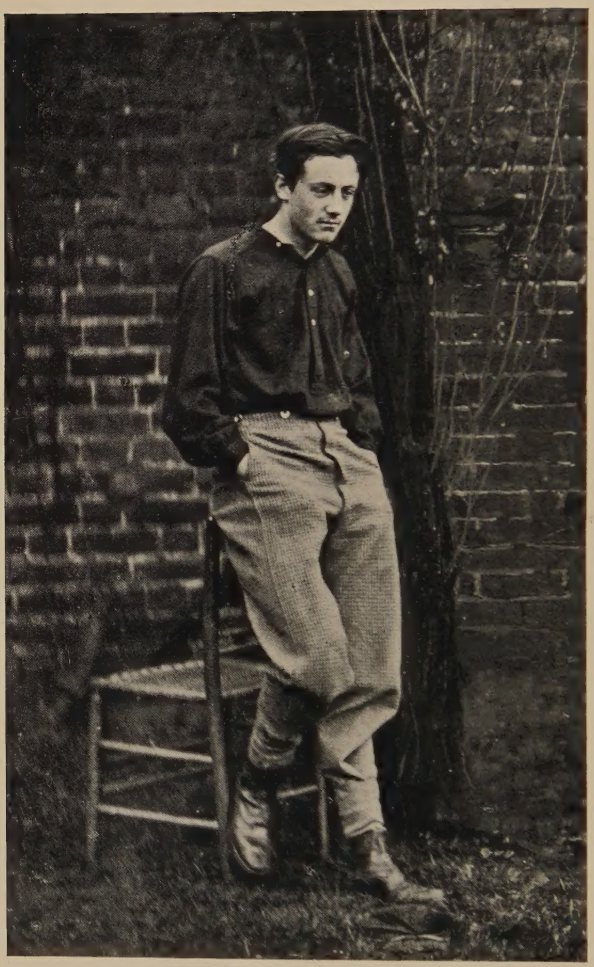

HUBERT PARRY, AGED 17.

From the Eton Group taken in 1865.

Frontispiece.

HUBERT PARRY

HIS LIFE AND WORKS

BY

CHARLES L. GRAVES

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I

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PREFACE

The multiplication of full-length biographies of late years has led to much adverse and often wholly legitimate criticism. Here, apart from the manner in which the task has been carried out, and the imperfections of which the writer is fully conscious, no apology is needed for these volumes, devoted to the life of a great British composer, who stands out as a pioneer of the renaissance of British music; still less so, when one considers the multitude of interests which drew him into the outside world and make the story of his life engrossing even to those who may not be attracted by music in its technical and professional aspects.

It is generally admitted, apart from his genius as a composer, that Hubert Parry rendered great services to his art by his work as a teacher and historian; by raising the status of the professional musician; by breaking down the last of the social barriers which excluded that calling from associating with the "governing classes" except on a semi-menial footing; by his consistent pursuit of the highest aims; by his unfailing encouragement of the younger generation.

But the force of his example and the range of his influence were all the greater because, more than any other musician of his time, he touched life and letters at so many points—as an athlete and lover of all games, an expert and fearless yachtsman, a country gentleman, landlord and magistrate, a student of natural history and

philosophy, an omnivorous reader of literature, ancient and modern, English and foreign.

The undoubted advantages which he enjoyed in birth, bringing-up, education and social opportunities were turned to the best account. It was his good fortune at Highnam, at Eton and Oxford, and all through his life, to be brought into more or less close touch with a great many notable personages in the Church, art, letters, science and philosophy, politics and society, and he has left many vivid impressions of this contact. But money, comfort and ease often stifle accomplishment, and prevent those who are favoured in this way from devoting themselves to hard professional work. Special credit is thus due to Hubert Parry, not so much for profiting by his position, as for withstanding the allurements and distractions of a leisured and comfortable home. He was a man of many friends, but in the class from which he sprang his closest intimacy was reserved for those who were more alive to its duties than its privileges.

The material placed at my disposal is rich in contemporary evidence of the state of social England in the middle and later Victorian age, and the record of his life contains a great deal calculated to surprise, entertain and instruct the general reader, especially if tempted to label him as a musician and nothing more. His diaries, begun at Eton and kept up till the end of his life, form the backbone of this memoir, and the autobiographical element, revealing the wide range of his activities and interests, the breadth of his sympathies, the depth of his humanity, and the strength of his natural affections, confirms the testimony of those best qualified to judge that he was a great as well as a good man.

Acknowledgment of the assistance received from many of Hubert Parry's friends, pupils and colleagues will be found in the text, but I am under a special debt to Lady

Maud Parry; to his brothers, Major Ernest Gambier-Parry and Mr. Sidney Gambier-Parry, for their reminiscences, abounding in characteristic and illuminating anecdote; to his sisters, Miss Beatrice Gambier-Parry, my chief authority for the history of the Parry family, and Mrs. Cripps; to his elder daughter, Mrs. Arthur Ponsonby, and her husband, Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, M.P., who at all stages of my work have never failed in the supply of valuable material, in encouragement and helpful criticism; to his younger daughter, Mrs. Plunket Greene, and her husband, who has most kindly contributed a special study of Parry's songs; to Mr. Logan Pearsall Smith for his charming paper on the golden days spent in the *Wanderer*; to Mr. Robert Benson, Sir George Greenwood, and the Hon. Robert Lyttelton for their recollections of Parry at Eton and in his early manhood; to Mrs. Drew (Mary Gladstone), whose friendship dated from Parry's Oxford days; to the Hon. Norah Dawnay for many happy memories of Highnam and Rustington; and to Mrs. Frank Pownall, whose friendship with Hubert Parry was of even longer standing than that of her husband, and equally unclouded.

Many of Hubert Parry's oldest friends and closest intimates, who took a friendly interest in my work, have passed away in the last few years, and it is with mingled regret and gratitude that I record my deep obligation to Sir Walter Parratt, Sir Charles Stanford, Dr. Charles Harford Lloyd, Sir William Richmond, R.A., Mr. Hugh Montgomery of Blessingbourne, Mr. F. J. H. Jenkinson, the late Librarian of Cambridge University, and Mr. Pepys Cockerell, for the loan of letters, for personal reminiscences, and other valuable information.

From Sir Hugh Allen, the Director of the Royal College of Music, I have received constant and ready help, and convincing proofs of his whole-hearted devotion to the

memory of his predecessor, and belief in his genius. I am indebted to Mr. Claude Aveling, the Registrar of the Royal College, for much useful information on points connected with Parry's administration of the College and other matters. Dr. Emily Daymond has most generously placed her admirable catalogue of Parry's works at my disposal, and has been of great assistance in regard to his methods of composition and artistic aims.

I have also to acknowledge valuable contributions and the loan of letters from Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Sir Edward Elgar, Sir Henry Hadow, Sir Walford Davies, Mr. S. P. Waddington, Mr. Barclay Squire, Mr. J. A. Fuller-Maitland, Mr. Harold Samuel, Mr. W. S. Hannam, Dr. Henry Coward, Sir Ivor Atkins, Mr. H. C. Colles—on whose collection of Parry's College Addresses I have repeatedly and freely drawn—Dr. E. J. Dent, Mrs. Dannreuther and Lady Raleigh. In connexion with the Greek Plays I am indebted, beyond any possibilities of adequate requital, to the kindness of Mr. Cyril Bailey of Balliol. And Mr. Alwyn F. Scholfield, the Librarian of Cambridge University, in enabling me to consult the records of the Cambridge productions, has shown a courtesy and kindness worthy of his predecessor, Mr. F. J. H. Jenkinson. Indeed, as I close this long but imperfect list of acknowledgments, gratitude compels me to admit that no biographer can ever have had greater pleasure or fewer rebuffs in the collection of his material. Only once in the progress of the work have I "drawn a blank".

It only remains for me to thank the proprietors of *The Times*, the *Spectator*, the *Nation and Athenæum*, and *Music and Letters*, for their permission to reprint extracts from articles which have appeared in their columns, and Mr. T. Mark for his valuable help in reading proofs.

C. L. G.

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CHAPTER I

ANCESTRY · CHILDHOOD · EARLY DAYS

BIOGRAPHIES are sometimes made an excuse for laying undue and even wearisome emphasis on the laws of heredity. One might easily be tempted to go to the opposite extreme with Hubert Parry—a remarkable musician emerging in what was on his father's side down to his own grandfather a prosperous upper middle-class family—and attribute his eminence entirely to himself, all the more so as we have become accustomed to the sudden flowering of artistic and especially musical genius on a homely stock. But the facts are against us. Without minimizing his strong individuality, or the qualities which distinguished him from his class and generation, it is impossible to overlook the mingled ancestral and racial influences revealed in his temperament, his tastes, habits and even gestures. It has been said, and said truly, that no other country but England could have produced him.[1] But we must remember that he had French as well as Welsh blood in his veins, that he was quick in action, thought and movement. Never was any one less phlegmatic. One of the Eton masters of his time spoke of his nature being steeped in a "deep rich colour". A friend of his later years compared him to radium. Yet he possessed many of the best characteristics of the Englishman: the sense of justice, simplicity, love of games and of the country, perfect directness and singleness of purpose. He had also a firm belief in his own countrymen, and held that no other

[1] See also "The Englishness of Parry," by Mr. Brent Smith, *Musical Times*, November 1924.

country approached his own. Music was the main interest of his life, but he was always far more than a mere musician.

All these traits and many others are foreshadowed in his ancestry. Heraldry, that useful but not invariably trustworthy handmaid to history, can be invoked to establish his descent from that branch of the Parry family known as the " Newcourt Line " of the Golden Valley in Herefordshire. Blanche Parry, " Gentlewoman of Queen Elizabeth's Privy Chamber " and " Keeper of the Queen's Jewels ", was of this line. Her father was " Harry " or " ap-Harry " of Newcourt, and two monuments were erected to her—one at Bacton in the Golden Valley and another in St. Margaret's, Westminster. To this branch also belonged Henry Parry, " Chancellor of Sarum ", who died in 1570, and his son, also Henry, was Chaplain to Queen Elizabeth, at whose death he was present, and successively Bishop of Gloucester and Worcester, where his tomb may still be seen.

There is no doubt that many of the Golden Vale Parrys migrated to London to seek their fortunes, and, as has happened to so many other families, all traces of them were obliterated by the Plague and Fire of 1665 and 1666. Direct ancestry can only be traced to " Henry Parry of St. Clement Danes ", thus designated by his son Thomas on taking the Freedom of the City of London. This Thomas Parry, born in 1732, and great-grandfather of Hubert Parry, appears in the Admiralty Records as having entered the Navy on May 1, 1758, as " Vol. Corporal "—" Corporal " was then the term for a naval cadet—in the *Dover* at Sheerness and later as " clerk " in the *Argo*. He was therefore what was then called a " Penman " in the R.N. In 1762 he was appointed to the *Norfolk*, Admiral Samuel Cornish's flagship, and became secretary to the Admiral, then in command of the squadron which captured Manila on October 6 of that year. Captain Richard Kempenfelt, who afterwards, when Rear-Admiral, went down with the *Royal George* in 1782, was Cornish's flag-captain, and the three men appear in the Zoffany picture at Highnam in the uniform introduced in 1748 and only worn till 1767.

Thomas Parry subsequently held various naval appointments at home ports, and while at Portsmouth in 1767 married Mary Oakes, daughter of Matthew Oakes, a Cheshire gentleman, and sister of Richard Oakes, who had a short but brilliant career in the Diplomatic Service in Holland, Russia—where he is said to have been a great favourite of the Empress Catherine II.—and Poland, where he was our last Minister-Plenipotentiary. According to the *Annual Register* he died in 1779 in his thirtieth year, while holding the post of Under-Secretary of State. Family tradition traces the interest in the arts to the Oakes strain. Richard Oakes was a remarkable draughtsman, and there is a fine portrait of him by M. Chamberlin—presumably Mason Chamberlin, one of the original members of the Royal Academy, and renowned for the fidelity of his likenesses—representing him as a very handsome, dreamy-looking young man with a strong resemblance to Hubert Parry's elder brother Clinton.

Thomas Parry's wife died in 1781, leaving him a widower with nine children. In 1783 he was elected a Director of the East India Company and served till 1807. His five sons obtained appointments in the Company or in the China Civil Service, but only two survived him. He lived in London at 52 Berners Street, but also rented a house for many years at Banstead in Surrey, where he and most of the family were buried. Thomas Parry died in his eighty-fifth year in 1816, leaving a will in favour of his only Parry grandson, born two months before his death, and the only child of his third son Richard, who died just a year afterwards.

Richard Parry, born in 1776, began his connexion with the East India Company at the age of fifteen in Bengal, and continued it till his death. He was only forty when he died, and had spent twenty-two years in India, where he had successively served as assistant to the President of the Board of Trade, Sub-Treasurer, Secretary to the Military Board, Secretary to the Board of Trade and Governor of Benkulen, in Sumatra, which was ceded to the Dutch in 1824 in exchange for Malacca. Returning to England in

1813, he was elected a Director of the East India Company in 1815. Though his life was spent in administrative work, Richard Parry was a man of literary tastes and something of a poet. In 1813 he married Mary Gambier, eldest daughter of Samuel Gambier, a Commissioner of H.M.'s Navy, and niece of Admiral of the Fleet Lord Gambier, but only survived the birth of his son Thomas, Hubert Parry's father, one year and four months.

If Hubert Parry's interest in the arts was derived from the Oakes family, he inherited his love of the sea from the Gambiers. They came of Protestant Norman stock, originally settled at Caudebec on the Seine. Nicholas or Nicholai Gambier, of Caen, fled to England on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Dying in 1724, he left two sons, one of whom, James, served on the Council of the City of London and was Warden of the Fleet Prison. James Gambier was the father of John, Lieut.-Governor of the Bahamas, and James, Admiral of the Red Squadron; and John was the father of another James, who in time became Admiral of the Fleet Lord Gambier, and of Samuel (already referred to as the father of Mrs. Richard Parry) two of whose sons became Admirals. It is enough to say that out of eight Gambiers who in successive generations took service in the Royal Navy, five rose to the rank of Admiral, while others held posts in connexion with the Navy or went overseas to the East and West Indies. A sister of Lord Gambier married Captain Pitchford, R.N., nephew of Admiral Sir Samuel Cornish, who took his uncle's name and became Admiral Cornish of Puttenham. It is perhaps only a coincidence that Admiral Sir Samuel Cornish should appear in the Zoffany group at Highnam with Thomas Parry, his secretary. But it seems to suggest that the Parrys and Gambiers were acquainted before the families were united by the marriage of Richard Parry and Mary Gambier in 1813.

Mary Parry for a few years made her home with Lord Gambier and his wife, who was also her mother's sister, but she did not survive her husband long, dying in 1821. Her son and only child was thus left an orphan at five,

and went to live with his maternal grandmother Mrs. Samuel Gambier and her two unmarried daughters in Harley Street. The Parry uncles and aunts were almost all dead; the contents of the house in Berners Street had all been sold, except a few family portraits, and all the papers burned by a trustee whose action exposed him to well-grounded suspicion of fraud.

So entirely did little Tom Parry become one of the Gambier family that he was called Tom Gambier, and this led to his adopting the double surname by which he was always known in later years. Of his early education nothing is known, but he followed the Gambier tradition in going to Eton and Cambridge, and at Eton was grounded in drawing and painting under William Evans, founder of Evans's House and father of Miss Annie and Miss Jane Evans, the last of the Dames. He was also very musical, and as a young man played several instruments besides the piano, studied the theory of music, improvised and composed. By his grandfather's will a large sum of money was invested to enable him to buy a property on coming of age, when he also inherited a large fortune. Before he was twenty-one he started looking about for a country seat, and amongst the descriptions and information concerning suitable properties sent to him were two water-colour drawings of Highnam Court, which was actually purchased before he came of age in 1837, in which year he took his B.A. degree at Trinity College, Cambridge. His love of travel, pictures and works of art and architecture developed early. While still a very young man he saw in Paris a gilt chandelier which greatly took his fancy. But not having the money to buy it, he asked the owner to put it away for him until he came of age. This was done, and the chandelier has hung in the dining-room ever since.

In 1839, being then twenty-three, Mr. Parry married Anna Maria Isabella Fynes Clinton, daughter of Henry Fynes Clinton, country gentleman, Member of Parliament, and scholar. Henry Fynes Clinton came of old and aristocratic lineage. In his Autobiography he says of his father, Dr. Fynes Clinton, Vicar of St. Margaret's,

Westminster, that he " was descended in an unbroken line from Henry, the second Earl of Lincoln, who died in 1616". Sir Henry Fynes, son of this Earl, wrote his Memoirs, of which a portion appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* in 1772. In them we read how his son Norreys, while in the service of Charles I., was taken prisoner by the Parliamentarians at Northampton, and condemned to be hanged as a spy :

" But Prince Rupert, having taken over Mr. Wright of Uxbridge, obtained an exchange and the trumpeter came just in time, the rope being about the neck of Norreys Fynes and he at the gibbet in the market place and the 19th Psalm singing, which concluded he was to be hanged."

Thus, observes the editor of Henry Fynes Clinton's Autobiography, " it would seem that the very existence of the future author of the *Fasti Hellenici* depended upon the length of the Psalm sung by the Parliamentarians," as Norreys, if then executed, would have died childless. The Autobiography goes on to relate how Dr. Fynes had been persuaded by the Duke of Newcastle, of the same family, to resume the name of Clinton. Henry Fynes Clinton, while expressing doubt as to the accuracy of the Duke's genealogical researches, was convinced that " both the Duke and ourselves are equally entitled to the name of Clinton and Fynes or Fiennes ".

Originally intended for the Church, like his father, Henry Fynes Clinton was diverted from this calling by a small fortune left him by a benefactor who especially desired that he should not take orders. His aristocratic Newcastle relations pressed him to accept a seat in Parliament, and he sat as Member for Aldborough from 1806 to 1826. In those days the duties of a private Member were not rigorous. Parliamentary life was foreign to his tastes. He was a scholar with a passion for chronology, and spent most of his life at Welwyn, reading the Greek and Latin authors, and compiling the *Fasti Hellenici* and *Fasti Romani* which gained him no little repute for his scholarship and research. Of the beauties of what he read he apparently took little heed. But he recounts with obvious

satisfaction the number of verses and the total number of pages they filled: *e.g.* "At Oxford I went through about 69,322 verses making altogether an amount of 5223 pages".

It might seem hard to discover any point of contact or resemblance between this dry old scholar and his grandson Hubert Parry. But they both suffered from periodic fits of melancholy; and both found the only cure in hard work. Henry Fynes Clinton could never endure to be idle, and every hour of his day was occupied. Like Hubert Parry, again, he possessed remarkable staying powers and grit. After an election at Newark he set out on foot for St. Asaph, arriving at one in the morning; here he rested till 5 A.M., and then completed the remaining nineteen miles of his journey in six hours. "After this excursion", he adds in his diary, "I remained quietly at Bangor and returned to my Greek studies." He was quite unworldly and unambitious, save for his disappointment at failing to get the Chief Librarianship of the British Museum when Henry Ellis was appointed in 1827. What he liked was "to have seven entire months of tranquillity and leisure in which to pursue his literary labours". In the year before his death he visited his son-in-law at Highnam for the consecration of the Church raised in memory of his daughter Isabella, and the entry in his diary is characteristic:

"*April* 29, 1851.—At Highnam. Consecration of Church. Tower 97 ft., Spire, 85 ft., Vane, 15 ft. Total 197 ft."

Henry Fynes Clinton married in 1812, as his second wife, Katherine, third daughter of Dr. Majendie, Bishop of Bangor. In the Majendies, another family of old French descent—settled in the Pyrenees in the fourteenth century, and, like the Gambiers, Protestants—who fled to England at the end of the seventeenth century, the clerical tradition was remarkably strong. André Majendie, who came to Exeter in 1700, supported himself by teaching languages and lecturing. He married the daughter of a French pastor at Barnstaple, and their third son, John James Majendie, educated at Leyden, became Pastor of the French Church

in the Savoy, later on took orders in the Church of England, and in 1761 was appointed Preceptor to Queen Caroline, to whom he taught English. He was subsequently made domestic chaplain to the Queen and a Canon of Windsor. His eldest son, Henry William, was successively Preceptor to William IV., Canon of Windsor and St. Paul's, Bishop of Chester and Bishop of Bangor. The Bishop's brother Lewis became possessed of Hedingham Castle by his marriage with the grand-daughter and heiress of William Ashurst, whose ancestor Robert had purchased the Hedingham estate from the descendants of the De Veres, Earls of Oxford; and Lewis's grandson and namesake made Hedingham a second home for Hubert Parry as long as he lived. The Bishop's daughter Katherine became Mrs. Henry Fynes Clinton and the mother of one son, who died in early manhood, and of nine daughters. The eldest, Anna, married William Baker of Bayfordbury, another house where Hubert was a constant and welcome guest; and the second became the first wife of Thomas Gambier-Parry and Hubert's mother. Dr. Majendie's fifth daughter, Isabella Mary, married the Rev. Francis Lear, afterwards Dean of Salisbury, and their second daughter, Ethelinda, became Mr. Gambier-Parry's second wife in 1851.

Henry Fynes Clinton's diary, severely edited by his brother to the exclusion of nearly all personal or intimate matter, is far from being a wholly self-revealing document. One has to read between the lines for traces of the humanity which underlay the pedantic chronologist. But we know that both he and his wife devoted themselves to the careful instruction of their daughters. He read Latin with them, and they were proficient French and Italian scholars. Hubert's mother had an Italian Bible, which was left to him, and as a young woman she read Carlyle with intelligence, as may be gathered from her annotations. She was intensely fond of flowers, and the journals which she kept as a girl at Welwyn seem to show that she was entrusted with the supervision of her father's garden. Major Gambier-Parry tells me she was described by her first cousin, his uncle, Mr. Lear, as " without doubt the most

ISABELLA FYNES CLINTON.
(Mrs. Gambier-Parry.)

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beautiful woman I ever saw". Allowance may be made for family bias, but an early Victorian portrait suggests an alert intelligence as well as rare and delicate charm of feature and colouring, with black hair, long thoughtful drooping eyes with black lashes, and a lively mouth. Her good looks were inherited by both her sons, especially Clinton, and Hubert as a young man had the same very dark hair, eyebrows and eyelashes.

The wedding took place at Welwyn on August 13, 1839, and Mrs. Francis Lear, the aunt of the bride, describes the ceremony in her diary with placid enthusiasm. The bride looked magnificent, and, though evidently feeling deeply, behaved with much self-possession. They set off in a chariot-and-four at 3 P.M. amid the cheers of half the village:

"Nothing could have passed off better. Mr. Clinton and dear Kate could only rejoice in placing their daughter in such hands, for without a single exception Tom Parry does certainly appear to be one of the most delightful superior young men possible, with a fortune of £10,000 a year, while she has not a farthing."

The honeymoon was spent at Hazelwood—lent by Mr. Charles Gambier—Oxford, Worcester and Highnam, and on September 1 the young couple started for Antwerp. During their married life the Parrys travelled almost unceasingly on the Continent, of necessity in hired carriages and post-chaises. Railways were non-existent, the roads in parts of Italy and Sicily were execrable, and the fatigue and discomforts severely taxed the strength of a delicate woman. Of her six children three died in infancy, and one was buried in the old churchyard at Messina, destroyed by the earthquake in 1908.

During those years Mr. Gambier-Parry made a remarkable collection of pictures, ivories, enamels and china, and brought back some wonderful stone urns, pots and statues, which still beautify the house and gardens at Highnam. At this time many impoverished Italian noblemen were selling their works of art, and he obtained interesting and beautiful specimens of the early Italian masters at absurdly low

prices. Other treasures were acquired at sales, not always in Italy. Nearly all the leading experts, English and Continental, including the late Sir Claude Phillips, Sir Charles Holmes, Mr. Roger Fry, and Mr. Berenson and the chief curators of the Victoria and Albert Museum, examined the collection at one time or another. They are more or less of one mind that the "Coronation of the Virgin" is a genuine Giotto. There seems to be no doubt about the "Creation" by Albertinelli, and the following are considered rightly attributed: the lunette altar-piece to Rosselli, the two marble bas-reliefs to Mino da Fiesole, the two Holy Families to Mantegna, and a tiny little Annunciation to Paesellino, only six pictures by whom are known to exist. The majolica, especially the Gubbio ware, by the Maestro Giorgio, is of high value, also many of the ivory carvings, enamels and bronzes and the Albrecht Dürer carved panels in the library mantelpiece. The Mino bas-reliefs were obtained, one from a stone-mason in Venice, the other from the bedroom of a Florentine Cardinal whose family possessions were all sold at his death. Mr. Parry was occasionally taken in, but on the whole there are very few bad pictures in a collection which exerted a powerful formative influence on his son's taste. He also painted while on his travels a great many water-colour sketches, in the opinion of good judges his best work—for they are vigorous, fresh and well drawn, and in no sense of the word amateurish. Had he not been a rich man he might well have become a successful artist. As it was, he is best known as a painter of religious frescoes in Gloucester and Ely Cathedrals, as the inventor of the "spirit-fresco" process adopted by Leighton and Ford Madox Brown, and as a high authority on decorative painting generally. But his ingenious and elaborate experiments in fresco painting, while they "mark a distinct epoch in the history of English art",[1] lack the unstudied but compelling charm of his brilliant landscapes in water-colour.

Of the three children who survived their mother, Lucy died of consumption at Highnam at the age of nineteen,

[1] *D.N.B.* vol. xliii. p. 386.

Clinton died in the prime of life at forty-three, and only Hubert lived to grow old. Isabella Parry, who had the vivid, restless temperament so often found in those marked down by the " Captain-General of Death ", as a seventeenth-century writer called consumption, was staying at Bournemouth for her health in 1848 and died there after nine years of married life, early in March, twelve days after the birth of Hubert on February 27.

There is a consensus of opinion that men of exceptional talent have owed more to their mothers. It is not easy to appraise exactly Hubert's debt in this regard. When we remember the bringing-up and surroundings of the mothers of the early and middle nineteenth century, we are obliged to admit that they had few opportunities of showing what they were capable of in the sphere of intellectual achievement, art or affairs. Yet in many of them great potential qualities lay dormant but not lost, only to find expression in their sons. One may at any rate safely say that in both families — Parrys and Clintons — there existed an exceptional fund of energy and power of concentration, which culminated in the most energetic and concentrated member of either house. And in the long procession of admirals, merchants, administrators and ecclesiastics whom Hubert Parry counted amongst his forebears, room must be found for the gracious figure whose memory is still fragrant at Highnam :

" The old people of the place (writes Major Gambier-Parry) have often spoken to me, in years long ago, of the way in which she generally rode a white pony everywhere —about the property, to Gloucester, even to Lassington church on Sundays, my father walking by her side. Only a few years since, I was sitting in the cottage of an aged widow at Highnam who must be the very last to call to mind this quiet, gentle lady. ' Yes,' she said, ' I minds her well. She would give all of us girls in the village white bonnets, come summer's days, and we had to go up to the Court to get them from her hand. She were always very kind ; but seemed delicate like ; ay, I can see her now—a-ridin' her white pony all about.' "

Hubert's early childhood was inevitably somewhat

lonely. His brother Clinton was eight and his sister Lucy seven years older; and his half-brother Ernest, the eldest son of the second family, was five years his junior. So, as he once told his daughter, Mrs. Ponsonby, he relied on a little imaginary friend, with whom he talked, for want of a living companion. His memory of those early years was remarkable, for he recalled a visit to Welwyn to see his grandfather, who died when Hubert was only four years old. Whether music found a place in his childish dreams may be left to conjecture, but in regard to books, his stepmother, so Major Ernest Gambier-Parry writes, always declared that of all the children she had tried to teach to read Hubert was the most difficult—so difficult indeed as to approach the impossible. Her diary in 1854 mentions that she undertook his lessons, as he had been troublesome with the governess, Mlle. Foertsch, and it was perhaps on this account that, in January, before he was eight years of age, he was sent to a school at Malvern, kept by Mr. Taylor. His father, who had previously inspected and approved of the school, writes in the diary he kept for a few years in the 'fifties :

"*January* 19.—Took Hubert to school. He went in the highest spirits, anticipating great pleasure at having so many boy companions to play with. I felt parting with him very much."

They went by the Ledbury coach, which then passed the gates of Highnam daily.

Of the two years and a half Hubert spent at Mr. Taylor's school, there is little to be gleaned from his own memories or family records. He remembered that on his arrival he wore a frill round his neck, at which the boys laughed. His stepmother's diary speaks of "good accounts" of "dear little Hubert's" progress, varied by laments over the condition of his wardrobe, and descriptions of holiday and Christmas festivities in which he took an active part. His fondness for dancing began early. In January 1858 we read of his going with his father and brother to a dance at Hardwicke, from which they did not return till 2.30 A.M. ; and in May occurs the first mention of a very young lady

destined to play a most important part in Hubert's life—" little Maud Herbert ", who came over to see the Parrys at Bishopstone with Lady Dunmore and her two girls. Early in September 1858 Hubert was sent to another preparatory school, at Twyford, then kept by the Rev. G. W. Kitchin, afterwards successively Dean of Winchester and Durham. The friendly relations at once established between the new boy and his master remained unbroken till Dr. Kitchin's death in 1912. He seems to have kept his eye on Hubert and recognised his powers from the outset, and always spoke with pride on having fostered his musical gifts at school. Hubert's conduct at Twyford appears to have been exemplary, and at the end of his first term he brought back a " good conduct prize "—*The Wonders of the World*, two volumes, in blue morocco. He arrived home looking miserable, but soon recovered, and was promoted to the dignity of " his first jacket ". On his way back to school he nearly always broke the journey at Salisbury, spending the night with his relative the Bishop. More prizes followed in 1860, and in the summer holidays, the early part of which was spent in London, we hear of his going to the Academy, to the theatre and the British Museum—an early example of his triple allegiance to the drama, the arts and ancient lore. The year 1861 marks his first visit to the Continent during the Easter holidays ; his stepmother writes under date March 26 at Mentone :

" Our darling Hubert arrived from England having come as far as Nice with Mr. Kitchin."

In after years Hubert used to recall with much amusement how, during their stay at Mentone, he and his brother Clinton used to sing *Rule, Britannia!* loudly whenever they crossed the frontier at a *douane*. As he grew older his patriotism was less vocal and insular, but his love of and pride in his country never waned.

In September Mrs. Gambier-Parry writes : " Hubert went to the Hereford Festival with Brind ". Forty-two years later Hubert Parry writes in his diary : " In afternoon to the funeral of Brind, who was organist at

Highnam until some 26 years ago, and the best organist we ever had. He gave me lessons on the pianoforte when I was a boy, almost the only ones I ever had." Hubert's musical tastes were declared early, but they met with little encouragement. Indeed he was rather discouraged from cultivating them, or playing the pianoforte. Fortunately there was the excellent Brind, and the organ on which Hubert played and took services before his feet could reach the pedals. His compositions, beginning with chants and hymn tunes, date from his seventh year. Mr. Gambier-Parry was an artist, but he was also a country gentleman—still known as " the Old Squire "—and it was a shock to him that his son should wish to be a musician. It was possible for a gentleman's son in those days to be an artist or an architect, but a professional musician laboured under the same social stigma as an actor. Thus it came about that on leaving Oxford Hubert was " put into business ". For a while his father wished that Hubert would write music that the public and the critics could like and understand. But as years went on he came in time to recognize his son's genius, and even desired to be associated with him as the librettist of an oratorio.

CHAPTER II

ETON IN THE 'SIXTIES

HUBERT entered Evans's House at Michaelmas in 1861, when Dr. Edward Balston was headmaster of Eton. His brother Clinton had been there from 1854 to 1857, and four other members of the family followed him—Ernest and Sidney Gambier-Parry (half-brothers) and his two nephews, sons of his brother Ernest, the historian of Evans's. For the origin of the "Dame" system, the foundation of Evans's, and the rule which ended with the death of Jane Evans, one of the great figures of modern Eton, in 1906, we must refer readers to Major Gambier-Parry's admirable history. It may be enough to say here that William Evans, who was born in 1798, educated at Eton, and studied under De Wint, returned to Eton as assistant and then successor to his father Samuel, the Drawing Master, and in the following year started the House in Keate's Lane. The oppidans or town boys had been lodged in houses kept mostly by Dames in the ordinary sense, though the term "Dame" came to be applied to boarding-house keepers of either sex. The gradual transition from the Dames' to the Masters' Houses began with the nineteenth century. The House which William Evans took over in 1838 was a typical specimen of the old Dames' House, disorderly and extravagant. He had just lost his wife, and thought of moving to London, but largely at the instigation of his friends George Selwyn, afterwards Bishop of New Zealand, and Edward Coleridge, the former a private tutor at Eton and the latter an assistant-master, he took up the arduous and even

revolutionary task of reorganizing a system which lent itself to all sorts of abuses. In particular he held strong and unconventional views on the subject of House management and discipline.

When Hubert Parry entered Evans's in 1861 the House had prospered under the new order, and discipline, which had been a minus quantity when William Evans took it over, had been restored by the confidence which he reposed in his captains. For a certain number of years the internal affairs of the House were administered by a succession of matrons, " some very good and helpful and others not so successful ", as Miss Jane Evans says. But repeated bereavements and a serious accident had sapped her father's energy and strength. As early as 1844 his daughter Annie came to his assistance, in 1855 her position was formally recognised, and thenceforth she gradually took up the definite and entire management. The House saw less and less of her father:

" Annie Evans always said she was helped by the knowledge that her father was ready in the background to come forward in any crisis, and she regarded him as the oracle to settle all House problems. He lived a peculiar existence in the Cottage (an annex of the main House) and gradually became almost a myth to the House. Still the fact of his being there did help Annie. She was always painfully over-anxious and somewhat devoid of her sister Jane's robust common sense and keenness of humour. She nevertheless had a curious insight into boys' characters, which was rarely at fault and occasionally led to unexpected results. She died prematurely worn out, a pathetic victim to over-anxiety for the good of the House."

This estimate, laconic yet just, like all he ever said or wrote, is from the pen of the late Spencer Lyttelton, Hubert Parry's contemporary at Eton and life-long friend. It is borne out by what Hubert Parry himself writes of William and Annie Evans:

" I remember ' Beeves ', as we used to call William Evans, very well, and he was especially kind to me on account of his having known our father for many years, being somewhat of a personality in the artistic world. He

HUBERT PARRY, AGED 13.

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used to have a big, comfortable room looking out into the garden where he used to lounge in a sort of Olympian grandeur."

The references to Annie Evans in Hubert Parry's Eton diary make it abundantly clear that he was no favourite of hers, and that she frequently took him to task in a manner that he resented. "Her nervousness and excitability raised a combative spirit in certain natures", writes the historian of Evans's House, and Hubert Parry was one of these. But she was a true ministering angel in times of sickness; "if ever she spoke hastily she was as quick to forgive"; her courage and spirit carried her through many difficult days; she did much to improve the order and comfort of the House, and made real use of the captains. Those who misjudged her at the time came to revise their judgment in the light of fuller knowledge, and her death in 1871 was deeply mourned by the boys in the House and those in authority at the school. In the words of one of her first and greatest captains, "she may be said to have given her life for the boys", and though eclipsed by the achievements of her greater and more powerful sister and successor, her part in the history of the House can never be forgotten. The number of boys in Evans's when Hubert Parry went to Eton was about fifty, many of whom distinguished themselves in after life. C. G. Lyttelton (afterwards Lord Cobham) had been captain in 1859, and Hubert Parry was at Evans's with four of his brothers: Neville, who was captain in 1863, Arthur, Spencer and Robert. The influence of the Lyttelton family, notable alike for their character and their cricket, counted for much in the annals of the House. "We were very clannish, very successful, and inordinately proud of ourselves", writes Lord Esher, who attributes this congregation of qualities largely to the then unique possession of a House library and the discussions which went on there on political and literary topics of the day, tracing this habit to "the presence amongst us of the Lyttelton family who had been bred in an atmosphere of fireside dialectics".

The House captains during Hubert Parry's time were

the Hon. Stephen Fremantle, a brilliant scholar and fine athlete who took orders and died in 1874; the Hon. Neville Lyttelton, now General Sir Neville Lyttelton; E. A. Owen, the late Recorder of Walsall; C. W. Greenwood, subsequently of the Chancery Bar and M.P. for Peterborough; E. W. Hamilton, afterwards Sir Edward Hamilton, G.C.B., of the Treasury, and Julian Sturgis, the novelist. Other outstanding heroes of Hubert's early days at Eton were John Selwyn, afterwards Bishop of Melanesia, and R. A. Kinglake, whose names were constantly coupled together for their prowess on the river and in the football field. Selwyn was Keeper of the Field and Kinglake Keeper of the Wall; they won the pairs at Eton and Cambridge, where they both rowed in the Cambridge Eight, and Kinglake was President in 1866; above all, by their characters they exercised the greatest influence for good on the House.

Hubert Parry did not begin to keep a diary till 1864, but in a letter to his brother he tells us something of his earliest experiences:

"My absolutely first recollection is of going by myself to my Tutor's [1] to hear the result of the first Examination;

[1] Mr. Robert Lyttelton writes: "In one respect Hubert was unfortunate at Eton. For some reason or other his father had chosen Russell Day to be his Tutor. Hubert was an average scholar, but, speaking from memory, I should say that his tastes did not lie in the way of mathematics or classics, which in those days formed the backbone of Public School Education. He loved poetry, and very likely would have taken to history or some subject not then taught, and of course was a born musician. But his Tutor was a fine Classical scholar of a sardonic type of wit, and as far as I can remember, utterly unsympathetic to music, and to him Hubert owed nothing. This was very unfortunate, as any Etonian would admit, who knows what great opportunities an understanding Tutor has who is able to appreciate and encourage a pupil like Parry." Yet this deprivation was not an unmixed evil. Had Hubert Parry come under the stimulating influence of a genius like William Johnson or of a sympathetic humanist like E. D. Stone, his interest in the classics might have been developed and strengthened, but it is open to question whether he would ever have become an accurate scholar. As it was, he read widely, and in the main profitably "on his own". It is worthy of note that after Shakespeare, Milton, most learned of poets, was his favourite author while he was at Eton, and after Milton, Keats, that *anima naturaliter Hellenica*. Hubert Parry never forgot his classics, and when, in later life, he wrote music to the plays of Aristophanes, showed a mastery of text and metre that impressed the best Grecians at both Oxford and Cambridge.

and having been to call with whoever took me to Eton, and having then approached that alarming functionary by the front door, I also, poor little lonely brat, thought that was the way in, and rang the bell, and was treated with contumely by the servant, and told promptly that I was in Lower School. This was probably the only way the servant took his change out of me, as I got at least into Fourth Form. My next recollection is fagging. Kinglake and Selwyn were both in the eight, and messed together, and I had the luck to be Kinglake's fag. They were a splendid couple, and I just loved old Kinglake. He seemed to me the impersonation of everything that was heroic—a sort of bluff, kindly old god. It was owing to boys of that sort, and the Lytteltons and Sturgises, and Stephen Fremantle and old Jack Horner [Sir John Horner, Commissioner of Woods and Forests] and some of the Meysey-Thompsons [a family even more strongly represented at Evans's House than the Lytteltons] that there was such a clean, wholesome tone in the House all the time I can remember. There were two or three bad ones, but they did not seem to infect the rest a bit. The boys just thought them a bad lot, and, without actually cutting them, had as little to do with them in the matter of friendship as was possible."

George and Maures Horner—" those admirable twin brothers " as Mr. C. C. Lacaita describes them in his reminiscences of Evans's—were House-mates and intimates of Hubert Parry throughout his Eton life, and Mr. Maures Horner has furnished me with the following account of the impression Hubert made on his contemporaries on his arrival and afterwards :

" Hubert Parry came to Eton at Michaelmas 1861, one half after me, and took Middle Fourth, therefore until the following Election he was at the bottom of our Division. But at Trials in the Summer half he took 14th and I 40th. In the next Trials he took 16th with the highest distinction in Mathematics and into Middle Division 15th. Music, however, had then begun to monopolize his mind, and I note that he only received the lowest good mark for Mathematics. In upper Division Trials—the last and much the severest test of ability—he took 12th ; amongst the eleven boys above him were several very clever ones with the late Vice-Provost at the head. . . . Without being

exactly good-looking he had a singularly distinguished appearance. Even when he was a small boy his fine forehead, crowned with dark hair, gave indication of the genius which was to be. He soon made his mark on the football field, and following in the steps of John Selwyn became an extraordinary fine player. His wonderful activity, accurate eye and graceful figure could hardly be surpassed, and, as one brings it before one's mind, rhythm and music seem to pervade every action."

The only remark to which one can take exception is the reference to music "monopolizing" his mind. It stood for much already, but his interests and activities were legion. It seems a little odd, in view of his passion for the sea, that he should have been a "dry bob"; it may be that rowing seemed to him monotonous and lacking in excitement and danger. From his boyhood he preferred rough water to calm. He loved the river in his own way, though it was not the way of the Boats, and was devoted to bathing, swimming and diving. For the rest he played cricket, football and fives with immense energy but unequal success.

The House Cup for cricket presented by William Johnson was won by Evans's in 1860, the first year it was competed for, and again in 1864. Hubert Parry played in the House Eleven for 1864–5–6, and made top score—a modest 23—in 1866. He was looked upon by some as a safe choice for the School Eleven for that year, but failed to get his colours. Mr. Robert Lyttelton, and there is no better judge, describes him as a "fair cricketer"; he longed for success—his motto was *αἰὲν ἀριστεύειν*—but lacked patience. "Nothing in the way of recreation appealed to Hubert that was not quick, exciting and with an element of danger in it." "The drudgery of practice", as Mr. Maures Horner puts it, "did not suit his independent mind". The House had always been a great football house, and in football he earned his chief athletic distinction. In 1860 there was a great revival in the House matches, stimulated by the presentation of a challenge cup by one of the assistant masters, the Rev. W. Wayte; House colours were started, Evans's adopting in 1862 the

well-known red shirt and cap, the latter with a skull and cross-bones embroidered on the front, and at no period did the House excel more in football than between 1865 and 1875. Here Hubert Parry was in his element. To quote again from Mr. Robert Lyttelton :

" The athletic side of Hubert's character was mainly on the side of football, of which there are two sorts at Eton, the Field and Wall ; the first being a game most emphatically of motion and rapidity, the second of pushing and scrummaging, to borrow the Rugby phrase, and though Hubert was good at both the Field was by far his more favourite form of amusement. His nature delighted in the concentrated essence of excitement found at the highest in Eton football as played in the Field, and I can see him now rushing all over the ground, rash and therefore always injuring himself, shouting to his side and bubbling over with joy at the rush and tumble. He was in the Field School Eleven in 1865 and 1866, and Head Keeper in 1866. He was also in the Oppidan Wall Eleven in 1865 and 1866 and Second Keeper of the School Wall team in 1866. He played short-behind at the Field Game and flying man at the Wall."

A brilliant and intrepid " individualist ", he had a remarkable capacity for getting damaged at football, and indeed at all games. All through his time at Eton he was constantly laid up with accidents. Once he was carried off the field on a sheep-hurdle in an unconscious condition. His health was never robust at Eton, though his vitality and energy were amazing. He was frequently troubled with his heart and with minor ailments. " I can hear now ", writes Mr. Maures Horner, " the words of his devoted friend Spencer Lyttelton characterizing him as a Mass of Corruption ". And these misfortunes culminated in his last half when Evans's had their historic struggle with Warre's for the House Cup.

The memory of these encounters is " indelibly engraved " on the mind of Sir George Greenwood, who took part in them. " We played three ties with Warre's, and being the holders of the Cup, it was decided that we were entitled to keep it. Parry, who was a superb short-behind, was our Captain, but unfortunately was injured in the first of the

three matches and was unable to play in the other two, but I have his photograph with the rest of the House Eleven of that year and with the Cup, for which we had had such an arduous struggle, conspicuous in our midst." Anxious to excel, never unduly exulting in his successes, which in his diary he frequently attributes to a Divine interposition, and generously acknowledging the prowess of others, Hubert Parry was not a cheerful loser. He could not stand being beaten at any game with equanimity, and seldom acquiesced in the adverse decision of an umpire.

But what lent him his peculiar prestige at Eton was the fact that, in the phrase of Sir George Greenwood, "he combined *res olim dissociabiles*—music and football, or at any rate became wonderfully proficient in both". We have already spoken of his distinction as a football player. "As a musician, Hubert stood higher than any schoolboy before or since at Eton, or probably at any other public school." Two of his greatest friends at Evans's and in after life, Spencer Lyttelton and E. W. Hamilton, shared his enthusiasm, and with him were the principal movers in giving a new lease of life to the Eton Musical Society founded in 1861 by Stephen Fremantle, Stuckey Coles and that great athlete, C. B. Lawes. Originally little more than a singing class got up by the boys themselves, irregularly attended, and speedily threatened with bankruptcy, the society was extricated from its difficulties by the aid of two masters, William Johnson and C. C. James, while an organ was purchased by subscription and placed in one of the large rooms of the New Schools, which was secured for the society's practices. Amongst the boys the chief impetus came from the trio mentioned above—all members of Evans's—with Gosselin (afterwards Sir Martin Le M. Gosselin, K.C.M.G.), the "star" pianist of the school, as the one outsider. A new singing master was engaged in the person of John Foster, a well-known alto singer, one of the lay clerks at Westminster Abbey and the Chapel Royal, and in after years conductor of the Choral Class at the Royal College of Music. Sir Edward Hamilton was president in 1863, and

on December 9 of that year the reconstituted society, numbering less than forty members, gave their first concert. The programme a year later shows that the House was responsible for most of the performers. Spencer Lyttelton and Hubert Parry, besides providing solos, sang a duet—"The Lord is a Man of War"—and E. W. Hamilton and Parry also played a duet for pianoforte.

In his last two years Parry took part in six concerts as composer, singer, pianoforte and organ player, and at his last concert a "new feature" was introduced by his brother Ernest, who played a violin solo, and in a duet for violin and pianoforte composed by his brother. In those days, Major Gambier-Parry tells us, there were only two fiddles in Eton; now the Orchestral Society includes wood-wind and brass, as well as a full complement of strings, all played by the boys. Hubert Parry himself summarizes the growth of the Musical Society in a characteristic letter to his brother:

"There were a lot of boys who liked music heartily, and masters like Cornish and Browning and Snow (afterwards Kynaston) encouraged them. My Diary shows that there was a lot of it going on, and boys[1] used to come and sit in my room for me to play to them, and really preferred Bach and Handel and Mendelssohn and such. The Musical Society was a singularly casual sort of affair at first. The members were allowed to meet in some room or other under the supervision of a master, but it consisted in little more than spending an evening in an irregular manner. Some boys played the pianoforte and sang, and we had a try at a simple part-song or two. Then by some one's advice, 'Johnnie' Foster, as we used to call him, was appointed to get things into some sort of order, but the order didn't amount to much. I find an entry in my Diary for February 16, 1864: 'Foster came down in the afternoon, and played the organ in the New School. I blew for him and he afterwards blew for me. In the

[1] Hubert Parry was one of the earliest boys at Eton who had a piano in his room. The first entry in his diary at the beginning of each half is nearly always: "Went and chose my piano". Spencer Lyttelton and Owen (captain of the House in 1864) are repeatedly mentioned as coming to hear him play.

evening—the Musical Society's meeting—only four boys came at 6, and Foster didn't come till 7. So we set up a grand steeplechase, and put up chairs and tables and forms in the Music-room to jump over. We afterwards sang Handel's "My heart is inditing".' However, by degrees, the Society got plenty of members, and we worked away at part-songs and madrigals and Handel choruses and Mendelssohn's Psalms, and gave concerts, which we looked upon as great larks, and in which most of the things were encored. But boys were always inclined to be up to larks at the practices, and the whole affair was near being shut up by the 'Head' several times. As time went on they took things more seriously and our Concerts were quite decent, and nearly always made up of quite good things. Gosselin was our great pianist and was always encored furiously. I and Eddie Hamilton used to play duets, and at my last Concert you played the fiddle, and were vociferously encored."

These ardent pioneers were not, however, immune to Philistine criticism, as may be seen from the amusing sidelights which Sir George Greenwood throws on the musical revival at Evans's :

"'My Dame's' became very musical at that time—I am speaking of about 1864—and the old House continually resounded with song and chaunt, as well as the sweet strains of Parry's piano, and the song and chaunt were sometimes raised even beyond 'concert-pitch'—in fact some unappreciative boys thought that the vocalists were apt to 'raise themselves too high for sinful man beneath the sky'! Parry's playing, at least, was generally appreciated and the song and chaunt, as a rule, were cheerfully accepted even by those not musically inclined, though one boy, I remember, essayed to write a satire entitled, 'Groans from my Dame's' of which I still preserve some lines. Spencer Lyttelton, for instance—a charming personage of whom I shall always have the most pleasant memories—was thus depicted :

'And first there comes a mighty stalwart thing,
Himself a chorus when he deigns to sing,
The which he does all day, with guttural note
Like distant thunder rumbling in his throat.
Ye Gods, to hear this huge Colossus shouting
You'd think 'twas none but "Vocal Memnon" spouting!'

" And here is a picture of Edward Hamilton :

> ' Next comes among these anthem-singing fellows
> A thing that blows like any pair of bellows.
> You ask his name, but it were shame to blab,
> For old acquaintance' sake we'll call him " Flab ".'

" There was not much anonymity about this, for all who were at Eton with the late Sir Edward Hamilton will remember him as ' Flab Hamilton '. Parry himself appeared as ' Young Amphion ', and it was asked by the satirist,

> ' Who rashly dares to him to hold a candle—
> This young Beethoven, this our youthful Handel ? '

which shows that the writer had at least some prevision of the success and the honours which awaited Parry in the career which was then before him. All this was, of course, little more than boyish chaff, though the satirist, I fancy, tried to be very severe and no doubt thought himself a second Juvenal. But Parry, I should think, could never have had an enemy, either at Eton or anywhere else. His was a delightful character, and of him I can most truthfully say I can remember *nil nisi bonum.* He was always genial, generous, plucky and high-spirited, and I feel sure he could never have borne malice or hatred in his heart. But his memory lives and needs no praise from me. I do but speak of him as I remember him in boyhood's golden time."

To what has been said of Hubert's early years at Eton, Mr. C. de Lacy Lacy, who left the school in December 1863, adds a pleasant fragment of reminiscence. He and Hubert were next to each other in school order in 1862–1863, and, when he left, the practice of giving leaving books (afterwards given up as between boys) still flourished. Accordingly Hubert, with characteristic generosity and unconventionality, presented him with Pickering's 1830 edition of Ariosto in nine volumes. Mr. Lacy knew no Italian, and he doubts whether Hubert knew any at the time, but thinks it was his bibliophile interest in good editions that prompted the choice. Mr. Lacy tells me that he made Hubert write an inscription in each of the nine volumes, some quite of considerable length, and all showing

his affectionate nature. They do more than that, as may be gathered from the following specimen :

" In remembrance of many happy days and ' larks ' at the ' Ten Bells ' and, though we are too soon parted and this is too scientific a book for the present reading, when he takes it up in future days, it may once more remind him of his old friend C. H. Hastings Parry."

In another reference is made to happy days at Salt Hill and Ditton ; in a third to a society with the suggestive name of the " Bacchics ". Passages in the diary kept by his stepmother continue to show him in the main as a normal boy who wore out his clothes and took an interest in ordinary things, rode with his father, went out hunting with his brother Clinton, attended exhibitions, plays and pantomimes. In September 1861 he went to the Hereford Festival with Mr. Brind, the Highnam organist, before the beginning of his first term at Eton, and came home for a week in November " in great grief " at the death of his sister Lucy, whose memory he cherished with abiding regret and love. There is also a note of his going to one of Ella's concerts in the Easter holidays of 1863, and an account of a long visit to Scotland in August of that year with his parents. They explored Edinburgh, went on to Aberdeen, Nairn, Inverness, Skye and Oban, and started on September 11 on " a disastrous expedition to Iona and Staffa—pouring wet and very rough. Just managed to land on Iona. Tom [Mr. Gambier-Parry] and Hubert achieved Staffa. In some danger coming home." This was just the sort of expedition that Hubert enjoyed.

Before the trip to Scotland, he had stayed at Wilton with his cousin Eddie Hamilton, the earliest, or one of the earliest, of his visits to a house which brought romance into his life and for many years was his second home. His health, as we have seen, was never robust, though when he was well he seemed immortal ; and in the middle of the Christmas half he was packed off to Weston-super-Mare for a fortnight. The brief entry for December 31, 1863, " Hubert had a little party for the children in his room ",

has recalled to his sister Beatrice vivid memories of these delectable entertainments :

" In the Eton winter holidays he generally gave us three elder ones (Sidney, Linda, and Beatrice) a delightful tea-party in his bedroom. We toasted and buttered crumpets, and cooked wonderful things, had conjuring tricks and chemical experiments, played great campaigns with tin soldiers, and Hubert read us thrilling stories, sitting on his bed. He led all the games at the children's garden parties — grand hide-and-seek — which he often played in the house in the winter. We had a children's dance most winters, at which he was an indefatigable dancer, as he was later at Oxford, country house and county balls, entering with extraordinary vitality into all the fun and frolic of youth."

Hubert was a good and fearless rider. As a boy he often rode old " Bunny ", a rough black pony, considerable distances alone, and especially enjoyed riding off to Elmore Court, five miles away, to spend the day with his great friend Anselm Guise (the eldest son of Sir William Vernon Guise), and would sometimes stay the night and bring him back next day. Anselm Guise died at school in April 1863, to Hubert's great sorrow. " He always spoke of him ", writes his sister, " in a peculiarly gentle voice." Hubert was always fond of horses, his particular favourite being " Bob ", a beautiful bay, well-tempered except in the stable, and his brother Ernest tells how " he would go into ' Bob's ' loose box, tickle and play with him in spite of ' Bob's ' kicking and biting all he knew ". But " he always preferred danger to security ". He was already long devoted to another " noble and intractable animal ", as it has been called—the organ—and to these early Eton years belong the experiences of which his brother Ernest supplies the following lively account :

" He was still a boy when he often took the organist's place at the conclusion of the services, and much to the blower's discomfort started an extempore fugue. All through his holidays he used to go over to practise at the church, taking with him one of the garden men, or as often as not myself, to blow for him. And truly that blowing

was sometimes a very terrible business. I was five years younger than him, and it was not easy for a boy of ten to keep the wind in for one of fifteen playing away with the swell full open and some five-and-twenty stops out. I recall to this day the sound of the expiring notes of that organ as the wind went out, together with Hubert's hurried steps coming round to the organ loft, with the question 'What the dickens are you doing?' He would then fill the bellows himself to its utmost capacity and run round to the organ again, with the simple direction, 'Now, keep it at that'. It was not easy, and occasionally there were 'words'.

"The organ playing and the blowing were not the only occasions on which he and I came to 'words' at this time of our boyhood. In order to be able to write for the violin it was necessary that he should know something about it, as in the case of other instruments. It happened that I had begun to learn this instrument when I was seven years of age. By the time I was twelve I could read most things fairly easily; but in one direction I was lamentably deficient; this was *time*, and this failing, it may be added, was the cause of our stumbling. It was decreed by Hubert that we should play violin duets together, and a number of simple ones were forthwith procured. I instructed him to the best of my ability, for he had never tried the fiddle before, his instrument on these occasions being a spare one in the house, a bright yellow, modern Italian thing, and toneless. The seat of our efforts was Hubert's bedroom in the attics, and I never enter that room without calling to mind those dire days. We sat opposite each other at a table, with the parts propped against books, and it is best perhaps to make no further mention of our performances. They went on for a long time during our holidays, and often and often I was hailed from that attic window to come up for the purpose, and of course had to go. The difficulties of the instrument irritated Hubert very greatly; my weakness in the matter of time did the rest, the proceedings frequently breaking up in some disorder."

The year 1864 is of especial biographical interest, for on his return to Eton in January he began the practice, maintained to the close of his life, of keeping a diary. A whole book, and a very illuminating book, on "Eton in the 'Sixties" might be made out of the five closely written

volumes devoted to the years 1864, 1865 and 1866, for though exceptionally gifted he was anything but a recluse, made and kept hosts of friends, and took a vigorous and commanding part in all the activities of school life—athletic, social and artistic. The first volume is prefaced by a number of miscellaneous entries, opening with a list of music which he still wanted to get from Novello, Ewer & Co.—mostly oratorios of Handel, but including fugues and suites by Bach, and various works of Gluck, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer and Rossini. A dozen pages of " Notes on the Bible " follow, suggested by his practice of reading three chapters daily—one historical from the Old Testament; one instructive, allegorical or prophetic, also from the Old Testament; and one instructive from the Epistles of the New Testament. He mentions that he finished the whole Bible on his sixteenth birthday, February 27, 1864, but whether these notes are the result of his own reading or of lessons from a master does not appear. They consist of long extracts from Luther's Prefaces, remarks on the controverted books of the Old and New Testaments; the views of Origen, Augustine, Jerome and Bede; a list of the English Bibles from Wyclif to the Authorized Version of 1611; a catalogue of MSS.; a summary of Erasmus's views on the Johannine authorship of the Apocalypse and of the opinions of Athanasius on the books which ought to be admitted to the Canon: Jerome's selection of books for his translation of the Bible into Latin; and the story of Justin Martyr's conversion to Christianity. Throughout there is no expression of Hubert's personal opinions, but the fullness of these notes is remarkable. They are the first proofs, multiplied at all stages of his " Spiritual Odyssey ", of his conscientious examination of evidences; his detachment from orthodoxy, when it came, was the result, not of ignorance, but of honest inquiry.

Next after religion—and the order is significant—comes music. Under the heading of " Organs worth mentioning played on " we have a list of forty-one organs, giving the numbers of stops and manuals, the names of the maker and organist, the quality and position of the instrument. The

list includes the organs of six cathedrals—Gloucester, Salisbury, Hereford, Winchester, Ely and Llandaff; twenty-one churches in London and the West Country; two at Eton; and others in private houses or in Walker's warehouse. One of these descriptions may be quoted in illustration of the thoroughness of his method:

"40. St. Mary Redcliffe, Church organ, Bristol. The most interesting instrument I ever played on. It was built originally for the Temple Church, by Harris and Byfield. It is almost entirely in its original condition. There are no separate pedal pipes, but the Great goes to CCC with 16 foot metal diapasons. The Trumpet also goes throughout. The Cremona on the Swell and the Bassoon on the Choir are most beautiful stops. The most remarkable part of the organ is the Diapasons, which are far the finest I ever heard. The keys are remarkably short, little over $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch or 2 inches; the naturals black, and sharps white. There are two or three 5 rank stops on the organ. 29 or 30 stops in all with most tremendous power."

After the list of organs comes a formidable catalogue of Hubert's early compositions headed: "Anno aetatis XVI.". It was widely extended and revised subsequently, as there are entries in a much more mature handwriting and the last four pages are headed "Anno XVIII.".

Of the earliest entries most are single and double chants, the first of which was composed when he was nine years old. Then follow four hymns—one written for Elvey—five Kyries (twelve to fifteen years old); a four-part fugue in D minor, "Op. 2", 1863; a violin and pf. duet written for Ernest, "Op. 1"; a service and five-part organ fugue both marked "bad"; three canons on Elvey's subjects; more fugues: the madrigal "Tell me, where is fancy bred", in four parts, written when he was fifteen, and afterwards entirely rewritten, and "bits of anthems all unfinished, and a large assortment of rubbish of all sorts". The compositions headed "from sixteen to seventeen" include five anthems, of which two (marked Op. 12 in pencil) were published, viz.: "Prevent us, O Lord", in F, dedicated to Elvey, and "Blessed is He whose righteousness is forgiven", also in F, dedicated to his father: three fugues,

EARLY MS. "MY FIRST PIECE", DATED ETON, FEB. 1, 1862.

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one of which in E major, " about the best I ever wrote ", was " lost unaccountably ". The same fate befell many chants, single and double. Other compositions of this period were a motet in six parts in D minor, " My God, my God, look upon me " ; a Magnificat, " and a very bad one, too " ; Horace's " Persicos odi " in D major and four parts, " written in school " ; " Take, O take those lips away ", also in four parts, composed as a birthday present to his brother, and a song to Spenser's words, " Fair is my Love ", composed for Primrose (the Hon. Everard Henry Primrose, afterwards Colonel in the Grenadiers, who died in Egypt in 1885). The " Anno XVIII." compositions include an evening service in B flat ; Psalm lii., five-part chorus and quartet dedicated to Spencer Lyttelton ; madrigal, " Fair Daffodils ", in five parts, dedicated to his cousin Eddie Hamilton ; Ben Jonson's " Hymn to Diana ", for four voices, written for the Eton College Musical Society ; anthems, settings of the Kyrie and Sanctus, six chants for the Frampton Parish Choir meeting, and chorales, canons and fugues. The separate secular songs are five, dedicated to various friends, of which the most notable is " Why does azure deck the sky ? ", written for Cecil Ricardo and sung by him at the Eton College Musical Society's concert in March 1866. The words " Love, the Tyrant ", also written for Cecil Ricardo, were Hubert's own, and are quite a competent exercise in the Elizabethan lyric manner. Under the heading " instrumental " we note an air with variations for four violins ; an overture for two pianos for the Eton Musical Society's concert in December 1865, dedicated to his friend Gosselin ; a sonata for four hands, on one pf. in four movements, " written in ten days while laid up when damaged at football in December 1865 " ; a trio for violin and two performers on one pianoforte, " written as a New Year's present for Ernest, Linda and Beatrice " ; a four-part fugue (also a New Year's present, for his father) ; five pianoforte pieces, and other unfinished works for pianoforte. Of these compositions two anthems were published by Novello, and a couple of the songs and " Fair Daffodils " by Lamborn Cock.

There is also a catalogue of his musical library, in which the oratorios of Handel, Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Spohr and Mendelssohn appear in juxtaposition with Costa's *Eli*. The madrigal music is redeemed by the name of Orlando Gibbons ; under the heading of " Songs " we find Macfarren and Balfe ; and Hubert's " solo piano " music ranges from Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer to " West's Oxford Volunteer March ". The organ is best represented by works of Bach, Handel and Mendelssohn. This preliminary matter is completed by a list of his favourite chapters in the New Testament Epistles, and some notes on styles in architecture—the art which, after music, appealed to him most.

The diary proper, which begins on January 14, 1864, is prefaced by an account of his method of reading the Bible. To avoid careless reading, he limited himself as a rule to three chapters a day, but gives a list of the dates on which he exceeded this allowance, on some nights reading as many as eight extra chapters. Piety is strangely mingled with humanity throughout the pages that follow. He found the parting from home a greater wrench than usual, being haunted on his journey by the " lovely face " of a charming young lady who married shortly afterwards, and whose sister a year or so later exerted a precisely similar but short-lived fascination on his susceptible heart. The outstanding interests in his Eton life are mixed, but music predominates—his lessons with Elvey, then organist of St. George's, Windsor, whom he held in respect and affection both as a man and musician, are mostly described as delightful. The Eton organist, on the other hand, was notoriously incompetent, and Hubert's low opinion of his capacity is fully borne out by independent contemporary evidence. There is also a good deal about the setting up of a new organ, in which he took an active part, and his own practising and compositions.

Then comes his desire to excel in games. With his own achievements he was seldom satisfied, and in these years invariably attributes his scanty triumphs at cricket and his much more frequent successes at football to

Divine intervention. The record of his friendships is minute and interesting. They represented all types—athletic and intellectual—but the names which occur most frequently were those of boys of character or high attainments who afterwards "made good"—the Lytteltons, and especially Spencer; his cousin Eddie Hamilton, Gosselin, the Horners, and E. A. Owen, Greenwood and Julian Sturgis. Other friends and associates are mentioned in scores; but some drop out, for Hubert was sensitive where he thought his advances were not welcomed, and fastidious when he recognized undesirable traits. Up to and during the early part of 1864 he took part without any reserve in the conviviality—not to use a harsher term—which marked the end of Dr. Balston's regime and was effectively checked by the drastic regulations of his successor, Dr. Hornby. But after the summer of 1864 the mention of these orgies, involving the consumption of a great deal of spirits and tobacco, not only at hotels but in the Houses, practically disappears from Hubert's diary. This habit, which gradually awoke in him serious searchings of conscience, did not affect his appetite. A couple of days after his return he writes, on January 16, how, after beginning a madrigal in four parts, he had Eddie Hamilton to tea, and goes on: "We ate 8 eggs between us. Greedy fellows." One is reminded of the remark of the old Winchester porter, who, lamenting the degeneracy of later days, observed: "Why, some of the young gentlemen used to heat height heggs easily!" As a set-off, however, Hubert ordered Bach's organ fugues, finished reading them in a couple of days and completed his madrigal. He helped to put up the pipes in the new organ, which was formally opened by Dr. Elvey on January 23, and two days later we read: "Bridges [the present Poet Laureate] got Balston to let me play to him on the new organ". Much organ and pianoforte playing alternates with "convivials" and "awful games" with his "Bacchic" associates. He speaks in a way, rare with him at all times, of feeling "more than usually musical" at the organ; of his work at Homer, Virgil, Horace and the *Scriptores Graeci*, and his verses, in which he was "more than usually

helped by higher powers than worldly ". Also of pretty frequent *poenas* and trouble with spasms of his heart. He writes fugues and plays fives; plays the organ for Mrs. James and Mr. Cornish, and the pianoforte in his room to Spencer Lyttelton and Owen.

Mr. Owen, in later life Recorder of Walsall, told me that Hubert, Spencer Lyttelton, Eddie Hamilton and he got leave to attend the afternoon service at St. George's after school hours, and that he was one of a few selected boys allowed by Elvey to go into the organ-loft whenever they wished. A characteristic entry occurs on February 4: " After 12 I went down to the Fives Walls, but couldn't get a place, so I came back and began an anthem in 5 parts ". The visit of an Old Etonian friend three days later led to a " frantically good and happy tea " and a series of " real, regular and proper convivials ", in which beer-cup, concocted with brandy, played a chief part. On the return of the revellers from the Christopher they kicked up " certainly one of the most tremendous rows I ever took part in ". Hubert got an " awful jaw " next day from his Dame, but nothing serious happened, and on February 9 he finished his " Grand Fugue with 3 subjects " and saw Johnnie Foster, " who is at last appointed singing and music master ". Skating at Ditton, he fell in twice, and on his way home sprained his leg, cut his hand, and had to be revived with hot negus. He mentions reading *Rob Roy's Life*, and studying, while in Mr. Birch's dining-room with his division, " Birch's leaving list, amongst whom were no fewer that 8 lords, 4 or 5 Earls, 2 Sirs and 23 Mr.'s "; after which he played the pianoforte and read all Zephaniah.

Heavy snow followed the frost, and there was a tremendous row on the 19th at the top of Keate's Lane, " about 200 Eton fellows pelting all the soldiers and cads that passed ". It soon developed into a battle royal. A coal-heaver was floored, masters ran out and remonstrated, and " my little Tutor had the cheek to set some fellows 100 lines ! " About three hundred Eton boys then adjourned to South Meadow. Here the hostilities were internecine, Hubert joining the smaller section of fifty or so,

some of whom ran away, " but Lyttelton and I and a few others stood in the front till I got hit in both eyes and was completely blinded and had to feel my way home ". Bathing with milk and water brought relief, tempered by another tremendous jaw, lasting one and a half hours, from his Dame.

The Old Etonian already mentioned came down for Hubert's birthday, February 27, and after describing a tremendous carouse, at which they had " 3 pots of Brasenose between five of us ", Hubert adds, " I finished reading the Bible to-day. I desire to turn over a new leaf this year, to try and become good, and do something if I live —I am always so desponding. To work hard I desire and to improve in mind and body, God willing." These resolutions were faithfully but not immediately carried out, for on the very next day, Sunday, Hubert and others had a " stunning convivial " at the Christopher—" rum and shrub, brandy and water ". After the party broke up Hubert used " his delightful new Wordsworth Greek Testament at private. I quite revel in it." Other revels followed in the next fortnight : " rattling fine swigs ", hot brandy and water, shandygaff, Bass, champagne and punch, " leading to great depression and weakness ". The good resolutions seemed to have entirely broken down ; yet as a matter of fact they prevailed. In the middle of May he writes : " I haven't drunk yet this half in extra hours ". Hubert's rescue from habits of self-indulgence was due to various causes : partly no doubt to his recognizing that they were incompatible with the realization of his ambitions and aims, whether athletic, artistic or religious ; largely also to the deterrent example of one whom he loved and admired, but whose brilliant prospects had been ruined and blasted by excess.

Henceforward the names of those who had been associated with these Eton carousals practically disappear from his diary. He was occasionally subjected to grave temptation elsewhere ; but even before the removal of the tempter he had grown ashamed of the secrecy which the habit involved. Not that he flew to extremes of abstinence ;

he was President of his College Wine Club at Oxford, and enjoyed good wine to the end of his life. But it may be safely stated that he was never guilty of intemperance after reaching years of discretion, and that if he owed his escape, for it was an escape, in part to a tragically disguised blessing—the ruin of an idol—he owed it even more to his own force of character.

On his return from the Easter holidays, Hubert " dry-bobbed " assiduously all through the term, and gives full accounts of the matches of the School XI. and his own performances, bowling, batting (with a new bat chosen by Spencer Lyttelton), longstopping, etc. It is rather disappointing to find that he dismisses the visit of a great hero in eight words : " Garibaldi came this morning [April 25] and was tremendously cheered ". He is more expansive on the services at St. George's, his " dry-bobbing " in Middle Club, his giving way to temper after getting a *poena* for Homer, or the table-turning in Cook's room at his Dame's. " I could have sworn I didn't push. It went round so fast that we could hardly keep up with it. We also pulled each other over by the tips of the fingers and electricity." A critical spirit towards his master emerges in the remark that Elvey " spoilt Wesley's ' Blessed be God ' by playing it not according to Wesley ". He was now engaged in his own anthem, " Blessed is He ", and mentions dining and making music at Warre's House with Cornish (in after years Vice-Provost) and Mrs. Warre. On May 12 he had " delightful fun " singing in a performance of *Elijah* organized by the Rev. Stephen Hawtrey, the senior mathematical master and founder of St. Mark's School, who was always deeply interested in Hubert's musical progress. Again Hubert is critical of Elvey for leaving out certain effects, " which he does so often ", but it was a most enjoyable experience. Mendelssohn was still one of Hubert's divinities, though, in his opinion, *Elijah*, though glorious, " certainly does not come up to the *Messiah* ".

He made 18 runs, " *the* score " in Middle Club on May 17, but only " by God's help. I'm sure I don't deserve it."

He read *As You Like It*—one of his favourite Shakespeare plays—bathed a great deal, and was much distressed by the drowning of "another soldier" just before the double-sculling race: "Fellows seem to take it very coolly, but it made me quite wretched". His heart was again "funny", and he was ordered by the doctor to take care of himself—a thing he never did. There is an amusing reference to Elvey while playing at St. George's, emulating a feat of Mozart's, and putting down the middle note of the last chord with his nose: "Very good it was, the chord I mean, not his nose". A reference to "dreadful Sunday Questions"—a still surviving Eton institution—prompts Hubert to denounce the "disgusting ignorance of Biblical history" of some of his tutor's pupils. But Hubert's standard was high, as the result of his exceptional knowledge. Elvey directed a private performance of selections from *Samson* and *L'Allegro* by a small band and chorus in the Chapter Library at the Castle at the end of the month, and Hubert was convinced that "Handel is far the greatest composer that ever lived". On June 4 Hubert criticises the speeches, and describes the festivities, fireworks and adventures on the river coming down to the Brocas. He got "hardly any champagne but plenty of ices" at Surley; other fellows, four of whom were habitual offenders, had a great deal too much champagne. It was a strenuous day, for Hubert began by taking Mitchell's place at the organ in chapel, attended two services and sang at St. George's, besides "lionizing" various ladies in the afternoon. But he had a very good supper at his Dame's, and was so tired that he fell asleep before he had time to finish his usual hymn, and slept "bang on" till 8 A.M. next morning.

The record of the remainder of the summer half is pretty equally divided between music, school work and games. The most frequent entry is "played to Lyttelton and Owen": complaints of the incompetence of the Eton organist abound; his lessons with Elvey and attendance at St. George's Chapel gave him ample compensation. Elvey's approval of his "free style" in his

anthem, " Blessed is He ", is duly noted ; Mendelssohn's " Why rage so furiously ? " excited him to enthusiasm, and the gift of Mendelssohn's *Letters* is welcomed as " *très bonum* ". A new air of his achieved a great popularity in the House : " I can't conceive why, but everybody seems to have taken a great fancy to it ". Meanwhile his dislike of Kent's Church music became more pronounced, and no wonder, in view of his further familiarity with Bach and Palestrina. James, the master, suggested that Hubert should give his sister some organ lessons, but Hubert modestly dismissed the suggestion as ridiculous. In school work he records his getting " V.F." for verses and his " good rhythm " in Alcaics. He also mentions a " good subject " given for verses : " Enobarbus's description of Cleopatra's coming down the river, from Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra* " ; and his success in a translation from the Greek into English verse which was " read aloud in School amid the cheers of the division ". He worked hard in " relearning " Homer and Thucydides, Horace and Virgil for " Trials ", but was profoundly dissatisfied with his papers in the examination, having by " bad luck " learned up the wrong part of his history. In mathematics he did better, taking first place in the 2nd class.

Turning to games, we find him tremendously keen to succeed in cricket, carefully keeping his average, piously acknowledging his successes and their supernatural source, conscientiously recording his failures, but continually inveighing against the malignity of fortune. To judge from his own account, he was a sort of cricketing maid-of-all-work in Middle Club — bowling, longstopping, wicket-keeping, out-fielding—" everything by turns and nothing long ", and perhaps for this reason failing to achieve high distinction.

His discontent is at times quite comical. Thus, on one *dies nefastus*, when he had successively been bowled by a shooter, fallen and twisted his leg, and then in the second innings was caught off a good hit, he breaks out : " It seems as if I was possessed, and was doomed for the rest

of my life to do everything wrong, though I know how to do it right". On this black day he couldn't even play the pianoforte. Hubert, in these days, seldom acquiesced in the decision of an umpire; if it was adverse he speaks of being "chiselled out". He had the greatest difficulty in keeping his temper in a game, though he was often conscious of the shortcoming afterwards. Thus we find one entry, "bathed to cool my spleen" against the Captain of Middle Club, whose treatment of him he had resented.

But though sensitive about his failures and anxious to explain them away, he rejoiced in the successes of his friends or the school, as when his heroes, Kinglake and Selwyn and Willan, distinguished themselves at Henley, or when Eddie Hamilton got into "Pop", or Spencer Lyttelton made a fine score in the match against Winchester, or Owen won the diving, "to my enormous delight". Eton's failure against Harrow, who beat them in an innings this year, is ascribed to "bad luck", though the brilliant batting of C. F. Buller is not overlooked. Hubert was a "dry bob"; the river attracted him chiefly as a means of bathing; he often speaks of meeting Dalmeny (Lord Rosebery) at the bathing-place, but nowhere else. A notable event in June was the return of "George Pembroke" from his tour in Egypt and Syria, with graphic accounts of his adventures, the gift of a magnificent Damascus sabre, and, best of all, long talks about his sister Maud, who with Lady Herbert had accompanied him on his travels. Lady Herbert came down later on for Election Day, then celebrated with fireworks and other festivities since given up, and Hubert, who had spent a good part of the day in her company and that of little "Siddy" (Sidney Herbert, afterwards the 14th Earl of Pembroke), sums up the gains and disappointments of the visit by observing, "Lady Herbert gave me a sovereign to-day, but I heard very little about Maudie". For the rest we read of Hubert's playing the organ to ladies brought by the Provost; of his excursion to Clewer Church and the Mausoleum (with a sketch) and his delight in being introduced by Spencer Lyttelton to his uncle,

Sir Stephen Glyn, " who knows nearly all the Churches in England and Handel's music " ; and, while up in London for the Eton *v.* Harrow match, of his going to Madame Tussaud's; seeing Miss Bateman in an historical play at the Princess's, and getting a glimpse of Maud Herbert at Chesham Place, where he had immense fun with the " dear little chicks, Gladys and Minga "—in after years Lady Ripon and Sir Michael Herbert.

Hubert's affection for little people was lifelong ; also his love of animals. He writes of being upset by the killing of a swan in House fours : " poor beastie, I couldn't get it out of my head ". There are frequent mentions of ices and strawberry messes at Webber's ; he had a childish fondness for sweets, and yet the serious or melancholy strain in him emerges *medio de fonte leporum*, as when he records a talk with his great friend Wilton Phipps about the old happy days at Winchester and Twyford, " when we were small boys and did not think of the wild path of life before us in our innocent ignorance ". At Highnam in the summer holidays he resumed the pleasant routine of home life with an added zest on the return of his father : " Highnam hasn't all its delights without him ". He was a great deal at the organ ; played cricket with his brother Ernest ; took the family walks to the Pinetum and the Deodara seat ; went to Hardwicke for a yeomanry review ; rode in the woods on " Bob " and the vivacious " Redstart " ; went to dances and archery meetings ; spent a happy day at Frampton (the St. Johns' place), played on the organ and came back in the steamer " with a lot of frightfully vulgar Gloucester people " ; worked at Bach, smoked and ate apples on the roof ; lost his temper at croquet and repented : " what in the world is the use of sulking ? "

But the " red-letter days " of these holidays were spent at Wilton, in picnics, music, billiards, fencing, fishing, bathing, moonlight walks, riding and driving. An otherwise enjoyable picnic luncheon at Wardour Castle was depressed by the reflection, inspired by the tawdriness of the chapel, " alas ! that such a family should be Roman ! " Hubert rode and drove as much as possible with Maud Herbert,

and when he lost his temper at games recovered it in her company, strolling in the garden by moonlight or sitting on the Palladian bridge. August 16 was spent at croquet, battledore and shuttlecock, talking, picking apples and riding through the woods—always in the same adorable company. He had another enchanting ride with her to Hambledon Down; went out with the beagles; played cricket at Salisbury ("out l.b.w.—not a bit really"); wore two of his lady love's rings all Saturday evening, and on Monday had a grand game of hide-and-seek in the woods on horseback with Mary and Maud Herbert and the Hamilton girls. "I ought to have gone home to-day," he writes, "but I was late for the train", an excuse which even Prime Ministers have not disdained to allege. After dinner they had "larks"; dressed up the statues of Nero, Demosthenes and Alcibiades in modern attire, and Hubert had a last moonlight walk with Maud. He left Wilton and his "lady love" with regret, confessing with sorrow that he loves it more than his own home—because of her—and deriving scanty consolation from the thought that "the course of true love never did run smooth". At Highnam he was miserable at first, but soon regained his spirits amid a huge family party. Later on Lord and Lady Sherborne and "the extraordinary Miss Duff Gordon" arrived, and Hubert had to make music for them. He also shot the coverts with very poor sport, explored the cathedral and the Chapter Library, and played on the organ, "a grand old instrument in a very bad state, but with a sort of glorious richness about it", and bought a ring for Maud.

The first week of September found him at Hereford for the Festival in the company of his cousin, Eddie Hamilton. Here we find him appreciative of Spohr, though critical of his chromaticism; "disgusted" with the vulgar secularity of Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, but loving all the Handel, which included a selection from *Israel in Egypt* and the Occasional overture, and delighted with Titiens, who sang gloriously, and with Sims Reeves. On his return he continued his exploration of Gloucester—the docks, St. Mary de Crypt, with full accounts of the windows, old

pictures and unsightly restorations. Eddie Hamilton was entrusted with the ring for Maud, but Hubert's misgivings as to its reception proved correct. On his return to Highnam he was much in the company of his brother Clinton, and rode with him to May Hill. In all its aspects the magnificent prospect never failed to delight him. On this occasion, with " black enormous masses of cloud driven by furious winds ", it harmonized with his present state of mind. " It was Beethoveny." Visits to Elmore, and a harvest home with rustic revels followed, but Hubert was still " Beethoveny ", and quarrelled with the vicar at choir practice. Major Ernest Gambier-Parry, who remembers the incident well, describes it as characteristic of Hubert's philosophy and temper at the time :

" The organist was ill, and Hubert was asked to take the choir practice and the services the following day. We went across to the village school together for the practice. All went well through the Psalms, and Hubert found nothing to object to in the chants. But when it came to the hymns and our nervous, sensitive Vicar gave out the first, Hubert rose from the piano and flatly refused to play it. The Vicar expostulated kindly, and endeavoured to explain that it was one of the hymns for the day. ' Very well,' said Hubert with warmth, ' then I shall not play at the services to-morrow.' For a moment there was silence, when Hubert got up and left the school, I following, feeling that the World was assuredly about to end, and with the Vicar after us along the church path fifty yards behind on his way to see our father as to what was to be done. The end of it was that the obnoxious hymn was withdrawn as the only way out of the difficulty, for I never knew Hubert yield his point in those days whatever he may have done in after life. What he thought was right was right in his eyes, and to his opinions he always remained staunch. Opposition to those opinions was certain to ruffle a temper that he knew well enough was one of his chief trials in life. He ever preached consistency, and to be wanting in such a quality was to be dishonest to oneself."

The end of the holidays was spent at Bayfordbury and Ely. At Bayfordbury, where he stayed with his cousins, he played the little Scudamore organ in church, read the

Idylls of the King—which he bought on his way through London—and " came rather to smash " in his first speech in public, at a harvest home.

The visit to Ely was memorable and delightful. Here his father was still at work on the frescoes, " painted mainly at his own expense and unaided by other than mere mechanical assistance, in the six eastern bays of the roof of the nave ".[1] He worked at the top of a huge scaffolding close to the roof—a position which made Hubert " nervous at first ". He gives a full account of his father's designs—the colossal figures of shepherds and kings, and mentions that he sat as a model for one of the heads in the Genealogy. The cathedral, which he thoroughly explored, seemed " enormous and glorious ", and especially impressive at night, in silence and by moonlight. The organ—which he played—and its case, stops, etc., are described in minute detail. Hubert also criticizes the windows, some good, some " disgusting ", with special notes on the French artists. He rode twice into the Fen country with his father, and tried a small home-made organ in the house of a resident, Mr. Dixon. And he also made an excursion to Cambridge with his father, where he was not content with visiting the stock sights, but inspected the MSS. in the Trinity Library, the Handel MSS. in the Fitzwilliam and the German glass in Peterhouse Chapel. On the 22nd, after his invariable practice, he paid a formal farewell to the cathedral and the organ, ascended to the top of the octagon and returned from Ely to Eton.

In the ensuing " half " Hubert showed much more interest in his school work ; he writes of his first Thucydides " private " with his Tutor that he found it " interesting and wonderful writing ", though the amount set, sixty lines, was " rather a lot for my stupid head ". Day, as we have seen, was not sympathetic ; Hubert speaks of his " bullying ways " and " disgustingly unfair *poenas* " ; but as a set-off owns to spending a pleasant half-hour with him talking about Tacitus, whose beauties Day—a fine scholar—pointed out, besides giving him hints about translation ; he also

[1] *Dictionary of National Biography*, vol. xliii. p. 386.

mentions an interesting lesson in the *Phaedo*. Later on he writes of showing up " 44 verses, the largest number of elegiacs I ever did in my life ", and translating Apollonius Rhodius into English verse. Sunday Questions he found occasionally " frightfully hard " in spite of his minute knowledge of the Bible, and he notes a curious and comprehensive subject given for a " theme "—*Remedia morborum*. But now, as always, during his school and university life, the books he read to please himself are more enlightening to his biographer. I regret to note that he preferred the historical romance of Bulwer Lytton to that of Scott. But *Count Robert of Paris* is not Scott at his best. When he was " staying out " for a week at the end of October he devoured *The Woman in White*, and was enthralled by the characterization of Count Fosco, in whom he recognized an illustration of the maxim *corruptio optimi pessima*. Of more importance, because of its stimulus to composition, was his purchase of Gilfillan's five-volume edition of Spenser, whom he read in large quantities and with the utmost delight.

Hubert's reading was strangely diversified, and critics to whom the late Dean Farrar's school stories are anathema will be horrified to learn that he could not tear himself away from *St. Winifred's*. But it was the subject rather than the treatment that attracted him. He observes that it is " not much of a book ", and the characters are " strained and too good for boys ", but " the theme was one that always interests me ". He also read Buchanan's translation of the Psalms into Latin verse and Kirke White's poems, on which he laid out 2s. 6d. to his great satisfaction. If the taste of boys is to be judged by the books they buy as well as read, Hubert certainly showed unconventionality as well as enterprise in his choice.

October was an important month in the annals of Eton music, for on the 5th of that month the Headmaster announced his decision to allow the Musical Society to go on under the direction of Johnnie Foster. Dr. Balston summoned Hubert and Eddie Hamilton, and instructed

them how to proceed, and at the first meeting of the society a week later — which crowned "a successful, happy and useful day"—he had a long talk with Foster about Bach's fugues and how to finger them. Bach was now promoted to the first place amongst Hubert's divinities, and was never afterwards dethroned. His name occurs on almost every page of the diary, and Hubert's enthusiasm culminates in an entry made during his illness, on October 19, when he writes :

"I have now finished reading through both the Preludes and the Fugues of the 48 of Bach. What a wonderful volume it is ! It is to me a companion in travel, my comfort in trouble, my solace in sickness, and my sharer of happiness."

Hubert's devotion to Bach was shared by his cousin, Eddie Hamilton ; he frequently mentions playing the fugues with him. The lessons with Elvey continued to give Hubert delight : and he records their conversations, notably one on modern church music, the decline of which his master attributed to organ improvements, the taste for flowery accompaniments and "Spohry" chords. On the subject of Spohr's mannerisms Hubert found himself in agreement with Elvey, as well as in his admiration of the choruses in Handel's *Samson*, *Saul* and *Deborah*. The last work Hubert describes as "super-gigantic"—in anticipation of a phrase which has recently earned the rebuke of Sir Henry Hadow. In criticizing Hubert's compositions Elvey was strong on the need of avoiding *clichés* and padding, and was honest enough to own that he himself was an offender in these respects. Hubert composed a motet in six parts, wrote what he calls his first song, "Fair is my love", to Spenser's words, and finished his anthem, "Prevent us, O Lord", and on December 6, to his immense delight, Elvey said he might "tell Burgess to get it copied into the books to be sung in St. George's Chapel". Mention is also made of musical parties at Cornish's, Browning's and his Dame's.

The only allusion to Miss Jane Evans occurs in this connexion, when she appears in the excellent company of

Orlando Gibbons and Mendelssohn, and the quality of the refreshments is specially commended. Hubert also took part with Primrose, Gambier, Spencer Lyttelton and Eddie Hamilton in a sort of musical competition between the Oppidans and Collegers at the Headmaster's house, at which (according to Hubert) the Oppidans had much the better of it; and at the end of term he was much occupied in rehearsals for the Musical Society's concert. It went off most successfully, though Hubert had a violent headache, and was in a " perpetual funk ". He sang " The Lord is a Man of War " with Spencer Lyttelton, and it was vociferously encored. In the interval (like the tired *prima donna* in C.S.C.'s Ode to Beer) he refreshed himself with porter, and his pianoforte solo was, to his amusement, encored, though he played it miserably. Gosselin was, as always, the " star " pianist, but Hubert especially singles out Morley's " Now is the month of Maying ". Next day " fellows went howling ' The Lord is a Man of War ' about the streets like a comic song ". The College concert on December 15 is roughly handled: the trebles were awful, and the solos ridiculous; but there was a good prologue written by Simmonds and Durnford, and the acting in *A Regular Fix* was " very superior ".

In spite of a bad beginning, when a violent attack of giddiness and headache kept him out of school for a week, spite of palpitations, accidents, and occasional exasperation against " cheating ", bad umpiring in matches, and bad luck, Hubert had no cause to be dissatisfied with his football. The number of goals kicked by Divine assistance was considerable. He was given his Dame's House cap and shirt, to his " immense delight ", early in the half, and on November 28 played for the first time in an inter-school match—XI. v. 18 Oppidans—" a great honour ". The record of " conviviality " of the old sort is confined to two or three visits from Old Etonians or other friends: it had ceased to be a regular habit. " George Pembroke ", who had acted as a good Samaritan to Hubert during his illness, caused him dismay by the announcement, early in November, that he was leaving Eton on the following day,

and Hubert speaks of his " hopes " failing in view of the absence of his friend and confidant. Hubert sums up his achievements at the end of the half as follows :

" I haven't done much, but have got, however, into my Dame's football XI., also into *I Lazaroni* [*sic*] Club, written ' Prevent us, O Lord ', and read a good deal of Spenser."

The " Lazaroni " were a select body, whose choice of a title was probably suggested by the *I Zingari*, and was dictated by an ironical self-depreciation : the definition of the term in the latest Italian dictionaries as " the dregs of the Neapolitan populace " could not apply literally to a club for which only Etonians of athletic and social distinction were eligible. Hubert adds that he came out 4th in Collections. W. D. Rawlins (K.S.), afterwards Fellow of Trinity College, K.C. and Bencher of Lincoln's Inn, was first ; H. A. Macnaghten (K.S.), subsequently Scholar of King's and Vicar of Prescot, Lancashire, was second ; and the Hon. J. A. de Grey, Lord Walsingham's half-brother, third.

Hubert's delight — almost lyrical in its fervour — at getting back to Highnam for the holidays was enhanced by the return, a few days after his arrival, of his father from Ely, on the completion of his work in the cathedral. Hubert spent much of his time at the organ in the company of Bach, playing about with the children, playing bowls with his brother Clinton, and set to work on a Magnificat in B. But Christmas found him in a rather melancholy mood, visiting his sister's grave, indulging in sombre speculations as to who would next lie there, and transcribing the whole of " Tears, idle Tears " as a colophon to the year's record. It is supplemented, however, by a full tabular statement of his cricket scores in Middle and Lower Club and House matches, with " how out " in every game played in the midsummer half of 1864. Anyhow the pensive mood had departed by Boxing Day, when he went up to London, saw three pantomimes in three days, was captivated by Miss Lydia Thompson at Drury Lane, and visited Wombwell's Circus at the Crystal Palace. He

returned home for a round of balls, musical parties at the Deanery, and a visit to Bristol, where he stayed with his friends the Savages at Springfield, attended a fine concert given by the Madrigal Society, at which " the beauty and delightfulness " of the great Elizabethans " quite startled me ", and played the organ at Westbury-on-Trym.

There was a large house-party at Highnam after the New Year, including Sir Michael and Lady Hicks Beach, Walter Severn the artist, who " showed us the extraordinary rope-trick of the Davenport Brothers ", Lewis Majendie, and the ever-welcome Willie Keatinge, son of the Irish Judge. Hubert's reading was as usual well contrasted—Hood and Hume. He had a long day's hunting on the 17th, and returned to Eton on the 19th. There had been heavy snow at Christmas, frost set in later, and Hubert got some skating at " Babylon " and Ditton at the end of the month. Otherwise fives was his only pastime until " dry-bobbing " began on March 16. But the discontinuance of football kept him free from accidents and gave him more time for reading, composing and other activities. Mr. Browning lent him *The Bible in the Church*, from which he made extracts. He also read Arnold's *History of Rome* with intense interest; Bulwer's *Caxtons*, " a delightful book "; Tennyson's *Maud*, " very nice though rather weak "; Milton's *Paradise Lost*; and a strange and now forgotten musical novel, *Charles Auchester* (written by Miss E. S. Sheppard and published in 1853), " a sort of hidden life of Mendelssohn " which, " though foolish and mistaken ", more than ever increased Hubert's love of that composer. He refers to *Charles Auchester* in a letter to his cousin Lewis Majendie, who came down for his birthday, an anniversary which brought him more happiness than usual, tempered by " aggravations " and reflections on his shortcomings.

Lewis Majendie was about thirteen years older than Hubert, but the friendship between them was very close. As his brother, the Rev. Severne Majendie, tells me, there was a room at Hedingham long called " Hubert's room ", so frequent were his visits. The letter runs as follows :

"I can assure you that however much I have been inclined to be lazy in my school work, as I told you, I have not in the least yielded to it, as you will understand if I tell you that the number of verses we are obliged to do is 24, and last week I did 56. And you must have heard me say that verses is the part of my work at Eton that I dislike most of all; but I always find that the best way to get through anything one dislikes is to take as much interest in it as possible; and I really believe that by that means one can even make a punishment pleasant—I mean the common punishment of writing out so many lines. And so I find it the best way to try and do my best in verses and in every other school work I especially dislike, more than even in that part of my work which I like. I was rather afraid of the issue of my Trials at first, but I have heard rather pleasant reports from different masters, to make me think that I have not done so remarkably badly. . . . I don't think you would take any interest to speak of in the book I spoke of as containing a sort of life of Mendelssohn. The name of it is *Charles Auchester*, and it is really a very strange book, and has left the sort of impression on my mind of its being the sort of book a person would have written in a musical dream. . . . I will always remember what you quoted about 'cheerfulness', and will not allow melancholy to have the slightest influence over me, though it may be a struggle. It never at all unfits me for work, but rather gives me another opinion of it at the time, which I cannot define except in speaking."

The letter is undated, but it was evidently written in March 1865, shortly after the entry in his diary in which he gives a full list of the subjects in which the "Trials" were held: Mathematics, Divinity, Homer, Scriptures and *Poetae Graeci*; Greek Iambics, Latin Stanzaic Asclepiads; Virgil and Horace, Algebra, History (ancient and modern); Latin Hexameters, Euclid, and a general or miscellaneous paper. Hubert, who complains a good deal of bad luck and failure to do himself justice, came out 12th in Classics and 9th in Mathematics.

The musical entries are frequent, and here at least there are no signs of melancholy. Elvey's lessons, which embraced the pianoforte and harmony as well as the organ, were more encouraging than ever. Hubert finished his anthem

" Blessed is He " after many revisions ; it was performed at St. George's, sent off to Novello's to be published, and the proofs arrived by the middle of March. Elvey also gave him " all sorts of maxims about playing the pianoforte ", and advised him to get Mozart's Quartets in score, excellent advice which Hubert at once carried out. The Musical Society's meetings continued prosperously, and at the concert Hubert played pianoforte solos and again sang " The Lord is a Man of War " with Spencer Lyttelton. There was also a " Grand Concert " in College Hall, directed by Cusins, who played " the quintessence of humbug " with " marvellous execution " and conducted a very small band in selections from Rossini, Weber and Beethoven. Later on Hubert heard Oluf Svendsen, the flute virtuoso, play " marvellously " at another concert. There were also music parties at Browning's, Cornish's and his Dame's, and continued exhibitions of incompetence by the college organist, culminating in a performance which convulsed the entire chapel and led to his being stopped by one of the choir-men.

Hubert was grieved by the news of the sudden death of " poor old Amott ", organist of Gloucester Cathedral from 1832 till his death, who was succeeded by Samuel Sebastian Wesley, an eccentric man, a splendid player, and a great composer of Church music. Besides finishing his two anthems, Hubert also composed a part-song, " Take, O take those lips away ", which Foster undertook to introduce to Henry Leslie's choir in London, set Horace's *Persicos odi* to music, and embarked upon a " tremendously wild anthem in the mood of Mendelssohn ", which sounds to us like a contradiction in terms. Amongst the miscellaneous entries in his diary I may note the evidence of his unfailing interest in architecture new and old, as shown in his visit to Clewer Church, recently restored by Woodyer, and a curious sidelight on the housing of Eton boys in the 'sixties. Having had occasion to visit a friend in Hale's House he observes : " The walls are so rotten that you can poke an umbrella or anything through them in some places into the open air ". Hubert's own room now presented a highly

decorative appearance, being adorned with no fewer than twenty-one pictures, to say nothing of busts.

Dr. Wesley was away when Hubert returned to Highnam for Easter, but soon returned in company with Sterndale Bennett for the rehearsals and performance of the latter's *May Queen* and his own Ode, as well as Mendelssohn's *Lorelei*. Wesley gave Hubert the freedom of the organ-loft at once, and Sterndale Bennett was " most kind and delightful ". Hubert's " little part-song "—he does not mention which—was also included in the programme, but went very badly, though Wesley paid him the compliment of singing bass. The accompanist was Taylor, afterwards organist at New College, from whom Hubert took several organ lessons during the holidays. He was a most admirable pianist, and Hubert had the highest opinion of his refined and spirited interpretation of Chopin and Schumann, preferring him " even to Hallé and Thalberg ". The delights of Highnam were heightened by glorious weather, which made the " family walks " to Lassington Oak and the Pinetum doubly delightful. Then there was a successful picnic to Sharpness with the St. Johns ; a dance at the Cliffords, with no lack of congenial partners, after which Hubert played to the guests on a new piano at 3 A.M. Nor did the distraction of " lovely visions " interfere with serious study, for Hubert read Goulburn's *Thoughts on Personal Religion* and Hume's *History*—the latter being a holiday task. During a visit to Salisbury in the last week of April, Hubert had the satisfaction of hearing both his anthems practised and " Prevent us, O Lord " very well sung at the cathedral, where he played both voluntaries at the services on two days, besides practising at odd times.

Gosselin was of the party at his uncle's, and they had some cricket and a visit by night to the cathedral, which Hubert found " less glorious than Ely ". But on a second visit Hubert took a candle, and, though laughed at by the other members of the party, was vindicated by the " indescribable results "—the long, deep and impressive shadows. He also records his experiments with the echo,

which is " so strong that if one person sings in succession the notes of any chord, they are prolonged so as to make the full chord when the voice stops ". From Salisbury he went over to Winchester to visit Neville Lyttelton, who was quartered there, and inspect the cathedral, which disappointed him by its coldness and lack of colour. But the organ, on which he played, was " glorious ", and so was St. Cross, of the restoration of which by Butterfield he appears (unlike many critics) to have approved. On his return home Hubert took an active part in the May Day revels of the children—with a maypole and a procession along the road, and his brother Sidney and his sister Geraldine as May King and Queen. The cavalcade comprised three ponies, a pony carriage and a donkey carriage. During the flower-picking the three ponies galloped off, and Hubert had to chase them on " Bob " all down and about the Gloucester Road. He caught them in the end after a " tremendous " chase, an unrehearsed feature of the revels, but the one which he probably enjoyed far the most. The " Church Commemoration " at Highnam at the close of the holidays was attended by 30 clergymen, and 235 " villagers " attended the " people's dinner ".

The summer half, though it brought some shining moments, was marked by much fluctuation in his physical and mental progress. As represented in a chart, it would show more depressions than " peaks ". He was constantly being " cut over " at cricket, and the record of his " dry-bobbing " in Middle and Upper Club is mainly given up to laments over his ill-luck ; yet on July 4, by a special interposition of Divine Providence, he made his biggest score—55. If, however, he bewailed his own failures, he was even more vocal in deploring those of the school, which he attributed at least as much to luck as to management. In his account of the match against Winchester he comments severely on Eton's performance, but the stars in their courses fought against them ; two members of the XI. were out—one on the 5th and the other on the 6th ball of the old four-ball over ! Eton also failed at Henley, which still further dispirited the diarist, and his record of

the Eton *v.* Harrow match is one long wail over " Mrs. Iniquissima Fortuna ". Hubert " stayed out " for five days at the beginning of July owing to dizziness and impaired sight, but his illness proved a blessing in disguise, as it enabled him to revel in Bach and *The Last of the Mohicans.* He was so unwell in London during the Eton *v.* Harrow match that he had to return abruptly to Eton, where he was pronounced to be suffering from influenza. But his confinement to his room, which lasted altogether for a week, was again mitigated by the company of Bach, and he turned his seclusion to good account by copying out music and reading Mendelssohn's *Letters* and three of Shakespeare's plays. " How delightful ", he writes, " it seems to be reading him again ; it is like coming home after having been abroad for a long time." Hubert's admiration for Mendelssohn as a man was unchanged, but a note of criticism emerges in his references to the composer. He speaks of his " Why rage fiercely " as " almost too glorious ", and yet " I begin to find one or two things I do not admire ". Other composers whom he once admired fare worse, and the church music of Kent, never a favourite of his, is roundly denounced as " bosh ". Even Elvey did not escape censure, for on June 18 he writes : " As this is the anniversary of Waterloo we had Elvey's ' This is the day ', of which anthem I am getting more sick than words can express. We had also one of Hopkins's services in the too utterly absurd modern music style "—on which he comments in a marginal note written two years later : " Hullo ! Here's a delicious remark ".

Elvey, who had returned on May 14 with his third and " very good-looking " wife, found Hubert's new service " rather wild ", and on his advice his pupil rewrote most of his " wild " setting of Psalm lii. The lessons, intermitted on July 12, when Windsor was out of bounds owing to the election, continued amicably ; also Hubert's almost daily recitals for the benefit of Spencer Lyttelton and Owen. Special attention is made and must be recorded of a first-rate concert of *a cappella* music, given by the Canonbury Union in St. Mark's Schools on July 6, at which the

programme included works by Wilbye, Morley, Marenzio and Samuel Wesley's " In Exitu Israel ", the last named being " a most remarkable, bold, clever and well-worked thing " and " sung to the tip-top of perfection ". From the very first Hubert never faltered in his admiration of the Elizabethan and early Italian and Netherlandish School, and his debt to the Madrigal Societies of London and Bristol was early acknowledged and splendidly repaid by his own contributions to this noble and beautiful branch of composition.

Though Hubert was on the sick-list for quite a fortnight altogether, his general capacity for enjoying his school life was not impaired ; he bathed a great deal at " Athens " and " Acropolis ", and his appetite for ices was unsubdued. Spencer Lyttelton, who was captain of the XI., left at the end of the term, and Hubert gave him Ben Jonson and Milton as " leaving books ". They went to different universities, but nothing ever happened to cloud their life-long friendship.

Though he left Eton a day or two before the end of the half, owing to indisposition and a scare of scarlet fever at his Dame's, the influence of Highnam evidently effected a rapid restoration, and he plunged at once into a round of gaieties—archery meetings, dances, picnics to Sharpness Point, to the Speech House in the Forest of Dean, and " the Old Bailey "—where he cut the initials of all the party on a tree, and, visiting the scene a few days later alone, recut those of the divinity of the moment—cricket matches and flower shows, happy days at Elmore and Frampton, rides with his sister Linda to May Hill and other delectable resorts. At nearly all these entertainments he was called upon to play to the assembled guests. He paid several pleasant visits, notably to Sudeley Castle, restored by Mr. Brocklehurst, who had rebuilt the chapel ; to Clanna, then occupied by Colonel Noel, whence he went with his father to explore St. Briavel's ; and to Bathurst Park with its noble grounds and romantic surroundings, Roman camp and the strange ravine, honeycombed with caves and holes, called the Scowles, and supposed to be an old Roman iron-mine.

Wherever he went he was indefatigable as a sightseer, eager to note architectural or archæological details, and wherever there was an organ he played on it and recorded its qualities and maker.

The most interesting of these excursions took him as far afield as Llandaff, where the cathedral had been recently restored. The Bishop, " a delightful and kind old man ", acted as cicerone and showed Hubert and his father round. The great altar-piece, a triptych, entitled " The Seed of David ", painted by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and his only work of this kind—it is alleged on good authority that he himself considered it to be his masterpiece—had recently been finished. It consists of three panels, the centre representing the Adoration of the Magi, that on the north side showing David about to sling a stone at Goliath, that on the south showing him enthroned as king and playing the harp. The commission, when the church traditions and prejudices of the time are taken into account, argued remarkable enterprise, and it was not to be expected that Hubert, trained in an austerer school, should find the design and its execution altogether satisfying. But his criticisms are intelligent and even acute for a boy of seventeen. He thought, with good grounds, that it did not harmonize with the architecture of the building, and found the design " crowded and hot looking, full of reds and yellows ". Still, some of the heads were " lovely ", and the figure of David with his sling " magnificent ".

Hubert also visited Hereford with his cousin Lewis Majendie, explored the cathedral in detail, and won the approval and confidence of the organist ; he also continued his archæological exploration of the churches of Gloucester —also with his cousin.

When Hubert was at home he played and practised, with ever-growing delight in Bach, whose Toccata in F major " quite took his breath away ". His experiences at Eton had made him a good organ doctor, and he was able to assist Brind, the Highnam organist, in tuning the instrument in the church. He also often played on the Shire Hall organ and had friendly talks with Dr. Wesley. The

eccentricities and irritability of that great musician are never mentioned by Hubert, who was evidently a favourite and only saw his best side. Hubert was also happy in his home life, though an event, destined to exert a considerable and perturbing influence on his position, occurred in August in the marriage of his elder brother, Clinton. Clinton Parry had great natural gifts, extraordinary good looks and personal charm, a fine intellect, and a remarkable taste for music ; but his career was wrecked by waywardness and a lack of self-control, and his estrangement from his father, which ultimately led to his disinheritance, was one of the greatest griefs of Hubert's life.

More visits followed to Elmore, for archery and dancing, and to Frampton, where Hubert indulged in the milder delights of croquet and the oscillations of a swing which he had helped to erect for the benefit of various attractive young ladies. Hubert generally rode over for these entertainments, returning by moonlight or starlight. A large house party assembled for the Gloucester Festival, which occupies fourteen pages in his diary ; it included Spencer Lyttelton and Gosselin, and the St. Johns and Miss Nettie Ward came for one night.

The programme was of tremendous proportions, including no fewer than four works by Mendelssohn, for whom Hubert's enthusiasm became once more wholly uncritical ; it is hard to reconcile his raptures over *Elijah* and the *Walpurgisnacht*, and his declaration that the *Messiah* is " the grandest music ever conceived ", with his recent testimonies to Bach. Though Hubert criticizes the extremely rapid *tempi* adopted by Wesley in Handel's and Mendelssohn's works, he has nothing but praise for his anthem " Ascribe unto the Lord ", his playing " in the true Bach " spirit of " St. Ann ", above all for the marvellous extemporaneous fugue played on the Sunday after the Festival as a concluding voluntary. It was here, perhaps more than in his published work, that Wesley showed the divine *afflatus* :

" He began the accompaniment in crotchets alone, and then gradually worked into quavers, then triplets and

lastly semiquavers. It was quite marvellous. The powerful old subject came stalking in right and left with the running accompaniment wonderfully entwined with it—all in the style of old Bach."

The solos at the Festival were nearly all sung to the "top of perfection"; and Hubert specially singles out "the inexhaustible Santley" and the great Titiens, who sang "I know that my Redeemer liveth" and other things "as she only can now sing them". In fine he enjoyed himself immensely, his delight in the *Walpurgisnacht* being enhanced by the fact that he sat next Miss Nettie Ward all through the evening. The Festival ended in a ball at which, after his wont, he danced every dance. He was "quite knocked up by the fatigue and excitement of the week", but the record of the last fortnight of the holidays proves the reaction to have been immediate. At Salisbury, where he spent four days, he played a cricket match, attended the meetings and dinner of the Archæological Congress, and heard one of his anthems "very well sung" in the cathedral. Thence he went for the best part of a week to Wilton, where he was out three times with the beagles, played billiards and croquet, rode and drove with Maud Herbert, examined the splendid original drawings of Michael Angelo, Raphael, Lippo Lippi and Correggio in the library, and came in for the Harvest Home, a great pageant carried out with feudal magnificence, ending with a dinner in the *manège* and fireworks. While at Wilton he went over to Springfield near Bristol, and with his host, Frank Savage, visited three churches, besides the Cathedral, and sampled three organs, including that of St. Mary Redcliffe (see *supra*, p. 30).

Returning to Highnam, he paid a farewell visit to Frampton for croquet, swinging and music, and, as he rode back in the dark on "Bob", met a mysterious, silent and ghostlike horseman on the road between Whitminster and Hardwicke. Hubert was beginning to feel uncomfortable as the mysterious stranger turned and followed him, when suddenly the sky was lit up with a brilliant flare of light, and a meteor shot across the firmament, illuminating the

entire landscape. " Bob " started as if he had been shot, and Hubert, with the blood tingling all over his body, was so startled that he thought no more about the strange horseman.

On his last day at home Hubert played Bach's " St. Ann's " and his " favourite Toccata ". In later life, according to Dr. Wilson of Manchester Cathedral, the Toccata and Fugue in C was his special favourite. At this date he seemed, however, to have fallen under the special spell of the Toccata in F.

Hubert's dual allegiance to art and athletics is abundantly illustrated in his diary for the next half, but football predominates. He began with a bad smash, having to be carried home on a hurdle in a state of collapse, unable to speak and obliged to " stay out " for a whole week, during which he worked at music and read *Lady Audley's Secret*. But he was raised to the seventh heaven a few days later when " Phipps came into my room and told me that I might get my Field Shirt ! ! ! Glorificous." Many matches and damages followed, but Hubert enjoyed himself hugely, and distinguished himself on St. Andrew's Day, when the Oppidans beat the College. Another and much-coveted distinction had fallen to him on October 30, when " by God's mercy I got into ' Pop ' ", and the subsequent debates are duly recorded—on the character of Algernon Sidney, whom Hubert found himself unable to vindicate ; on the abolition of monasteries ; the treatment of the Colonies in George III.'s reign, which Hubert condemned ; and the present gaol system, on the inefficiency of which Hubert discoursed in a long speech.

Music was not forgotten. Hubert complains bitterly of having his best " subjects " driven out of his head by the dominion of din, whistlers, players on the fife and accordion, but his lessons and talks with Elvey gave him great satisfaction ; his organ playing found an attentive listener in Robert Bridges ; he worked at an anthem, and a sonata, and a pianoforte overture for the concert of the Musical Society, and rhapsodizes over the Elizabethan madrigals, which they sang at the Masters' singing class. The concert

was a great success; Hubert's overture and his anthem "Prevent us" were both encored, and Gosselin's virtuosity aroused enthusiasm. Hubert's reading was as usual delightfully mixed; I have mentioned *Lady Audley's Secret*; he also studied Milton's Greek hexameter translation of Psalm cxiv. and revelled in the third volume of Arnold's *Rome*. Relations with his Dame continued to be somewhat strained, but "a tremendous row all about nothing" appears to have ended satisfactorily—for Hubert. He took a first class in Collections at the end of the half, but was only 15th in Mathematics.

The holidays opened with a football match in London. The opponents of the Eton team are not specified, but Hubert mentions that "Mackenzie of Charterhouse played splendidly for them". Mackenzie was the present Lord Muir Mackenzie, an intimate friend of Hubert's at Oxford, who tells me that the match was played at Vincent Square, between Eton and a combined Charterhouse and Westminster team, under the Association rules formulated in 1863, and was one of a series which materially assisted in popularizing a game which has since grown into a national institution. After the match Hubert saw an indifferent performance of *King John*—making honourable exception of Phelps—and went down for a few days to Bayfordbury and Park Gate, returning to London for a night, on which he saw Joseph Jefferson in *Rip Van Winkle*, "about the finest acting I ever saw". Before going home he paid a brief visit to Sherborne, "a magnificent, great and comfortable house with a splendid park". Lady Sherborne, an accomplished musician, was his good friend and charming hostess, and Hubert had an enjoyable day's hunting with the Heythrop—"all stone walls and very pleasant jumping". Hubert's Christmas and New Year's presents to his family took the form of musical compositions, and his diary is largely concerned with music and musicians. Mrs. Ellicott, the Bishop's wife, was at this time much interested in a German composer named Schachner, whose works were being practised, to Hubert's great boredom, at the Palace. On January 6 the Wesleys came to dinner,

and Hubert records the Doctor's conversation at some length. Wesley's views on Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Spohr are more curious than convincing. More to the point was his assuring Hubert that it would be impossible for him to make any real progress in orchestration without lessons from a London master.

In the last week of the holidays Hubert explored and sketched Minsterworth Church in the company of Lewis Majendie, read Hood's poems, and especially the Ode to Rae Wilson, with delight, and went to three dances. For the ball at the Henrys he stayed at Bromesberrow Place with the Ricardos. On arriving he only knew one young lady, " but soon knew nearly all the nice partners ". He went up on the 17th to town to see the pantomime and was back at Eton the next day. The entries in his diary on " themes " and " Sunday Questions " throw a curious light on education at Eton in the 'sixties. " Commercia Belli " (the treatment of prisoners of war), the " Calamary " (or cuttle-fish) and " a letter from Sir Henry Sidney to his son Philip at Court " are certainly not commonplace tests of general information and intelligence. Hubert admits that he found great difficulty in answering such Sunday Questions as " Why do philosophers refuse to believe in sortilege ? " and " How would you combat a belief in witchcraft among barbarians ? "

Hubert read a great deal of Keats, but the poem which he wrote in school on February 5 and afterwards set to music, " Love the Tyrant ", shows the influence of the seventeenth-century lyrists. The lines are meritorious rather than memorable, but he copied them out in his diary with a very creditable version of the lines of Simonides on the short-lived strength of man.

He read Guizot's *History of the English Revolution* for Collections—in which, to his agreeable surprise, he came out third, Rawlins being an easy first and Sturgis second—and was much impressed by the author's " open-mindedness and admiration for revolutions in general ". In " Pop ", however, where he was now Vice-President, he was one of the overwhelming majority who voted that the

franchise ought not to be lowered. In music one has to note a slight tendency on Hubert's part to conciliate the preference of the majority, and it comes as rather a shock to find him including, among the songs he chose for his friend Cecil Ricardo, " Claribel's " once famous ditty, " I cannot sing the old songs ". Hatton's spirited " To Anthea ", which he bought and often sang at this time, is quite free from " parlour pathos ". And Gounod's *Nazareth*, which he sang at the Musical Society's concert, though now demoded, charmed Victorian audiences for at least twenty years with its suave melodic charm. Hubert's " Fair Daffodils ", of which Elvey highly approved, was performed and encored at the Windsor Glee and Madrigal Union's concert. A similar compliment was paid it at the Eton Musical Society's concert, though it was " horribly done ". Hubert also wrote a setting of Hood's " Autumn ". He wound up the last day of his seventeenth year with a tremendously hilarious shindy in the Ricardos' room; the cold fit followed on his birthday, marked by devout resolutions for the ensuing year with the opening phrase of Mendelssohn's " Hear my prayer " as his motto.

Throughout this half Hubert enjoyed a fortunate immunity from accidents, owing to football having given place to fives, but was laid up twice with minor ailments, and did not escape " jaws " from his Dame, one of the very few people who did not regard him with favour.

During the Easter holidays Brind the organist was ill, and Hubert took his place. He had " great fun " conducting choruses at a concert of the " Highnam Choral Society ", and his " Fair Daffodils " was done, and very badly done, at a " Grand Amateur Concert " in Gloucester. Hubert also contributed organ solos to a programme of inordinate length. Then there was a meeting of parish choirs at Frampton, at which Hubert " opened " the new organ and directed the chorus, and the christening on April 15 of his youngest half-sister, Hilda, for whom he stood godfather, a duty which he again assumed a week or so later at Bayfordbury on behalf of a new cousin.

On his way to Bayfordbury he stayed with the Ricardos

in Prince's Gardens for a concert and dance, and saw *Society* and *Little Don Giovanni*. In the Christmas holidays he had bought a full score of Mozart's *Requiem*, and he now added that of Beethoven's Choral Symphony. The early weeks of the summer half were so much given up to cricket in Upper Club—matches and practice—that he complains of having hardly a minute to himself: "I am heartily sick of cricket altogether". It is possible that disappointment at his "eternal bad luck" affected this view, for he was tried for the XI. in May, bowled three wickets, but apparently did not get an innings, and was not tried in any out match. His personal failure, however, did not impair his interest in the fortunes of the school. The performances of the XI. in all their important fixtures are duly chronicled. He went down to Winchester with the Second XI. on the second day of the annual match, and describes in detail a gigantic hit made by "Bun" Thornton and the glorious fun they had on the way back in the train and on their arrival at Windsor, winding up with the theft of the station bell, which they carried off and deposited in Barnes Pool. Hubert carried off a notice-board and played the Mohock with a complete disregard of the consequences. He was, however, in considerable alarm when the station-master arrived at his Dame's next day. But the railway authorities were apparently appeased, for the incident was closed by the recovery of the bell.

On May 18 at the suggestion of Lewis Majendie, approved by his father and tutor, Hubert went up to Oxford "to have a try at matriculation at New College". In the heading of a page in his diary he puts it differently: "Up for Exhibition at New College", which explains his otherwise rather unaccountable failure. Anyhow, as he says, "I did not get into New College", though he had a splendidly jovial week, saw heaps of Eton friends, notably Eddie Hamilton, Scott Holland, Fremantle and Walter at Christ Church and Balliol, and had lots of music. He went to service at the Cathedral (where he afterwards tried the organ), New College and Magdalen, where he heard Stainer play "gloriously", discussed the question

of his musical degree, and played the organ himself. He dined twice at Christ Church, once at New College and at Balliol, attended a meeting of the Canning Club, rode to Nuneham with Lewis Majendie and Eddie Hamilton, and lunched with Dr. Kitchin—his old master at Twyford. His return to Eton was clouded by the death of a boy at his Dame's. "There is", he writes, "something unusually terrible in death in the midst of the youth, happiness and gaiety of Eton." The festivities on June 4 were marred by rain, but Hubert shared an umbrella with Miss Nellie Ricardo to his great satisfaction, and dined with her people at the White Hart. His prominence in the school was acknowledged by his being invited to his "first water party" at Clieveden by Stephen Hawtrey, in the august company of the Captain of the Boats, the Captain of Oppidans and other dignitaries, to say nothing of a bevy of young ladies. The party was a great success, socially and gastronomically, with a splendid lunch (from Gunter's), bathing, wandering in the woods, and a glorious row down, singing catches and part-songs, all the way to Windsor. Hubert was also one of the select school grandees invited by Browning to another water party at the end of the half. They took train to Pangbourne and rowed all the way down to Eton, dining sumptuously at Maidenhead, and again lightening the labour of the oar with song. Hubert went up to town for the Eton *v.* Harrow match, which "Harrow won by snicking and sticking in spite of infamous fielding", and found solace for the defeat in attending the Opera at Covent Garden, visiting the Zoo, Evans's supper rooms, and the Royal Academy "by gaslight". It was always his way through life to make a visit for one purpose subserve many others.

The entries relating to music this half are comparatively few. One may note, however, his comments on two concerts, both held in St. Mark's Schools—the first given by a "Choral Association", the second by the Canonbury Union already mentioned. At the first he singles out for especial praise the work of Orlando Gibbons's "gloriously scientific brain" and of Wilbye. At the second he is more

critical of the programme, which was not so good as on the occasion of the previous concert, and included some "horribly difficult music" and a chorus by Meyerbeer, a composer with whom he was never in sympathy. But it was redeemed by specimens of Dowland, Weelkes and Morley, whose "Fire, Fire" he vainly tried to get encored. He speaks also of an "odd production" by Stafford Smith, a setting of Milton's "Blest Pair of Sirens"—with which his own name was destined to be immortally associated.

On election day (July 28) Hubert mentions that "an unusual number of fellows were screwed", but that he abstained from all liquid at Surley. His uncle Walter, the Bishop of Salisbury, came down to preach at St. George's, and Hubert sang tenor in the choir—he was really a baritone, but as a singer he was *capable de tout*. The last days of the half were given up to house matches, and farewell visits to boys who were leaving—Tinné (the famous oar), Sandbach and Gosselin, who gave Hubert *Maud* "with such a dear inscription in it". In Collections Hubert only took a second class, but the distractions of Eton in summer-time and the interruption of his venture at Oxford had not been propitious for study or reading—whether for school purposes or his own private improvement. His book list is confined to recreative rather than solid works—*The School for Scandal*, Grant's *Harry Ogilvie*, *Pickwick* and *Martin Chuzzlewit*. The last-named novel he devoured with delight while "staying out for a couple of days in June".

Hubert found Highnam very quiet on his return. The usual family party was increased by the presence of his grandmother, one of his numerous aunts and his brother's wife and infant daughter, so that four generations were represented. His father was already busily engaged on the decoration of St. Andrew's Chapel in the Cathedral, and Hubert describes the designs of fishes and angels as humorous and delightful. He spent his days in riding, practising and reading. The baby was christened with water from Jordan on August 12, and the anniversary of his brother's wedding three days later was celebrated by

a long runaway in the pony carriage, from which Clinton, his wife and Hubert miraculously escaped without injury. The next three weeks were given up to "hard work [on the exercise for his musical degree], laziness and much company". At a children's party he directed the launching and recovery of fire-balloons, and adds, "I think I enjoyed myself as much as any of the children, if not more". He went to see the Bore come up on the Severn, "a grand sight"; was "last on the floor" at a dance given by the Curtis Haywards; and worked diligently at French twice a week for two hours at each lesson with Dr. St. Brody.

It was now temporarily decided that he should go to Exeter or possibly Cambridge, but that he must work hard wherever he went. At the Worcester Festival, where he met Spencer Lyttelton, the chief attraction was Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*: "I never enjoyed anything more in my life". He was also particularly struck by the severe strain on the sopranos in Beethoven's Mass in C, involving a "terrible amount of screaming". The last week of the holidays was spent at Bayfordbury, where Lewis and Severne Majendie joined the usual family party. Hubert paid his accustomed visit to Park Gate to see his grandmother and aunts, played the organ at various churches, and visited the Gosselins at Ware, inspecting the Great Bed at the Saracen's Head, and making much music. Another excursion which he immensely enjoyed in the congenial company of Lewis Majendie was to St. Albans, "a most glorious old place", and the organ, paintings, carvings, architecture, brasses and the two reredoses all come in for minute and intelligent attention. In between whiles he worked furiously at his cantata, and at the end of his stay took part in dragging the pond at Bayfordbury, the haul yielding sixteen salmon and eight trout!

Hubert returned to Eton *viâ* London for his last half to find his brother Ernest already settled in at Evans's, and "very jolly and getting on comfortably". Major Gambier-Parry, the brother in question, who for some time shared his room, gives a good picture of Hubert's multifarious duties and activities:

" I realized nothing of it then, but have often wondered since how he got through that half. He was Keeper of the Field, in other words, captain of the School football eleven ; he was Second Keeper of the Wall, no one being allowed to hold the captaincy of both ; he was captain of my Dame's school eleven ; he was of course in ' Pop ' ; and there was besides his work to be done. Added to this, he was working with Elvey in preparation for the examination for the Bachelor's degree in music at Oxford, and he was writing his exercise for this—' O Lord, Thou hast cast us out '. His room was always thronged with friends, and the piano there was always to be heard. His duties included writing accounts of all matches in the House-Books. But is it any wonder that when these are turned to, there are the names of the combatants entered at the head, but page after page blank ? "

Hubert's burdens were legion, and so were his accidents. At the first game in the Field he got shinned, strained his ankle badly, being unable to put a boot on for a whole week, on the top of which he caught a violent cold and scalded his hand. But his staying out enabled him to get on " flowingly " with his cantata and other compositions, in which Elvey was most kind and helpful. Another " smash " in a match at the Wall—Oppidans *v.* Masters—after which he was given his " Wall shirt ", kept him out of school again, and this time he finished and copied out the cantata and sent it off for " the awful inspection ". It looked " immense ", but Hubert's anxious expectancy about its fate was heightened by a letter from Sir Frederick Gore Ouseley to say that the result could not be announced for a week or so. " Football matches innumerable " followed, and he was again " badly pooped ", but recovered to be able to play " in the best match of the year " against the " London Amateur Athletics ", in which there was much shinning, effusion of blood and cutting open of heads, but Hubert kicked a goal. A few days later he was once more badly injured on the same ankle, collapsed, and had to stay out for six days with his leg in bran poultices. Though in an " awful funk " all the previous night he turned out on St. Andrew's Day, November 30, played for the winning Oppidan team in a very hot match, and with Benson—

the chief hero of the day—was " hoisted " back to his Dame's. Thence the victors repaired to " the Christopher " for songs, speeches, punch and " Bishop " and more hoisting, after which Hubert had immediately to retire to his room, the doctor having detected symptoms of erysipelas. On December 12 he played for his House against Warre's, and was again damaged in the same place and disabled. The match ended in a tie, and it was replayed twice, without Hubert and with the same result.

Apart from these " smashes " at football, Hubert's last half was marked by other disquieting incidents, notably a mysterious case of thieving at his Dame's, which led to long, repeated and heated conversations with Miss Evans, whose suspicions Hubert could not share, and appears in the end to have effectually dispelled. The choice of a college was still undecided. Wilton Phipps endeavoured to dissuade him from going to Exeter ; Bridges wanted him to go to Corpus. But he had great fun in " Pop ", where a debate on Machiavelli was redeemed from dullness by the " sublimely ludicrous " fooling of Tritton. Hubert appears to have shared the majority view which applauded Louis Napoleon's policy in the Italian War of Independence; he certainly spoke in support of the Reform Bill of 1832, and voted with those who upheld the right of colonies to revolt. There is no evidence in his diary to show how he answered the questions " Ought duelling to be punished with death ? " and " Is the prosecution of ex-Governor Eyre [of Jamaica] advisable ? " The motion on December 3, " That this House do consider John Bright a disgrace to the country that gave him birth ", was not put to the vote, but an amendment to the effect that Mr. Bright's speeches had been prejudicial to the interests of England was carried unanimously.

Early in November Hubert thoroughly enjoyed dining in College Hall along with Benson. The experience is worth quoting, since the customs then observed have long been abolished :

" We sat at Sixth Form table and had a very good dinner of soup, mutton, apple tart, cheese and beer, plain but good.

The servitors are very amusing. About four or five of the Tugs, very low down, have to wait on Sixth Form all dinner time. And while each helped himself to soup or anything, one of the servitors holds back his gown to prevent its going into whatever he is carving or helping. The upper servitor has to sit at a little table by himself all through dinner, and see that all the food is brought in properly. He is the last Colleger but one in the Head Master's Division, and has to wait for his dinner with the other servitors till afterwards."

But the grand climax of the half was reached on December 5, when, though still in the doctor's hands, Hubert obtained leave to go up to Oxford for his musical degree examination. On the evening of his arrival he dined with Mackenzie at Balliol and went to a musical party at the Donkins, at which Ouseley " extemporized marvellously " and Taylor played Beethoven " sublimely ". Next morning he presented himself at the " Schola Musica " with two other candidates who were trying for the Mus.Doc. Hubert, though as usual " in an awful funk ", floored most of the questions set, and when he was about a quarter through the miscellaneous paper, " they told me I need not do any more and let me go ". Shortly after coming out he heard that " the other two fellows had ' muffed ' and I had got my *testamur*. Glorious ! "

Stephen Hawtrey had already given the last chorus from Hubert's cantata as an anthem in his church. He now took an active part in organizing the performance of the entire work on Saturday, December 8. The rehearsals gave Hubert a good deal of anxiety, but he had no reason to be displeased with the result, to judge from the notice in the *Eton College Chronicle* for January 24, 1867 :

"Mr. Parry's Cantata

" On Saturday, December 8, was held a performance which ought to be, and doubtless will be, long remembered by the fortunate audience, of a Sacred Cantata of Mr. C. Hubert Parry, which he wrote for his Musical Degree at Oxford. We may say that he passed this examination most successfully. With regard to the Cantata itself, it is

made up chiefly of passages from the Old Testament; bearing first on the subject of Forgiveness, secondly of Repentance, and lastly of Thanksgiving. It is written for four stringed instruments, and the Chorus is throughout in five vocal parts.

"The Overture commences with a slow Minor movement, and is followed by an extremely fine fugue, which is most ably marked; this, if we may criticize it at all, we should say, if anything, is rather too short. The first Chorus, 'O Lord, Thou hast scattered us abroad', consists also of a fugue, equally well worked out, and very creditably sung, with the exception of a slight hitch at the commencement. The Bass Solo that follows was carefully rendered by Mr. Peach, with a flowing and original melody in the Mendelssohnian style, the Recitative of which is unusually fine and impressive. The next Chorus, which is of a serene and massive style, was hardly enough appreciated by the audience, though there are some remarkably fine 'fugal' passages in it.

"The Tenor Solo which next follows was to have been sung by Mr. Gibbons, who, however, owing to unavoidable circumstances, was unable to appear; but a most able and efficient substitute was found in Mr. Snow, who most kindly consented to sing the Air, and this most difficult task he performed admirably, and was greeted with uproarious and lengthened applause. This Air, which, on the whole, we think perhaps to be the best of the three Solos, has a lovely running accompaniment. The beautiful Treble Solo which succeeded, was rendered very creditably by one of Mr. Stephen Hawtrey's Choir. Then came the grand Finale, which is, in our estimation, by far the finest composition. It commences with the Old Hundredth Psalm, which is most exquisitely arranged for five voices, the Air of which is afterwards worked up with a brilliant fugue in a most masterly manner. It is needless to say that the whole Cantata was loudly encored. Dr. Elvey most kindly consented to play the part of first Violin, the composer himself conducting. We cannot conclude without thanking Mr. Stephen Hawtrey most heartily for the great pains he took in getting up the performance of this fine work, which everybody so thoroughly enjoyed.

"We must also tender our best thanks to Mr. C. H. Parry himself, for the great honour he has conferred upon the School by obtaining his Musical Degree; and it is

with the deepest regret that we have to announce his departure from the School, and the loss the Musical Society has sustained in being deprived of so able and energetic a President."

Hubert's diary bears out and supplements this friendly if somewhat unscientific notice. The soprano solo was "murdered", but the last chorus "went like bricks", and the whole had to be repeated. This time the overture went to perfection, Snow, with "the most glorious kindness", singing the tenor solo from the score. The last chorus was again encored. "It was perfectly sublime conducting it"; the audience applauded ferociously, and all stood up at the end. Everybody shook hands with Hubert, and Elvey, who was delighted, talked of doing it again after it had been done at Oxford. It was a great triumph for Hubert, but Stephen Hawtrey's letter to his stepmother shows that his head was not turned by his success:

(*To Mrs. Parry*)

February 8, 1867.

"I am glad of the opportunity of saying how affecting and interesting was your son's final farewell of us. I shall never forget his conducting his own Cantata—having just passed so honourable an examination at Oxford. His whole manner was so simple, manly, unconscious, perfect, that taking all the circumstances into account one must have been hard of heart not to have been moved deeply. My kindest and best wishes accompany him. His success confers great honour on the school where he was educated. I can only hope, and I do fully, that his heart will cling in kindly recollection to a place where he will be long remembered with pride and affection."

At the Musical Society's concert on December 11 Hubert was again very much in the limelight as soloist (vocal and instrumental) and composer. He sang Rossini's "Pro Peccatis" and Wallace's "Bell-ringer", took part in Mozart's motet "Splendente Te", and played a Heller-Liszt pianoforte solo. All were encored, and so was his brother Ernest's violin solo. The last few days of the half

were given up to Collections, deciding on "Field choices", a renewal of hostilities, fortunately without untoward results, with his Dame, and the cataloguing of his leaving books. In all he was given 160 volumes—the nucleus of a good library, for they included many standard works of poets, historians, travellers and novelists. Mrs. Cornish gave him the Symphonies of Beethoven, and his tutor Day, Ainger, James and the headmaster also contributed to the total.

Hubert left Eton on December 14 with Lord Pembroke, "watching the old place from the train until I could not see it any more. And so now I have done with the happiness of school life. I don't at all comprehend it, and I think it is a good thing I can't." In London he saw *Black-Eyed Susan* at the New Royalty, inspected George Pembroke's "new and gorgeous house", and stayed in Albany Street with Lewis Majendie, with whom he went down to Hedingham for five days, mainly given up to the study of architecture in the castle and surrounding churches. Of the seven which he visited, that of St. Nicholas Hedingham appealed to him the most; a "glorious old building", partly Norman, with fine carvings, its solitary bell, sounding the same note as one of those which he had so carefully examined at Sible Hedingham, and the great marble tomb of the De Veres. The church, it may be noted, was restored by his cousin in 1871. Woodyer's new church at Twinstead also pleased him, but the repairs and new decorations at Great Maplestead and Sible Hedingham moved him to disgust. Similar emotions were aroused by a neighbour with whom they went to dinner, a "most dreadful, long-nosed, rich, fashionable, dandified clergyman, altogether the most abominable type of cleric one could wish to contemplate". Hubert made these excursions on horseback, as he was still unable to walk with comfort, but his infirmity did not prevent his sampling all the organs or conducting a most exhaustive examination of the old Keep at Hedingham, the famous castle of the De Veres. Hubert approached it as an artist as well as an expert in architecture, and gives a graphic account of the

splendid view from the glorious upper room—spanned by an enormous Norman arch—in the moonlight, with mist and rime on gates and trees down to the lake; " perfectly still and indescribably lovely, like a scene in a play, when you expect to see some wonderful apparition, or a man in armour standing in a halo in the middle of the room without any previous notice ".

Christmas at Highnam was miserably wet, but Hubert, who was still only able to hop about, had plenty to do indoors, unpacking and arranging his books, clearing away a mountain of confusion in his room, and hanging pictures on the walls. He " howled in the choir " on Christmas Day, and also " howled with the basses " at a performance of the *Messiah* in the Shire Hall, now brilliantly decorated under his father's directions. Of the choruses in the second part—" Hallelujah ", " Blessed is the Lamb ", and the " Amen "—he says that it is almost more glorious to sing than to listen to them: " I know I enjoy it far more." In the last two days of the year he practised furiously at " old Beet's Sonata in F ", rode in " windy, dark weather " to May Hill with his cousin Claude Gambier, and imposed on some of the family party in the disguise of a village idiot.

CHAPTER III

OXFORD · IN THE CITY · MARRIAGE

During the next three weeks Hubert worked daily with Mr. Washbourne, a clergyman in Gloucester, at the *Bacchae*, the *Hippolytus* and the *Georgics*—the books set for his matriculation—but found time to read a good deal of Cowper and Spenser's *Faerie Queene* as well. The record of his recreations is continuous and varied. There was a grand wedding on New Year's day in the Cathedral—profusely decorated for the occasion, though the Dean had refused to allow decorations on Christmas Day—with a new anthem by S. S. Wesley, and the choir was " worked up to some efficiency for the first time " since that great master came to Gloucester in 1865. Shoals of people, including Spencer Lyttelton and " Gog " Watson and other Etonians, came out to Highnam afterwards, where Hubert played to them on the organ. Hard frost set in next day, the ice was splendid, and Hubert learned " all sorts of dodges " from the Bishop (Dr. Ellicott), who was as unmusical as Charles Lamb but an excellent skater.

There was a constant succession of guests at Highnam, a children's party and a ball at Gloucester, at which Hubert danced everything while he was there, enjoyed himself enormously, and extended his already large list of spring-heeled partners. He acted as organist in the Shire Hall on the occasion of a great Conservative banquet and meeting on the 11th, winding up with " a tremendous crash in the shape of an extemporized set of variations on ' God Save the Queen ' ". Hubert comments with moderate approval on the speeches—that of his father pleasing him

most—but was evidently fatigued by the " terrible amount of politics " talked at Highnam on the following night. A visit to his friends the Savages at Bristol for an enjoyable concert of the Madrigal Society enabled him to sample the new organ at Westbury Church, and on his return he resumed skating with great diligence at Wallsworth under the tutelage of the Bishop and Mr. Walter Jones, a most accomplished performer, and in the congenial company of the Lucys and Griffins, enjoying himself so much that he was afraid he would " never have such a jolly time of it again ". After a final lesson with Mr. Washbourne and a careful study of the Greek grammar " down to the end of the irregular verbs ", Hubert went up to Oxford on January 24. It was characteristic of him that the first thing he did on his arrival was to make the acquaintance of Mr. Clark, the organist at Exeter, and try the organ. Hubert thought that he had been floored in his Latin prose, and was certain that he had made a fool of himself in his grammar and parsing. But he got through all right, " which was an enormous mercy ", and on the 26th the Rector, Dr. Lightfoot, informed him to his surprise that he was obliged to reside at once. " I did not particularly object," he writes, " except for missing the fancy ball at the Darells." So after matriculating on the same morning, and choosing his rooms, " which are most awful holes ", he returned to Highnam for a week, made memorable by the presence of Sir Samuel Baker the explorer, " about the most delightful man I ever met ", who enthralled a large house party by his stories and descriptions of ruined cities in Ceylon and of natives and lions in Central Africa. Sir Samuel gave a lecture in the Shire Hall, at which he showed the old rifle made by Fletcher of Gloucester, used throughout all his travels, and before he left Highnam planted a Wellingtonia in memory of his visit. Hubert took part in the last day of the pheasant shooting, contributing, " to my wonder, a fair share to the bag ", and enjoyed it very much, contrary to his expectation.

On February 2 he went through his invariable ritual

of taking farewell of " several things and places ", and by the evening found himself " in the strange and novel position of an Oxford Freshman ". His first care was to get leave to go into the College choir at once, and he duly took his station there next morning. His first exploit was to get proctorised on the night of his arrival along with his Eton friend Phipps.

The mention of Eton suggests what was at once one of the delights and the distractions of his Oxford career. He came up with so many Eton friends, of his own standing or slightly his seniors, and with so brilliant a record as an athlete as well as musician, that there was a real danger of his being swallowed up in the social, convivial and recreative side of undergraduate life. If it be true that a man *noscitur a sociis*, one might be tempted to write him down, on the strength of his first term or indeed of any term, as a great social figure, a " gay dog ", consorting chiefly with Etonians, and spending as much of his time in Christ Church as in his own college. Christ Church was then *par excellence* the Eton College, and he had hosts of friends there, notably his cousin Eddie Hamilton, Martin Gosselin, Hugh Montgomery, Gordon, and Davenport. It is true that they were all of them ardent musicians, but Hubert was equally at home in the company of men who, to borrow a phrase applied to history by Mr. Henry Ford, regarded art as " all bunk ", and were primarily concerned with having a good time. But though he had many friends amongst the non-intellectuals, he always set store by good sportsmanship and strenuous effort. The athletes that appealed to him were men such as Tinné of Univ. and Willan of his own college, both famous rowing Blues and members of the historic four who defeated Harvard in the year 1869 ; or Palairet, also an Exeter man and father of two famous cricketers. It would be easy to misread the debt which he owed Oxford as an undergraduate from the chronicle which he kept of his social engagements ; of the endless round of breakfast and luncheon and dinner parties ; of the amount of time spent in playing fives, rackets, cricket, football and for a time

court tennis, in bathing, frequent excursions in pony-traps, festive evenings at the Adelphi wine-club, or in making hay in friends' rooms; of lunches, dinners and evening parties at the Deanery with the Liddells or at All Souls with the Leightons; culminating at the end of every summer term in the gaieties of "Commem.", at which Hubert never missed a ball or fête, or went to bed before broad daylight. His first term certainly was something of a carnival; he only breakfasted once by himself in the first fortnight, and such entries as the following are of common occurrence in his diary:

"*March* 29.—Played tennis for an hour and a half in the morning with Moffat. Lunched with him without changing and then went to the gymnasium, where we boxed and fenced and single-sticked and gymnasticized for another 1½ hour and then went and played rackets for yet another 1½ hour. Dined with Moffat.

"*March* 30.—Breakfast with Lucas. Played tennis for three hours in the morning. Lunched and spent most of the afternoon with Flab [Eddie Hamilton]. Dined with Moffat."

These entries, and they are numerous, at least acquit him of the charge of indolence. He threw himself into pastime with violent energy, seldom played a game without being "pumped" or exhausted, knocked about or "cut over". He was also a strenuous reveller. Yet he attended lectures, won the approval of Bywater for his essays, and at the end of the term put on a tremendous spurt for Smalls. The progress of the examination filled him with alternate hope and fear, and he went in for the *viva voce* in "the most awful funk". After the ordeal was over on the morning of April 5, he went back to his rooms, and at about 2.45 P.M. the porter appeared at his door:

"There was my Testamur ! ! ! Was anything ever half so glorious. I was ready to stand on my head with delight. I smoked a pipe and played the Hallelujah Chorus."

Hubert, though a voracious reader, was not exactly a "reading man" in the academic sense. But even as a freshman he was attracted by men of studious habits and

serious tastes. After Christ Church, he was probably more often in Balliol than in any other college ; the combination was unusual, but characteristic of his dual allegiance to the claims of conviviality and high thinking. He saw a good deal of Scott Holland (then at Balliol) and of Robert Bridges, his senior at Eton, with whom he often dined at Corpus.

His long and intimate friendship with the admirable Henry Pelham, the late President of Trinity, dated from his first term, and he played a great deal of rackets with Dr. Jackson, then a young Exeter don and afterwards Rector of the College. He became a member of the Canning Club, attending their discussions pretty regularly, but the oratory that impressed him most was that of Magee, then Dean of Cork, who preached a Lent sermon on Wednesday, March 13, without a note or a hesitation, and " so tremendously interesting that though it lasted for over an hour I was sorry when he came to an end ". At the Leightons—Dr. Leighton, the Warden of All Souls, was then Vice-Chancellor—he met the Bishop of Oxford and Liddon at " a most delightful little quiet party ", and was for the whole of his undergraduate life a frequent visitor at their house. Miss Leighton, whom " I took great fancy to with my usual absurd predilection for kids ", was then " a jolly little girl with delightful hair ", and he always irreverently alludes to her as " Miss Wig ". This predilection was not " absurd " ; it was a charming and abiding trait of his character. At the Deanery, from the beginning to the end of his Oxford career, there was never any music or entertainment at which he was not a welcome guest. The magnificent but extremely shy Dean is never mentioned ; but for Mrs. Liddell and her handsome daughters Hubert had a very warm corner in his capacious heart. He renewed his friendship with Dr. Kitchin, his old master at Twyford, now resident in Oxford, and naturally enough established the most friendly relations with the three leaders of the Oxford musical world, Stainer, Taylor and Corfe, organists of Magdalen, New College and Christ Church respectively. Stainer impressed him most

as an organist; though Corfe was a dignified and delightfully picturesque representative of the old school; Taylor excelled as a pianist of great refinement and delicacy, and Hubert often went to his house to hear chamber music discoursed by his host and two of the Donkins and other amateurs.[1] Then there were constant choir practices and meetings of the College Musical Society in Exeter, at which he sang and played; concerts by the Ch. Ch. Philharmonic, at which Eddie Hamilton, Gosselin and Davenport were conspicuous performers; and a performance of *Elijah* by the University Philharmonic Society under Taylor's direction. Hubert sang in the chorus, attended all the practices and rehearsals, and was still enthusiastic about the music, though critical of Mendelssohn's use of the trombones. He also heard a grand concert in the Corn Exchange at which Titiens, Santley and Hohler "sang the greatest humbug that could be picked out from the works of Arditi, Randegger and Co.". The only redeeming feature of the programme was "O ruddier than the cherry", which Santley sang gloriously. When he paid a flying visit of three hours to Eton on February 23, where he was photographed with his "Dame's" football XI., he did not forget to call on his old master Elvey.

But the chief musical event of his first term, in respect of personal distinction and prominence, was the public performance of his Mus.Bac. exercise, and his taking his Bachelor's degree while still a freshman—a very rare if not unprecedented occurrence. He had only three clear days to collect singers and instrumentalists, but he found heaps of volunteers, chiefly at Christ Church; Taylor was

[1] An article in the *Musical Times* (April 1899) associated Hubert with the founding of the Oxford University Musical Club, but he promptly wrote to the late Dr. C. H. Lloyd to disclaim any credit or share in the matter: "I certainly never had anything to do with the founding of it. It did not come into existence till after my time. The founding of a Club of some sort was discussed in my rooms in the Turl after we had been having occasional orgies of erratic attempts at quartets and singing. I remember Charles Stuart Wortley came and discussed the founding of some Musical Club in my rooms with a few of us, and that is the utmost extent of my liability. As far as I know, the Club owes its existence to you, and a great glory it is to have been the founder."

indefatigable in advice and assistance, and the performance " went off pretty well, though hardly any of our instruments or chorus appeared till the beginning of the first chorus ". At the end Hubert was congratulated by Corfe and Taylor and " heaps of friends " ; the " Rector himself came and shook hands with me," and Mackenzie (now Lord Muir Mackenzie) gave a breakfast in his honour at Balliol. The Degrees were conferred on February 21, and Hubert was amused by the ceremony, which he describes in detail, but without any trace of elation or complacency—that was his way all through life.

The Easter vacation, spent at Highnam, was largely devoted to preparations for the performance of Hubert's Cantata at Gloucester. His Eton friends again rallied to his support—Spencer Lyttelton and Eddie Hamilton were of the house party—and the concert, which included a chorus from the *Hymn of Praise* and a miscellaneous selection, went off to Hubert's satisfaction so far as his own work was concerned. But his raptures were reserved for Mendelssohn, and he writes: " I really think the most sublime sensation I ever experienced was that of conducting it "—the chorus from the *Hymn of Praise*. This, it may be added, was his first public appearance as a conductor of band and chorus. Beyond an anthem and a song Hubert had done no composition at Oxford, but at Highnam he began a quartet and wrote a *Te Deum*—part of the service in D dedicated to Stainer and published in 1869—practised and played the organ, and made much music with and for the house party. For the rest, he read a good deal of Spenser, Moore's *Lalla Rookh*, rode and walked, measured the great Spanish chestnut, the best Araucaria and Taxodium, listened to the nightingales, and the sound of distant bells from the " Wildery " across the brown woods in the grey and misty light of the spring evenings. Highnam to him was always full of enchantment, but there was hardly a spot in Gloucestershire within a radius of ten miles or more with which he was not intimately familiar.

The summer term began with two musical parties on

successive days at the Deanery, and four cricket matches for the College eleven. On May 14 there was a great dinner in the pavilion in honour of Palairet and in recognition of his munificence to the College Cricket Club, at which " everybody drank wine with everybody else, sang and speechified and came back in the most edifying condition of row and general felicity ". Frequent dinners with the Adelphi and the " Heptagon " and meetings of a small convivial club called the " Triclinium " testify to the continuance of this festive mood. Breakfast and luncheon parties followed in one endless round ; it was not uncommon for Hubert to go to two breakfasts on the same morning. He played a good deal of rackets as well as cricket and did not discontinue his bathes at Sandford Lasher in spite of the tragic accident which occurred just after he had left the bathing-place on June 10. He bathed there two days later while they were still dragging for the body of the drowned undergraduate, and on the 15th was nearly drowned himself, " being regularly sucked under by an undercurrent when I went in, and when I tried to come up to the top ; so I had to dive again and wait for a more convenient opportunity for coming up. I must say it was an unpleasant sensation ". Danger all through his life was an incentive rather than a deterrent.

Christ Church was still his second home, but the attraction was not solely musical or social. He speaks of reading Shelley with his friend Brooke Deedes. Then there were the meetings of the Canning and dinners and breakfasts at All Souls with the Leightons, or with Bywater, or his studious friends at Balliol, where Hubert was much exercised by the acceptance of Waterhouse's designs, those of Pugin (which he greatly admired) having been " rejected by that bigoted old idiot of a Master—Jenkins ".

There is little mention of lectures or reading for the schools in Hubert's diary this term, but a great deal about music. At the end of May he went over to Radley for the first time—" a most delightful place with the most perfectly delightful boys and institutions "—to rehearse and take part in a performance of *St. Paul.* It went off

" very well, though the solos of course were not very superfine "—Hubert was one of them, or, as he puts it, " I endeavoured to sing tenor "—but Davenport of Christ Church was " quite sublime in the comic department "—the programme having been of a mixed character. The journey thither and back, on two successive days, was made in a pony-trap " at a tremendous pace ", with a pony who was obstreperous enough to suit his taste for excitement. A more ambitious effort was Hubert's share in the performance of *Elijah* at Eton on June 3. He had been carefully coached in the title part by Taylor, and " though very nervous at first, got more and more comfortable as I warmed to the work, and in the end my voice never gave even in the trying ' Mountains '. People were very kind afterwards and patted me on the back more than I could ever have expected." Here he met for the first time the late Sir Frederick Bridge, then organist of Holy Trinity Church, Windsor. After the ordeal was over Hubert gave himself up unreservedly to the joys of June 4—the speeches, procession of the boats, dinner in the tent at Surley and the fireworks. The Hawtreys were his chief hosts, and he spent a good while in the congenial company of the Ricardos, but his acutest pleasure was derived from the playing of the Fusiliers' band in the Playing Fields :

" They played sublimely, and Davenport and I were both nearly ill over a performance of *Faust* selections, particularly in one place where the clarinets and flutes played a frightfully scrumptious twiddleum, accompanied by soft ophicleides and cornets most marvellously played. I never heard instruments used with such marvellous effect in my life."

Hubert also appeared as composer and accompanist at the Christ Church concert, at which his song " Why does azure " was encored. He took several pianoforte lessons from Taylor, heard much chamber music at the Donkins, and tried over two movements of his own first Quartet in G minor in Gordon's rooms at Christ Church. " Commem." was preluded by the Leightons' croquet party in the large quad at All Souls, a most picturesque scene, with musical

Mendelssohnian interludes sung in the Cloister. Hubert stayed, till everybody had gone, to play with " Miss Wig ", and then " bolted " to dine at the " Cross ", take part at the amateur concert in the evening, and attend a performance by the " Shooting Stars ", forerunners of the O.U.D.S. On Sunday Worcester Gardens were crowded with guests, and after an " Adelphi " dinner, Hubert went to the Deanery, where he had " a most delightful evening, playing and singing and bear-fighting to any extent ". He meant to go down on Monday morning, but changed his mind and stayed up for all the balls, the Masons', Christ Church, the 'Varsity and Exeter, where he acted as steward and had " about the happiest time of my life ". The balls represented a *crescendo* of enjoyment, with Miss Ina Liddell and her cousin Miss Minnie Fellowes as the " most perfect " partners. After the Exeter ball he saw them home at five, returned to the stewards' supper, and got to bed just before eight.

According to a plan arranged by his father, Hubert had intended to start for Paris immediately after " Commem.", and thence proceed with Henry Hugo Pierson to study with him at Stuttgart. But Pierson could not leave Paris for a fortnight, and the delay enabled him to spend the interval in London, at Highnam with his people, at Bayfordbury with his cousins and aunts, to see and approve, with reserves, of the Academy and to attend the University match, at which the wicket-keeping of " Bob " Reid (the Lord Loreburn of later years), though " magnificent ", failed to save Oxford from defeat. Hubert's sorrow was, however, largely mitigated by the company of the Liddells and Miss Fellowes at Lord's, and was entirely dispelled by the performance on the same evening of Beethoven's C minor Symphony at the Philharmonic :

" Words cannot express the hopeless gloriousness of this old ruffian ! Such a whacker ! So tremendously massive ! Rubinstein played a Concerto of his own. Some of the music was rather rot, but I thought his playing wonderful. Nilsson sang deliciously : Hohler bestially. We also had Wagner's *Tannhäuser* Overture. I couldn't

understand the *reason* of a great deal of it. Some of it was very fine; somewhat giving the sensation of Chaos with Creation and Form beginning to be perceptible. Sterndale Bennett's Symphony in G minor was pretty, Mendelssohnian and well written. I wasn't very fit to listen to it after old Beethoven. Weber's *Jubilee* Overture was decidedly noisy."

Hubert's criticisms, though still immature and entirely boyish in expression, are already beginning to show a slight drift from his Mendelssohnian moorings. But he never changed his mind about Rubinstein's music or the "old ruffian". The programme appears to have been of the dimensions which induced Wagner, when conducting the Philharmonic twelve years earlier, to compare them to the condition of an omnibus "full inside".

Highnam was looking "beyond measure lovely", and Hubert spent five days in quiet enjoyment of the pageant of summer, in walks and rides through the woods, practising the pianoforte and playing the organ, reading French, Newman's *Gerontius* and Neale's translation of "Multi sunt Presbyteri", and visiting the Home and Hospital erected in Gloucester in memory of his sister Lucy.

He started on his journey on July 8. The passage was "not rough enough" to please him, and his night journey from Calais to Paris was disturbed by "the jabbering snobbishness" of English and American tourists. Pierson, who met him at the station, helped him out of his difficulties, and was exceedingly "kind and jolly", struck him as "German in appearance, with long dark hair, greyish eyes, tallish and slightly Beethovenish altogether". He had made Germany his home for twenty years when Hubert first met him, but was born in Oxford, educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge, and, early abandoning medicine for music, which he studied mostly in Germany, was elected Reid Professor of Music at Edinburgh in 1844, resigning the post in the following year owing to a disagreement with the authorities, migrating to Germany shortly afterwards, and changing his name from Henry Hugh Pearson to Henry Hugo Pierson. The domination of Mendelssohn in the 'forties undoubtedly barred the way

to his recognition in England; in Germany, though his *Faust* music for many years held its own, his works are now forgotten. I have been unable to trace who was responsible for recommending Hubert to study with him; but his father, Dr. Pearson, was Dean of Salisbury from 1823 to 1846, and Mr. Gambier-Parry was evidently acquainted with the family. H. H. Pierson, though, like almost all self-expatriated artists, he fell between two stools, was a man of great gifts and considerable originality: a romanticist, but inclining more to the school of Schumann —who recognized his ability—than that of Wagner. He undoubtedly exerted some influence on Hubert, and was the first and perhaps the only master under whom he studied orchestration.

On the same day on which he reached and left Paris, Hubert, with Pierson as his cicerone visited (in the following order) the new Grand Opera House, Notre Dame, the Morgue, the Hôtel de Ville, and the "glorious Louvre and Tuileries"—a pretty good day's sight-seeing. They left in the evening, travelling *viâ* Strasbourg and Kiel to Stuttgart, where Pierson, with his German wife and German-speaking children, lived in a villa picturesquely situated on high ground surrounded by vineyards. Here Hubert spent two very happy and industrious months, and, in spite of some "tremendous arguments", his relations with Pierson and his family were entirely harmonious. His lessons, "if lessons they can be called", were very pleasant. "We sit with weeds in our mouths while Dr. Pierson descants on the peculiarities of different instruments for nearly two hours before luncheon. After luncheon we smoke and have coffee. Then I practise, and after that we go for a walk." After a week or so Hubert was allowed to begin "instrumentating". His own song "Autumn", set to Hood's words, was his first experiment; from that he went on to the March in Pierson's *Faust*, Rossini's *William Tell*, the Overture to his own cantata, his "Intermezzo Religioso"—afterwards produced at a Gloucester Festival—the Entr'acte to *Egmont*, etc. He also composed part of a Trio in D minor.

Throughout his stay he worked at the viola with a German musician named Huhn, who also introduced him to the viola d'amour; he also played the organ at the English Church, tried organs in other churches, and heard Boieldieu's *Dame Blanche* and Auber's *Masaniello* at the opera—the former with general dissatisfaction, the latter with unexpected pleasure. But the most stimulating musical experience of his visit was furnished by a concert given by a Hungarian band on September 5:

"There were only eleven of them—violins and 2 clarinets, and an instrument I had never seen before [probably the czimbalom or Hungarian dulcimer]. They played like madmen or wild beasts; furiously, without any notes, and lamming into their instruments as if they were made of iron. However, I never heard such an effect produced by violins. It was quite marvellous, and so was their playing. They played first a *Pot-pourri* on Gounod's *Faust* and then a Clarinet *Czardas*, which was far the most extraordinary music I had ever heard. At first one couldn't distinguish harmony or melody or form of any kind. . . . There was never a moment's peace or rest or softness—nothing but fire and a mad rushing all over the place. It was encored, and the second time we found it a little easier to understand, and discovered a sort of weird melody occasionally poking its head through the wild rush of the violins. It was very interesting, and Dr. Pierson and I were both very glad to have heard it as a curiosity, though we both got headaches. The Hungarians themselves were fine men; rather handsome, picturesquely dressed, and looking like their music—all fire and dash."

Hubert found Pierson a "wonderfully well-read man", and greatly enjoyed their conversations on poetry and art as well as music. He records a curious anecdote told him by Pierson of Reichel, the old bass singer. Reichel was entirely bound up in his art, and one day Pierson asked him if he had heard any of Wagner's music: "Yes," he replied, "I have heard *Tannhäuser*, and while I was listening to it I didn't know whether to laugh or to cry, but when I came out of the theatre I wept; for, said I, this is the downfall of German music."

Pierson's extra-musical interests made him an excellent

companion and cicerone, and with him or his sons Hubert inspected every palace and gallery and place of interest in Stuttgart and the neighbourhood, beginning with the castle, " which looks like an enlarged Holyrood ". Hubert's critical eye was dissatisfied with most of the old German and Dutch masters in the Palace Gallery, most of them of " no great merit " ; while the so-called specimens of Rubens, Van Dyck and Canaletto were, if genuine, " most miserable specimens " ; and in the modern gallery he only saw seven decent pictures. But the Wilhelma Garden, with its Moorish buildings and ornamentation and oriental curiosities, seemed to him a marvel of loveliness, and his walks in the environs were a constant source of delight. He fraternized with Pierson's two student sons, and rambled, bathed, and drank a great deal of Bavarian beer in their company. The conjunction sometimes struck him as anomalous : " I couldn't help thinking of the rum position. The German student and the English 'Varsity man : Oxford and Würzburg fraternizing on sofas with beer and smoke." The " Jägerhaus ", with its glorious views of the distant Swabian Alps, the nearer hills covered with firs and vineyards, and its excellent beer, was a favourite resort ; others were the park, with its magnificent trees ; Berg, with its Royal Villa and mineral water bathing-place ; Cannstadt, not yet associated with motor works ; the rococo Schloss of " Solitude " ; Schiller's Oak ; best of all, the enchanting village of Rohracker, in its bowery hollow. His only disappointment was with the vineyards, which he found disappointing by day, though rich in scenic loveliness in the moonlight. The weather was fine, at times oppressively hot, with some tremendous thunderstorms, which were almost as exciting as the Hungarian band.

Hubert worked pretty regularly at his German, but read Goethe's *Faust* in English. His impressions are, however, confined to the statement that he found the second part " still stranger than the first ". He also read *Hamlet* and *King Lear*, Shelley's *Cenci*—" very horrible "—*Revolt of Islam* and *Queen Mab* ; Dickens's *Old Curiosity Shop*,

" the most touching book I ever read ", and Wilkie Collins's *Hide and Seek*, which he preferred to *The Woman in White*. Many devout Dickensians find the pathos of *The Old Curiosity Shop* strained and even tedious ; but Hubert singles out the death of Little Nell as the scene that moved him most, and has not a word to say about the immortal Marchioness. But as a lover of children he was bound to be more harrowed by the recital of Little Nell's sufferings than exhilarated by the happy ending of the Marchioness's serfdom.

At the end of August Hubert attended the funeral of the oldest general in Württemberg, who had fought at the battle of Leipzig fifty-four years earlier, and was buried with full military honours, regiments of horse and foot, each with their band, a long string of generals and officers and dignitaries, and a tremendous salvo of guns as the body was lowered into the grave. On September 11 he left Stuttgart with mingled feelings, " sorry to go, though delighted at the prospect of being home so soon ".

Hubert's longing for England did not prevent him from doing a good deal of sightseeing on his journey. In a few hours at Heidelberg he went all over the castle, climbed the castle, explored the cellars and got inside one of the famous tuns. He expected too much of the *Rheinfahrt* and was accordingly disappointed, though the vistas of the deep glades at right angles to the river were " glorious ". Some of the castles were delightful. Unconsciously paraphrasing Pope's lines on the fly in amber, he says : " They make one wonder however they got there ; and that is very often all that makes them interesting, as the vines that surround them are anything but beautiful ". He spent an evening in Cologne, mostly in the cathedral. The building was not completed till 1880 ; but Hubert climbed up to the top and then on to the *flèche*. The height was " appallingly grand ", but he was more moved by the Vespers celebrated in a little side-chapel, clouded with the smoke of incense, while the rest of the huge building was only lit by a few lamps. The voices of the choristers chanting, with an occasional booming chord from the

organ, rolling out into the dim stillness, and the scent of incense all combined to make the scene solemn and memorable.

At Antwerp, which he reached at 5 A.M. next morning, he spent the entire forenoon exploring the city and visiting the cathedral, churches and the museum. The interior of the cathedral left him cold, and he dismisses the lovely spire as "a curious affair", finding more to interest him in the Jacobites' church, St. Peter's, and above all St. Jacques', "the finest and oldest". But they all had "fine-looking organs which I longed to play". The pictures in the museum raised his admiration for Rubens and confirmed his reverence for Van Dyck. The sea was "miserably calm", and altogether his crossing over most uninteresting, but he made the acquaintance of some nice English people, including two delightful little children, and saw the run rise gloriously on the broad waters of the Thames. At Woolwich they fell in with three transports preparing to start for the Abyssinian Expedition, and, all the way up, the river, crowded with ships, fishing-boats, dredgers and pleasure steamers, was to his eyes far more picturesque in the morning sun than the Scheldt. England seemed "odder than usual" after his two months in Germany, but he was intensely glad to get back to Highnam, where the home party was reinforced by his brother Clinton and his wife and the Morants.

Burglars had visited Highnam ten days earlier and decamped with £100 worth of silver; otherwise the place was unchanged and the Pinetum as lovely as ever. Hubert had been lavish in his praises of the sylvan glories of Württemberg, but an excursion with his brother and sister-in-law through Upton St. Leonards to the Black Horse on the Cotswolds entirely restored his allegiance to the sovereign enchantment of the English countryside:

"The view from the sort of platform in front of the inn was quite magnificent. It stands almost on the edge of a sort of precipice which looks over the tops of the trees of the Cotswold woods, and the enormous expanse of the Severn vale, stretching to the right so far that the

distance seemed to melt into the sky, and in another direction ending in the Malverns and May Hill; the view to the left being cut off by the side of a rough hill covered with glorious beechwoods. It had the effect of a great sea (as it once was) whose shores are the abrupt sides of the Malverns and May Hill, and reminded me of the land that Faust redeemed from the ocean—so rich, so homely, and so happy. Exquisite curls of blue smoke rose here and there in the still air; and the sun blazed in all his glory over the whole expanse, which was to my eyes infinitely more lovely than anything I have seen abroad. . . . After we had satiated ourselves with this glorious view we rode through the Wolds, splendidly wild country full of stunted trees, wild juniper and low underwood, with occasional glimpses of the vale below, to Painswick Beacon, round it and so home. It is very extraordinary that I have never been there before, as it is one of the most lovely rides I have seen in Gloucestershire, where lovely rides are by no means scarce."

Hubert repeated this ride a week later in the company of his cousin Lewis Majendie; but the views were entirely different—more mysterious and gloomy, the whole landscape being covered with the smoke of burning weeds, with occasional rays of sunshine gleaming through the leaden-coloured clouds, which assumed in one quarter the shape of a gigantic minster, like the pictures of the heavenly Zion.

The Children's Hospital and Home was opened by the Bishop, and the Bishop of Louisiana gave a most moving address. Before Hubert left Highnam, on October 15, half a dozen little patients were comfortably installed in what seemed to him more like a nursery than a hospital. In the interval he took part in the annual harvest home, with races and games, visited his father while at work on his designs and decorations in St. Andrew's Chapel at the cathedral, and in the company of Lewis Majendie made an exhaustive examination of Hereford and Worcester Cathedrals. At Hereford he had a "strum" on the organ; his notes on Worcester Cathedral, then being restored, are memorable for their knowledge of technical details. Mr. Williams, a great traveller and labourer in the cause of

the union of the Anglican and Eastern Communions, was for a while a visitor at Highnam, and Hubert was pleased by his admission that in all his travels he had only seen two trees bigger than their great chestnut. Another American Bishop—of Iowa—preached in the cathedral, but Hubert was less impressed by his sermon than by the " fine extemporaneous hullabaloo " to which S. S. Wesley treated them afterwards. His diary also records visits to Churcham—with notes on the church and the vicar's cider—to Frampton, where he had to play to the St. Johns for a long time on Walker's little organ, and to Westbury, with more architectural notes on the church and an elegiac rhapsody on the curious old formal Dutch garden, long derelict and deserted, which belonged to the country house which once stood there.

This elegiac mood, however, was soon dispelled by a wonderful performance of Flotow's *Marta* by a travelling opera company on October 10. The orchestra consisted of violins, a double-bass, one cornet, a pianoforte and a harmonium; and Hubert was in a continuous state of laughter from beginning to end. The scenery was the same that had done duty in *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and *Black-Eyed Susan*; and the costumes were superbly ridiculous. Aynsley Cook—so long and creditably associated with English opera—acted well in the opera; the after-piece was *A Loan of a Lover*, in which the costume of a would-be Dutch army officer reached a sublimity of absurdity. On the morrow, a " deliciously melancholy day ", the autumnal mood returned as he rode " through the sad woods, strewn with the emblems of the fading year, in air so still that it seemed dying too ", and he was depressed by the bad news of Lord Pembroke's illness, which turned his thoughts to Wilton and Maud Herbert, " perhaps never to be seen again ". Hubert paid a final visit to St. Andrew's Chapel, " all most lovely and quite worthy of the dear Possie [his father] ", and on his way to Oxford spent " two of the happiest days conceivable " at Eton, playing for Kinnaird's Eleven at the Wall and for Fitzmaurice's in a Field match. Both the visiting teams lost,

but Hubert got a goal in the second match; in the first he mentions "Bun" as having played well for the school, a nickname which recalls to all Old Etonians the heroic exploits of its wearer, C. I. Thornton. Hubert sums up the events of the Michaelmas term by saying that he "wrote a song or two, but was rather lazy generally". But it was not the laziness of inaction. He played a good deal of football—taking a strong team down to Eton to play the school in the Field—and rackets. "Town and gown" was still an annual occasion for uproar, and there was "a tremendous row on November 5":

"Two companies of Guards had to come down from Windsor and about 300 special constables were sworn in. We were all gated on the following Monday. I had to go to the Leightons, however, so I got off and walked about a little. There was a tremendous mob at Carfax, but there was not much going on. The Riot Act was read."

The round of breakfasts and dinners and wines went on as usual, and the meetings of the "Adelphi" were frequent and festive. He was constantly at the Liddells, and went to a number of dances, including a small select ball at Blenheim. He also dined at Cuddesdon with the Bishop; inspected and admired Holman Hunt's pictures at the Clarendon; and read *Jane Eyre* and Bulwer Lytton's *Ernest Maltravers* and *Alice*. Music was not neglected, for he was entrusted with the task of coaching the soprani and alti for the performance of the *Messiah* by the Philharmonic, and had "great fun howling in the choruses" at the performance; he also attended the Christ Church concert, at which Gosselin and Gordon were the chief soloists, and went on scoring his Quartet. College Collections found him decidedly unfit for intellectual efforts, as he did not get back till after 6 A.M., after a fourteen-mile drive from a dance at the Dillons, and the examination began at 9.30. Finally, he "bolted from the festive Alma Mater" on Monday December 16, after a farewell lunch with the Liddells, "at which I gave Ina [now Mrs. Skene and then the 'Imperious Prima' of the verses prefixed by Lewis Carroll to *Alice in Wonderland*]

a song I had written for her ". He stayed a night in town with his musical friend Heathcote Long, of Exeter College, to hear Mozart, Beethoven and Haydn at a " Pop ", and then went on to his cousin's at Hedingham. Mr. Majendie was then busily engaged, with the aid of the architect Woodyer, in the work of restoring the castle and church and in making a park—in all of which Hubert took a lively interest. During this week he wrote a good deal of chamber music, practised his viola, visited Halstead Church and went to Ely to inspect his father's decorations in the cathedral, the effect of which filled him with filial pride. The restoration of the Lady Chapel moved him to a violent diatribe against the Puritans :

" How many curses have they lying heavy on their souls ! How can any artist or any one with any real love of art see such a lasting memorial of their system of desecration and not curse them in his innermost heart for what they have done."

On his way home to Highnam for Christmas Hubert was introduced for the first time to the music of Sullivan. This was the *Contrabandista*, just produced on December 18 at St. George's Hall. He liked it very much—" the instrumentation and some of the ideas good, and the comic songs very good ; and the story too was very good fun ". The libretto was by Burnand, whom Hubert does not mention. The advertisement in the *Times*, on the other hand, speaks of the work as Mr. Burnand's operetta, with music by Arthur Sullivan. The Gilbert and Sullivan partnership, it may be added, began nearly four years later.

Christmas at Highnam was celebrated with the customary services, festivities and balls. At this stage Hubert was still little troubled by doubts, and we find him pronouncing a sermon " magnificent " which enlarged on the mystery of godliness and maintained that we must believe implicitly in the Gospel before we ever venture to reason about it, and must not expect to understand it altogether. " Faith would lose its value if we saw or understood everything we have to believe." In this context Hubert adds that he was rather horrified at the idea of choral celebra-

tions at first, but found, after all, that it did not distract him so much as he expected. There was a large and pleasant house-party for the two balls, which he enjoyed, though at the first people danced " shockingly carelessly " ; and most of his time was spent in the congenial company of Willie Keatinge and Gosselin, with whom he played a great many duets, and was " very smoky and billiardy and lazy ". Yet he practised his viola and pianoforte and composed a movement of a trio, took the services in church on two Sundays in the absence of the organist, besides playing to the house party.

Hubert was a curious mixture of physical strength and nervous sensitiveness. He describes how he was made quite ill by the behaviour of the organ at one service, when a regular cat-call proceeded from " the tummy of the organ " just as he began the opening voluntary. The service was " one incessant exercise of my ingenuity to find out whether the beast was inclined to be peaceable, or, if it howled, to pacify it ". Most of the people he met were old friends, but he made a new acquaintance in Colonel Hallewell, then Commandant at Sandhurst, who had served in the Crimea, and told him a thrilling story of Marshal Canrobert visiting an English camp where soldiers were dying by hundreds of fever, and saying: " Ah ! you see this is war. These fevers, famines and difficulties of camp life are war. Fighting is the recreation, the amusement. *This* is war ! "

Hubert paid two visits to Bristol during the Christmas vacation. The first was undertaken to attend a concert of the Madrigal Society, at which his " Fair Daffodils " was included in the programme, and " probably worse done than anything else ". Still he enjoyed the concert—notably the Elizabethan madrigals, which were admirably sung—while betraying an increasingly critical view of Mendelssohn, " two intensely rotten part-songs " by whom " were of course encored ". During his stay he played on the new organ in St. Mary's and the very old organ in St. James's. The first, " a masterpiece of construction ", gave him more pleasure than any other

organ he had ever played. The instrument in St. James's, though possessing some fine stops, was " the most rickety old beast " he ever encountered, and " generally sounds like a blue-bottle behind a screen in summer, having been moved from its original position at the West End and stuffed into a hole in the wall—much as one would stuff clothes into a carpet-bag and give them a final squash with one's foot ". The second visit was on the occasion of the Clifton Subscription Ball, " without any exception the jolliest ball I was ever at ". Both times he stayed with his friends the Savages and met plenty of Oxford friends.

On his return to Oxford he effected an exchange of rooms with a scholar who had just got into hot water for not reading, and moved from his " dog-kennel " into " thundering good quarters on the first floor, next to the Chapel staircase, looking out one way into quad and the other into the Turl ". Hubert does not mention how the exchange affected the scholar ; certainly it did not conduce to study on his own part. He had more visitors than ever, and celebrated his move by giving a " My Dame's breakfast ". His " Alma Mater " continued to be extremely festive : before Lent there were " hops " at the houses of the Leightons, Rawlinsons and Symonds ; frequent lunches and dinners, mostly in Christ Church ; theatricals by the " Shooting Stars ", with Alleyne of Merton and Selfe, afterwards the County Court Judge, as chief stars, followed by a supper which Hubert gave to the Liddells, Rawlinsons and Symonds. A Glee Club was started at the Deanery with Hubert as conductor, and, after an unpromising start, made good progress.

Hubert's musical activities were not seriously affected by all this conviviality. He finished his *Te Deum* and *Benedictus*, which he submitted to Stainer, and wrote three movements of a Trio in F for violin, viola and pianoforte ; sang " O ruddier than the cherry " and " Bid me to live " at a concert in Holywell rooms ; went repeatedly to the functions of the Christ Church Philharmonic ; and took part in the performance of *St. Paul* by the University Philharmonic Society, singing a duet with Frank Pownall, now mentioned

for the first time in his diary—which they got through " pretty moderately ". Hubert made " a most unfortunate mistake ", which he conscientiously reports. But his most enjoyable and exhilarating musical experiences were the result of two visits to London to be treated by an oculist for serious eye trouble. During the first he attended a " gorgeous concert " at the Crystal Palace: Wagner, Schubert and—Hummel! During the second he went to see John Parry in " Merry-making at Mrs. Roseleaf's ". John Parry, the father and perhaps the greatest of all musical " entertainers ", began as a serious singer and found himself as a humorist. In this piece he described a rustic fête, including " a part-song by the village choir and fireworks, in which he turned himself into a ' set piece ' and a catherine-wheel ". At Henry Leslie's concert—choral and orchestral—Madame Schumann played " more magnificently than any one I ever heard before " in Mozart's Concerto in D, a Polonaise by Chopin, and pieces by her husband. Then he heard the *Contrabandista* again at St. George's Hall, and wound up with another Crystal Palace concert, which completed his emancipation from the domination of Mendelssohn. It was brought about by Schumann's Symphony in C, of which he writes: " I'll never go to hear anything of Mendelssohn's in preference to this Symphony if I can help it ". Madame Schumann was again the soloist and " played Mendelssohn's Concerto in D magnificently, but it fell very flat ".

Released from bandages and blue spectacles, Hubert returned to Oxford to direct the rehearsals for Mrs. Liddell's concert, at which he played a duet with Gosselin, accompanied songs and choruses and Mrs. Liddell's harp, and filled in wind parts on the harmonium. The concert went off with great *éclat*, and was followed by a very jolly little supper at the Deanery, where Hubert was at once an *enfant gâté de la maison* and its indefatigable musical factotum. The term ended with a great disappointment. He had sent up his Morning Service in D and a song, " The Banks of Doon ", to Lamborn Cock, and spent the afternoon of the last day at All Souls with the Leightons, " disturbing

the studious dons most grievously by playing battledore and shuttlecock in the long gallery, making a most awful row, while old Leighton in his robes looked on from the gallery above us, quite enjoying the fun ". The morrow was an " unfortunate day " :

" Missed the Liddells in the morning : bad news from Lamborn Cock : won't publish my music. Everything drunk or mad. Got home in the evening."

This despondent mood was soon banished by the delights of Highnam and Salisbury. At Salisbury, where a family party assembled at his uncle's for the confirmation of his sister Linda, Hubert made a good deal of music with his cousin Eddie Hamilton, hunted one day with Walter Flower's Harriers—little sport, but much galloping over the downs, followed by " a very considerable luncheon which lasted till 7.30 ! "—and made the acquaintance of yet another bishop, Dr. Harris of Gibraltar. He also had a musical evening with Mr. Armfield, a good performer on the clarinet and an ardent Mendelssohnite :

" So of course we quarrelled violently. He put Mendelssohn on a par with and almost higher than Beethoven, which put my back up frightfully, as I can hardly bear to hear or smell a large work by Mendelssohn in the same week as a great work of dear old Beet."

Before leaving Salisbury Hubert obtained a French horn, " brought it home in triumph " and practised on it during the rest of the Easter vacation. He also worked at his second unpublished Quartet in C, and as a result of re-reading *Vivien* contemplated writing an overture to that Idyll, an intention carried out later on. He had several rides with his father—to May Hill, Minsterworth, and above all to Ashelworth, " one of the loveliest places in the county ", with its glorious old fifteenth-century monastic barn, church and Elizabethan manor-house. On Easter Day the Highnam gardens were despoiled of flowers to decorate the church, which was all ablaze with bright colours. R. H. Lyttelton was a welcome visitor for a few days, during which Hubert " lionized " him over Highnam, the cathedral, and drove him to Barber's Bridge

to inspect some recent excavations, where a number of skeletons and cannon-balls—relics of an engagement at the time of the siege of Gloucester—had been recently dug up. Mr. Gambier-Parry's work on St. Andrew's Chapel was now completed and gave his son entire satisfaction.

After saying good-bye " to various places and beasties " —his invariable practice—Hubert returned to Oxford for the summer term. He played a great deal of cricket for his college eleven, made some good scores, but was more than usually unlucky in regard to bruises and accidents. In the match against the Old Exonians, who were short, he had to field all day for both sides. " It was very hot, and I was perfectly exhausted at the end after fielding at cover, point, longstop, long slip, in the long field and also bowling." The range of his convivial activities was enlarged by his joining the " New Club " and serving on its Committee. " Festive luncheons " in his rooms and in those of his friends and meetings of the " Adelphi " were productive of immense fun and considerable noise. He speaks of having " a reading party in his rooms one night which ended in a tremendous row—firing off soda-water bottles into quad ". Milder and more decorous recreations were furnished by croquet parties at the Leightons or " stand-ups " at the Brodies and Lightfoots, at which he had to play and sing. There is little mention of music beyond a successful concert given by Corfe in the Sheldonian and another at Radley, and a " glorious bout " of Schumann songs with Hugh Montgomery. He speaks of reading Keats, Gray and Browning, and taking essays to Ingram Bywater on the " Physical Effects of Nature on the formation of the Character of Nations " and on " Slavery ". On the latter Bywater's comments were " more complimentary than he ever was before, and made me quite cocky ". Hubert was still assiduous in his devotions; attending as many as four chapel services on a single Sunday, and going to hear the sermons at St. Mary's. He specially mentions a " most magnificent " discourse from the Bishop of Tennessee, one of the long procession of bishops and clerics whom he had met at his father's house.

Oxford was thrown into gloom and despondency by a series of tragic accidents early in May, but by the end of the month the festal mood had returned and Hubert was again in the thick of the gaieties of " Commem.", steward at the 'Varsity Ball, and so exhausted by his exertions on the Thursday that he was " too tired to pack ", so " lay on the grass at the Leightons and tried to play croquet all the afternoon ".

Hubert's father and stepmother were in town for the season, and in the first three weeks of the " Long " he paid a triple allegiance to Music, the Fine Arts and Society. He began with the Handel Festival, at which the best of all the soloists was Sims Reeves in " The enemy said ". The choruses were almost too overpowering : " God Save the Queen " at the end was " almost the finest thing of all ". Then he went four times to the opera : to hear Meyerbeer's *L'Africaine*, " a positively disgraceful performance " ; Gounod's *Romeo and Juliet*, then brand-new, with Patti and Mario — the former in her early prime, the latter on the eve of his retirement—" almost as bad ", though he " liked some bits " ; and finally Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*, with Christine Nilsson, Kellogg, Titiens, Santley and Gassier. This was " quite glorious. Such melodies ! Such writing ! Such instrumentation, and such intensely laughable scenes. Nilsson did *Cherubino* to a T." Here we have Hubert's enthusiasm for Mozartian opera at high-water mark. In later years his admiration of Mozart's music was tempered by a resentment of the triviality and cynicism of the libretti. He heard " *the* grand septuor " (Beethoven) at one of Ella's concerts, and two of Beethoven's Symphonies at the Philharmonic—the Pastoral " which nearly turned me inside out " and the F major, No. 8. He admired works of Spohr and Auber and Max Bruch ; Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream* overture was always a favourite of his ; but Benedict's *La Selva Incantata* excited his wrath as " arrant trash ". There was also " a Concert called the renewal of the Antient Concerts which was a merry fiasco . . . the band wouldn't play for Schachner because

he is not in the clique, which is a great shame ". In the meantime Hubert

" went to many nice people's houses and made many very delightful people's acquaintance. Such as the Stephensons, who are exceedingly musical. Charlie Stephenson sings Schumann quite gloriously, and Miss Susan Stephenson plays quite wonderfully. We had a concert there at which Wade [the son of the Vicar of St. Ann's, Soho] sang a song I wrote for him a few mornings before, and I renewed my acquaintance with Sullivan."

He went twice to the Academy, a " tolerably uninteresting " exhibition, and twice to the National Gallery to see the new acquisitions, and attended a great fête at the Crystal Palace " in honour of Napier (of Magdala) and the Duke of Edinburgh, at which I heard some very bad music and saw some most marvellous fireworks and wonderful illuminations of the fountains ".

After the Eton and Harrow match Hubert spent a few days with his cousins at Bayfordbury, and visited his grandmother and aunts at Park Gate. The rest of the " Long ", apart from a memorable visit to Wilton, was passed at Highnam. It was a glorious summer, so hot that Hubert was reduced to bathing in the pond. Walking exercise was oppressive, but he took many rides with his sister Linda, watched cricket matches and went to several dances, for which the Beaches and his Eton and Oxford friend Wilton Phipps came to stay at Highnam. " Miss Beach dances gloriously, and is one of the most delightful little fairies that ever blessed the earth with their presence. Phipps was of course the best gentleman dancer." When they departed Hubert was plunged into gloom on the withdrawal of these radiant and celestial figures, but found solace in smoking and reading *Sartor Resartus*. Also he derived no little satisfaction from making a successful burglarious entry into the house, with no tool but a two-shilling piece, in disproof of his father's confident assertion that no one could get in from outside when the windows were bolted and the shutters barred. The discussion grew out of the recent capture of the burglar who had raided

Highnam in the previous year, and Hubert's view was confirmed a few weeks later by the confession of one of the principals, after he had been sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment, forwarded to Mr. Gambier-Parry by the Superintendent of the Gloucester Police. It was in truth a most remarkable document, and not the least curious point was the refusal of the other burglar to add to it on the ground that " he would never hear the end of it if the three or four hundred convicts he was going out with knew that he had ' squeaked ' after conviction ".

Archery was still a favourite pastime in the West Country, and a large party assembled for the meeting of the Club at Highnam, at which Hubert had to play the organ to amuse the guests. The house party was large and diversified, including " the most perfect specimen of a Harrovian I ever met," whose wife " wore a quantity of lovely jewellery and sang fearful trash in an extraordinarily low voice with overwhelmingly false feeling "; and other persons, angular or amiable. Lewis Majendie was there, " as good, bald and invaluable as ever ", and Hubert " wrote a few political letters for him about the Essex Election, which taught me a few things about politics and political life I never knew before ". What these things were he tantalizingly refrains from telling us, but they probably assisted in detaching him from Conservatism. Hubert was not much of an archer himself, but he picked up the arrows of the fairy-like Miss Beach, and went to another meeting at Cirencester which wound up with a dance. Garden parties and picnics and two successful expeditions to Chepstow—the second included a visit to Tintern—enlivened the early part of a torrid August. When the rain came it was so fresh and novel that Hubert found it glorious. There was a constant succession of visitors, friends and relations, but Hubert continued to do a fair amount of practising, read various books, from Cicero to Longfellow, worked at a quartet and anthem for Salisbury, and played billiards. The crowning episode of the " Long " was a visit to Wilton, which lasted from August 24 to September 3—ten halcyon days in which he

GROUP AT WILTON.

Hubert Parry, Lady Adine Murray, Lady Maud Herbert,
The Hon. Mrs. Sidney Meade, Lady Dunmore, Lady Mary Herbert.

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found it impossible to go on with his diary, " partly because there was always something to do, and partly because I was so intensely happy that I was afraid to sit down and commemorate a time which was too enjoyable to be described ". Hubert had a capacious and susceptible heart, but glorious dancing partners and fairies never entered into serious competition with his " dear and only love " :

" Wilton is quite the same as it used to be when I was there last, only the people are more kind, more affectionate, and more delightful than ever. I had a new tie moreover in Lady Adine [Alexandrina] Murray [sister of the 7th Earl of Dunmore and a cousin of the Herberts], with whom I fraternized considerably—a delightfully free, lively, sensible Scotch girl. . . . I called her Una because she used to trot along with us out riding on a little white pony, and was the very image of Spenser's character. Maudie and I were like brother and sister, always together. I should never be tired of being with her. . . . Sidney and Reggie are a perfect pair of little boys and Lady Herbert is as fascinating and impulsive as ever. We had the most delightful rides, and the most delightful rows on the river, and the most delightful little dinner parties conceivable. We used to go off to the Hare Warren and play hare and hounds. Maudie and I one day were never caught at all, and gave them a tremendous chase and afterwards caught everybody in turn. Sandie [Lady Adine] and Maudie and I were photographed to cement the bond of unity between us."

Hubert had three days with the harriers ; tremendous fun, and one bad fall. One night they had fireworks and lighted up the Palladian bridge with red and blue lights. No wonder he left Wilton " with a pang ". He was destined to spend many happy days there in after years, but never again did he see everything and everybody so entirely enveloped in celestial light. The reaction, on his return to Highnam, was quite distressingly acute : " Here I am again, too seedy to work, too depressed to think, and too dull to do anything reasonable ".

From this slough of despond Hubert was speedily extricated by the preparations for the Gloucester Festival. The house party included his new friends the Stephensons,

Eddie Hamilton, Heathcote Long and Spencer Lyttelton, whose presence greatly assisted Hubert in his ordeal. For this was his first appearance as a composer in the programme of an English Festival, and his contribution, designed when he was still at Eton and completed when he was studying under Pierson at Stuttgart in the autumn of 1867, was the first of the long series of works performed at the meetings of the Three Choirs and the Birmingham, Leeds and Norwich Festivals over a period of forty-five years. Hubert says very little of this *Intermezzo Religioso*, a short instrumental piece, never published, but a great deal of the other works, new and old, performed during the week. The rehearsal was unsatisfactory and the reception mixed. Hubert mentions his meeting Sullivan, who introduced him to Grove—the beginning of their long association—and Grove congratulated him "on having been abused by the critics, which he thought was a good sign". The "abuse" seems to have been confined to one London daily, and after the Festival S. S. Wesley was "very amusing" on the subject of the Festival and its critics:

"He told me that the man[1] who wrote the criticism on my piece knows scarcely a note of music, not being the regular critic of the paper, but he always gets his editor to let him write the critique on the Gloucester Festival because he has a grudge against it, and wants to do it all the harm he can."

Hubert's "Intermezzo" was sandwiched between Haydn's *Creation* and Wesley's *Confitebor*, and Wesley's strictures are borne out by the quality of the criticism which ran as follows:

"After Papa Haydn's gleanings had been finished there was a piece played by the orchestra, entitled 'Intermezzo Religioso', the name of the composer being Hubert Parry, a son of T. Gambier-Parry, Esq., of Highnam Court. No key to the composer's intentions was published in the

[1] The critic in question bore a German name, but was educated in England, served with distinction as a war and special correspondent and foreign editor for leading London papers, took an active part in an advisory capacity in operatic schemes, and succeeded Chorley as musical critic of the *Athenæum*.

programme. It may be assumed that between Haydn and Samuel Wesley there is some intermediate stage, and that between the *Creation* and the Psalm it was necessary that the mind should be relieved by a kind of voluntary executed by full orchestra. If it had been a playing out of a congregation any intermezzo would suffice, and that of Hubert Parry would have received as much attention as is ordinarily paid to voluntaries after long sermons. The movement of the intermezzo itself has the character of a dirge; it opens with a grave strain from the strings, and the ear catches for a moment some Spohrish characters in the sound, the oboe having a prominent place therein, and then a kind of Mendelssohnian subject, languid and undulating, winds up the piece, the workmanship of which is creditable, but the invention of which is not exciting, and the whole had the sin of being thrust in the programme where it was not wanted."

It was a fairly typical specimen of mid-Victorian musical criticism, obscurantist and obstructionist, and as obstinately distrustful of all novelty as the neo-Georgian critics are effusively idolatrous thereof. Moreover, it should be borne in mind that Hubert, as the son of a country gentleman, was regarded as an interloping amateur. He makes little complaint of his own treatment, and is far more concerned with the hostile reception of Schachner's oratorio *Israel's Return from Babylon*, in which he recognized moments of dramatic power and some fine instrumentation:

"Schachner's fault has been that he set too high a standard for himself and could not live up to it, and thereby came to his fall, since English critics in general possess none of that generosity and open-mindedness which might have saved him, being, all but a noble few, narrow-minded ignorant pedants, who mostly praise as they are paid and abuse from personal interest and personal prejudice, which is all hard against Schachner."

For the rest the programme was as typical as the criticism I have quoted and Gargantuan in dimensions, including the *Creation*, *Elijah*, *Messiah*, Spohr's *Calvary*, the *Hymn of Praise*, *Walpurgisnacht*, and "As the hart pants", *Samson*, etc., and on the Thursday lasted, with only a half-hour's interval, from 11.30 till 5.15. The

result, " as might have been anticipated, was that for the last half-hour or so a complete lassitude took possession of everybody concerned. The principal singers gave up the ghost, and sang miserably, the orchestra simply collapsed, the chorus was incapable of the exertion of singing, and the audience got more incapable of listening." As so often happened, the " star " singers dominated the Festival; Hubert himself speaks of Sims Reeves in the *Messiah* as a " Savonarola of singing "; and describes Titiens—who once told S. S. Wesley that Gloucester Cathedral was the finest concert-room in Europe—and Santley as " superb " in the Finale from *Don Giovanni*. Santley also sang " grandly " in a setting by Sullivan of one of Byron's translations of Anacreon; and Hubert, to his great delight, was introduced to him by Sir Herbert Oakeley.

There was another but lesser reaction after the excitements of the Festival, and the departure of Spencer Lyttelton and Eddie Hamilton left him " as dull as lead ", but his spirits were magically raised by a letter from his " Faerie Queene ", and he returned with great vigour to compositions—a symphony, the Quartet in C, his overture to *Vivien*, anthems, hymns and songs—and practising at the viola and horn. His reading was as usual diversified, embracing *Romola*, " a most powerful book and really worthy of the enormous price Smith & Elder gave for it ", Charles Reade's *It's Never too Late to Mend*—a " horrible, exciting, but never demoralizing story "—Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, Keats's *Endymion*, and a good deal of Homer. Herr Schachner (whose name is not to be discovered in any English or German musical book of reference) turned up one day with Mrs. Ellicott, the Bishop's wife, and Hubert found him excellent company, a mine of musical anecdote, and feeling much more rightly about his art than Englishmen generally do: " They forget the music in their prejudice for or against the individual connected with it, and look upon the composer as the *man* to be opposed, instead of regarding the talents he possesses as the thing to be fostered ". Hubert rode a good deal to

his favourite haunts, with his father or by himself. His horse "Tip" was so riotous and refractory that Hubert determined to subdue him, but after many efforts found the task hopeless, and returned to the staider "Bob".

Early in October he attended the annual "Mop Fair" for the hiring of farm servants in Gloucester, on October 5, and found it rather degrading business—too like a slave market to be agreeable, and winding up with a great deal of loud singing and promiscuous drinking. The air had now at last begun "to smell of autumn", but there was spring in his heart:

"*October* 9.—'*O diem laetum, notandum mihi candidissimo calculo.*' In the morning I finished my C major Quartet. In the afternoon I finished the second set[1] of *Lieder ohne Wörte*, and in the evening I had such a letter from Mary [Herbert]. Hope first dawned upon me, and an object in life which I never felt before."

The Severn Vale from the Bailey by which he rode next day,

"looked like the Garden of Eden, seemingly separated from the rest of the world by a belt of distant hills, watered by as fair a river as that which flowed through the ancient garden, and altogether as blessed a place to all appearance as the eye of man might wish to rest upon."

This blissful mood, maintained by further letters from Wilton, continued for several days. He went on with his Overture, "read a little *Pickwick* for a change" (presumably from *Romola* and Homer), composed a duettino for 'cello and pianoforte for Donkin, and heard a "perfectly sublime sermon" from Liddon (who spent a few days at Highnam) "which utterly overpowered one with its intellectual beauty, poetical refinement and religious fervour".

Hubert was in the habit of making notes of sermons that impressed him in his diary: the "digest" of this is the longest he ever wrote, and not only traces the argument but vividly describes the preacher's method, his perfect elocution, and that intensity of mystical fervour "which

[1] Published in 1875. The first set, begun at Eton and dedicated to Gosselin, was published in 1869.

seemed to inspire him and draw us from ourselves, and him from himself, for the moment into the place of everlasting praise ". The theme was the divine gift of love, given us by God, that it might be turned upon the giver of all good gifts. Mystical in its essence, for the object of this love was defined as " beauty of soul ", the discourse was enriched by analogies which came home to one hearer with peculiar force :

" He reminded us that when we had a great love for any fellow man or woman, we could not help thinking of them. Not a day passes but they must be continually in our thoughts. Here I could not help thinking of what I have often believed is given to great and good preachers—to find a thought which is particularly present to separate individuals in the congregation which they are addressing, and yet more strongly rivets their attention. This is just what had been happening to me all service time. . . . An atheist might have listened to such a sermon with delight, and the only danger for a believer was lest one should forget its object in one's love and admiration of the earnest and good man who had preached it."

Hubert was impressed not only by Liddon's preaching but by his conversation. After dinner they had much talk on the political situation in Germany, France, Italy and Austria :

" One of the most important remarks was made by Mr. Liddon on the Prussian supremacy. He saw that throughout Germany the Democrats and the Prussian well-wishers are all aiming at the same thing. Bismarck of course wants to unite all Germany under one tyrant, King William. The democrats want to unite all Germany under themselves as a great Republic. They say, we can never be one great Republic till we are rid of our petty tyrants in the petty States. Let King William sweep them away and unite them under himself as the one great King. A great patriotic scheme like this, say they, can afford to wait a generation. So when King William (of odious memory) has swept them all into one expansive bag, viz. Prussia, see if we don't sweep him after them, and the aristocracy of Berlin too, in a very short time. ' And ', says Monsieur L'Abbé, ' they will make a good fight for it '."

The House party broke up on the next day, and Hubert was left in "dismal" solitude for three days, leaving Highnam in an unusually melancholy frame of mind. "I don't usually care whether I am at Highnam or Oxford, but this time somehow it was different"—Wilton being nearer to Gloucester than to Oxford. He spent a couple of days at Eton before term opened, playing football against the School, dining at his Dame's, making music with the Cornishes, and seeing a good deal of the boys, including his brother Ernest. Balston had been succeeded as headmaster by Hornby, and a good deal can be read between the lines of the brief statement that "the new school regulations have just come into use and are tolerably approved of both by masters and boys". The drastic nature of these changes in regard to facilities for "convivials" can only be understood by comparing Hubert's Eton diaries with the reminiscences of Etonians who went to Eton in 1868. By his own admission the change was all to the good, for those of the new regime as well as those who had been for a while under the old: "My little old friends are not in the least changed; there are as simple-minded, fresh, open-hearted boys in the school as ever there were".

The Michaelmas Term brought the ordeal of "Mods", with the usual alternations of hope and misgiving and (in his *vivâ voce*) of acute nervousness, relieved by the safe arrival of the precious "Testamur". He was elected to the Oxford Essay Club—an unsolicited and unexpected honour; but no mention is made of its meetings. There were few days on which he did not play rackets or football. He took a team down to Eton to play the School, and went down on another day to play the Cambridge Etonians. The meetings of the "Adelphi" were "tremendously rowdy", one dinner at the Randolph being followed by considerable damage to public property, a running fight with the police, an interview with the Senior Proctor, and the payment of £16 in fines. There were the usual festive evenings at the Deanery or at the Leightons; dinners and dances at the Rawlinsons and other houses.

At the Liddells he met and made the acquaintance of the excellent pianist, Agnes Zimmermann, so long and honourably associated with the "Pops"; he was a soloist at the Exeter Concert, and heard Mme. Rudersdorff sing "piercingly—λιγέως, as Homer says of Circe", at New College. His friendship with Frank Pownall, founded on mutual esteem and their common devotion to music, is attested by his writing a song for him—a setting of Moore's translation from Anacreon, "Away, away, ye men of rules", the first of the three Odes published in the year 1880.

Hubert's departure from Oxford at the end of term was delayed for two days by "conferences" with the Senior Proctor, at which, on his own showing, he behaved with a most unseemly levity, in view of the seriousness of the offence. The Proctor was in two minds—whether to report the matter to the Vice-Chancellor, or fine the culprits. In the end he took the milder course, and Hubert (quite impenitent) turned his detention to convivial account by attending another meeting of the "Adelphi" and dining at the "Cross" with Frank Pownall and "Poppy" Wyld.

At Hedingham, where he spent the first week of the Christmas vacation, he went to two balls, hunted once with the East Essex, visited Melford Church and tried the organ, explored odd holes and corners in Hedingham Castle and walked about the estate with his cousin, helping him to mark trees for cutting down, visited Spain Hall and Melford Hall—both architecturally interesting—and read some Macaulay. On his way home he saw *The Field of the Cloth of Gold* at the Strand, a magnificently absurd burlesque which reduced him to agonies of laughter. Christmas, though wet and wild out of doors, was spent happily and quietly at Highnam, with the usual services and festivities, carol-singing and games. The family party was reinforced by the ever-welcome presence of Willie Keatinge, a genial bachelor—on whom Hubert's half brothers and sisters conferred the honorary title of uncle—musical, affectionate and most amusingly Irish. In his company Hubert inspected the restorations of the cathedral, shot

rabbits, and walked in the woods. He also read the *Ingoldsby Legends*, George Eliot's *Spanish Gypsy* and Carlyle's *Heroes*—a strange but characteristic triangle. " The old year ", he writes in his diary for December 31,

" had but an hour to live when we went to Church, and died just before the commencement of the Celebration Service. I was very sorry to lose him—a very happy year : Wilton, Maudie, Musical Festival, getting through Mods, and plenty more have marked it for me. It is like parting with a kind old friend."

Hubert's last year and a half at Oxford, as recorded in his diaries, presents a wonderful alternation of work and play, seriousness and gaiety, ranging from midnight talks with Frank Pownall on literature and art and religion to dodging proctors and bull-dogs, from high thinking and the study of Burke to beer and skittles at Sandford. Hubert was emphatically not a one-college man, and, as we have seen, had many friends at Christ Church and other colleges with a more pronounced Eton connexion than Exeter. As an athlete he was in constant touch with non-intellectuals ; as President of the " Adelphi ", the Exeter Wine-club, he took an active part in " gloriously festive " gatherings, not always unattended by the destruction of property, though there is no evidence in his frank disclosures of these operations that they ever degenerated into the victimization of unpopular individuals. He was extremely hospitable, and entertained his friends to endless breakfasts and lunches, where champagne was not unknown, and dined out so habitually that he speaks in the summer term of 1869 as dining in Hall " for once in a way ". Of his friends at Exeter, those of whom mention is most frequently made, after Frank Pownall, are the late Wilton Phipps, Palairet, the father of two famous cricketers and himself a fine athlete and sportsman, Holmes, a constant bathing companion at Parson's Pleasure and elsewhere, Francis Ady, Worsley, Lucas, Wrench, Sir Alan Bellingham, Hardy, Dendy, with whom he coached for his final schools, Herbert Chermside, P. F. Willert, Jackson, then a young don and subsequently Rector of Exeter, a

lifelong friend, with whom, as with Willert and Palairet, in these early days he played a great deal of rackets. So it will be seen that even in his recreations he kept in touch with men of intellectual distinction. Socially he consorted with all sorts and conditions of men, attending a festive bump-supper at Christ Church, or dining with the Bullingdon Club or with Scott Holland and R. L. Nettleship at Balliol. With Robert Bridges, now the Laureate, and a slightly senior contemporary at Eton, he was then as always on most cordial terms, and there is an interesting reference to his dining with him at Corpus in February 1869, when he met "a Merton don, Creighton by name, very learned, pleasant and kind. Plenty of information on all subjects, and so well applied in his conversation that one never found out at the time how ignorant one was by comparison, and yet came away infinitely bettered by his learning."

Cricket and football, at which he played in a great number of inter-college matches, occupied a good deal of time, and at football, as usual, he got a "good deal knocked about". His athletic energies were too widely diffused to attain exceptional distinction in any one game at Oxford. He always had too many irons in the fire; and, when skating and sailing on Port Meadow are added, it will be admitted that he was never at a loss for exercise even in the days before golf, lawn tennis and motoring were added to the distractions of the undergraduate. The drama in the early 'seventies was frowned upon by the academic authorities and condemned to an ignoble and precarious existence. The theatre was given over to inferior music-hall entertainments, mesmerists, such as the notorious Madame Card, and the like. A few years later—about 1877—I can remember when a visit of "The Great Vance" was the grand histrionic sensation of the year. The only mention that I have come across of Hubert's going to the theatre was to see a conjuror named Bosco. But though the social revolution wrought by the married don and the wonderful extension of the residential suburbs of Oxford on the northern side was yet to come, the agile and

gregarious undergraduate of mid-Victorian days was not confined to " Commem." for the display of his skill in the " dazzling waltz ".

The Universities, like the rest of the world, were not yet tarantulated by the dancing craze, but balls were not unknown ; they were all the more enjoyable and enjoyed for their comparative paucity, and it may be safely said that Hubert was never forgotten and never refused an invitation. Including the " Commem." Balls, I find that he attended ten in Oxford in the year 1869, and quite as many more in the vacations, and his diary seldom fails to note his general " felicity " in the matter of partners, the quality of the floor and the supper arrangements. Curiously enough he says nothing about the music, but as this was in the days when the waltzes of the Strausses (of Vienna) were habitually played, his silence is not to be regarded as implying discontent. The year 1869 marks the grand climacteric of his social, convivial and athletic activities. He was a frequent and welcome guest at the houses of the Liddells, the Leightons and the Brodies. At the Deanery he was in constant request, a great favourite of Mrs. Liddell, of whom he speaks with invariable appreciation of her kindliness and hospitality, and the playmate of her handsome daughters. At the end of the Lent term he writes of " bolting before the dons could be down on him " for his shortcomings in Collections—the College examination—" of which he knew nothing ". In the summer term he was President of the " Adelphi ", played regularly for the College Eleven, and was practising Schumann's " Luck of Edenhall " at the Exeter Musical Society. He reports that the Eights week and the accompanying festivities " upset his reading ". He met the Archbishop (Tait) at the Leightons, and, by way of a contrast, records the sequel to the grand annual match—Exeter *v.* Old Exonians :

" We dined at the Pavilion, and after we came home went our usual rounds to do damage to something. We went to Parson's Pleasure, and bathed, and transferred all the ladders on a wheel-barrow and all the seats to the wrong side of the Cherwell, took away the grappling irons and hung

them up on the notice boards in the Park, and crowned a young tree with a life-belt, and after various other fooleries had somewhat of a bear-fight and went to bed."

While these moods lasted, it was not to be expected that proctors and their minions should be regarded with benevolence, and the bull-dogs are specially referred to as "beasts". "What a scrappy existence!" he remarks in a moment of self-criticism, but it was at least a full one. Before the Eights and "Commem.", he had been harrowing his soul with *Hypatia*, reading Buckle's *History of Civilisation*, and had finished Mayne's *Ancient Law*. He notes a "glorious" concert given by Piatti and Agnes Zimmermann at the end of April, and in the round of "Commem." gaieties music comes in for special mention. The *Lobgesang* was given successfully at a big garden party at the Brodies. At the Philharmonic Concert, Taylor (the organist of New College) played the *Kreutzer* sonata "magnificently" with Blagrove, and among other glees and part-songs Hubert specially mentions a "beautifully written and perfectly modern" part song by Benedict. Hubert in these days, and indeed always, was far less critical of others than himself; he speaks of his "attempting to play" pieces by Schumann and Mendelssohn at the Exeter Concert. "The Luck of Edenhall"—which he found "odd", though he liked it on the whole—went off very well. He went to all the "Commem." balls—four in the week—and enjoyed them hugely, especially that at Christ Church, and attended a "very jolly fête" on the Wednesday, at which he had the "felicity of sitting in the midst of the Liddells all the time, and being introduced to my double, a Miss Hesketh". As she was "particularly nice", the experience added to his felicity.

Throughout the Michaelmas term Hubert's life was maintained at the same high level of strenuous gaiety. He was President of the Musical Society at Exeter and re-elected President of the "Adelphi", the meetings of which are described as not merely festive, but "frightfully festive", and, we may add, not immune from proctorial inquisitions. Rackets and a great many football matches

provided him with an outlet for his love of violent exercise. He heard Christine Nilsson sing "superbly at a concert with an atrocious programme", an evidence of the growth of his critical faculty. Hallé and Madame Norman-Neruda were "magnificent" in a programme which included the *Kreutzer* and *Waldstein* sonatas and works by Mozart and Spohr. The Philharmonic gave *Acis and Galatea* and the *Walpurgisnacht*, and Frank Pownall sang splendidly at the Exeter Concert, but Hubert says nothing of his own share in the programme. But he was pleased to hear his morning service, which "sounded to me very nice", done in Magdalen Chapel. He still kept up his organ playing, and mentions taking the service in his College chapel and playing the voluntary at Christ Church on the same Sunday. His reading did not entirely go to the wall; he was coaching with Dendy for his final schools; and he passed his Divinity examination in November, but divinity had no terrors for him as an examinee, thanks no doubt to his intimate study of the Bible. The last fortnight of term was given up to concerts and dances. He went to a ball at Blenheim with his friends the Wilsons and Guy Dawnay, and the combined effect of the splendid rooms, the beauty and beautiful dresses of the young ladies, among whom Alice Liddell was a conspicuous *débutante*, left a vivid impression upon him. Then there was the County ball, another at Eynsham, and two sets of tableaux at the Deanery, at which Edith Liddell "looked magnificent as *Hermione* and Mary Queen of Scots", and Hubert acted as "orchestra", the acting being followed by "immense fun" afterwards. Hubert played his last game of football at Oxford, and gave his last luncheon in his "dear old rooms" to Frank Pownall, Willert, Hardy and Wilson, spent two very "delightful and noisy" evenings at the Deanery, and attended (for the first time) the service at St. Barnabas, which he found "wonderfully picturesque" before going home for the Christmas vacation.

A young lady many years ago once asked the present writer where he was going to spend his "Christmas vacuum". There was certainly no "vacuum" in Hubert's vacations, and the record for 1869 shows that he played as

hard and worked harder when he was away from Oxford. To go back to January 1869, we find him at Highnam shooting with his brother Ernest and his cousin Willie Baker; hunting with the Berkeley, and riding with his sister Linda; practising and playing Schumann, playing the organ for Brind, the excellent Highnam organist, conducting the local Madrigal Society, and attending a performance of Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* at the Barnwood Lunatic Asylum. "Poor people!" he writes. "It is a terrible thing to lose one's place in the world and to be useless. Yet they seem very happy, chattering and laughing and looking so pleased at the company and music, the decorated concert hall and at each other." He made merry at children's parties, dances and theatricals; went to two balls; told ghost stories to his brothers and sisters, and read De Quincey. The romance of his life had reached a phase which inspired him with alternations of hope and misery. His love was returned, but his suit was not yet favoured by Lady Maud's mother; and the verses[1] dated Highnam, Jan. 11, 1869, in his diary reveal him as a very "devout lover":

"Brightest dreams shall be forgotten,
Fade from out the heart;
Love by earthly thoughts engendered
Faints when lovers part.
Dearest hopes may be despaired of,
Beauty lose her art:
They are earthborn and must fade
In Lethe, with the bliss they made.

"Hopes that are in Heaven sealed,
These shall perish never;
Love that springs from souls' divineness
Floweth on for ever.
Purer spirits, knit by loving,
Naught on earth shall sever,
Till together, as they roam,
They reach their everlasting Home."

It was in this mood that he paid his farewell visit—a habit that he kept up all his life—to the Pinetum, and found Nature in tune with his thoughts:

[1] Set to music but never published. They were printed in *Macmillan's Magazine* in 1875.

" It looked so sad : the views all a sort of melancholy grey. The foreground partially enveloped in the soft smoke of the charcoal burning, the distance all soft with twilight sadness and thousands of dear old peaceful rooks either giving parties to friends or going to bed all over the gloomy woods, for they were making a tremendous row with their snoring and chattering : such a delicious, comfortable noise ; no waver in it, but perpetual like the sound of an everlasting stream."

From Highnam he went to pay a visit to his cousin Lewis Majendie at Hedingham for a ball on January 19, and hunted with the Essex before returning to Oxford *viâ* London. At Easter he spent a good deal of time in London, and enjoyed a glut of music at the " Pops " and the Crystal Palace. In particular, he singles out one gorgeous " Pop " at which he heard Madame Schumann, Hallé and Arabella Goddard play Bach's triple concerto with a quintet accompaniment—" the perfection of playing "—and curiously enough awards the palm to Hallé. Of Arabella Goddard's playing he was still highly eulogistic, and applies the epithet " glorious " to a composition of Meyerbeer. He heard the *Kreutzer* sonata twice—with Joachim as violinist both times, Madame Schumann and Arabella Goddard as pianists, but abstains from comparisons.

After hearing Father Ignatius preach—" a mixture of clap-trap and real eloquence "—witnessing the boat-race, and enjoying some brief and clandestine meetings with Lady Maud — notably a delicious half-hour's walk which turned Constitution Hill into an enchanted place—Hubert went down to Highnam. Here he practised and read, danced and rode, played cricket and billiards with his brothers, returning to town for a choral concert in Willis's Rooms on April 7, at which Frank Pownall sang a new Anacreontic Ode, and the choir a part-song—both from Hubert's pen. It was good fun, though Hubert was dissatisfied with his performance as soloist and accompanist. " Little Stainer conducted wonderfully ", but the evening was rendered memorable by Mary Herbert's introducing him to Mary Gladstone (Mrs. Drew), which led to a visit to the Gladstones the next morning. There he met Mrs.

Gladstone and Miss Agnes Gladstone, played to them, and " spent such a morning as I shall never forget ". The same day he went down to Reigate for a concert, followed by a dance at the Priory ; at the former he was more contented with his performance as a soloist, though he describes his encore for a Bach Prelude and Fugue as " unexpected and unmerited ". He sat up smoking till 5, and returned by the 11 train, singing part-songs with Frank Pownall and others of the party all the way up to town. Further visits to the Gladstones, whom he liked more and more, followed. Miss Mary Gladstone was in the secret of his romance, and he speaks of her as being " more unutterably kind to me than any one was ever before in my life ". Before returning to Oxford he dined at the London Orphanage Annual Dinner, and was disgusted by the spectacle of City magnates " guzzling violently ".

The Long Vacation opened with another visit to London, when he heard *Don Giovanni* for the first time with Titiens, Patti and Sinico in the cast. He calls it a " marvellous opera " ; the praise is, however, somewhat discounted by his finding Gounod's *Faust* " glorious ", though of no great dramatic value. But the epithet was partly inspired by the fact that he heard the opera in the company of Maud and Mary Herbert. Attendance at St. Andrew's, Wells Street, famous for its music, and at Quebec Chapel, famous for its preaching, are noted in his diary, and of course he attended the 'Varsity match and witnessed the " rustic but effective batting " of C. I. Thornton. At Lord's he met hosts of friends, and congratulated Edward Talbot—afterwards Warden of Keble and Bishop of Rochester and Winchester—on his engagement to Lavinia Lyttelton. From the match he went straight to Cowes, as the guest of Lord Pembroke, and spent " three perfect days on the little schooner *Gem*—too delightful to be particularised ". The weather was calm, but not too calm for a cruise round the island, and the company was all that Hubert could desire and the omens were propitious : " Lady Herbert was more at her ease on a certain subject ".

After a couple of days in London Hubert started for Liége, where he spent the whole of July and August in the house of M. Pradez, a kindly and erudite French Protestant pastor. The primary object of his visit was to work at French, and it was faithfully observed, but Hubert made ample use of his opportunities in other directions. The transit to Antwerp was after his heart: "we had a superbly rough and noisy passage"; he read and enjoyed Beckford's *Vathek* on the journey. His lessons began at once, and though the method was severe, Hubert found M. Pradez an interesting and stimulating teacher. The food was at first unappetising to his British palate, and the grimy industrial surroundings repellent. But he soon found alleviation. At the very outset he struck up a friendship with a very impecunious but gifted and enthusiastic German pianist, Kayser by name, a great lover of Schumann and Chopin. He made many pleasant excursions with the Pradez family, notably to Chaudfontaine and Tilph, where the "freshness and foreignness" of the scene and the lovely woods and flowers were in delightful contrast with the "dust, dirt and din" of Liége. At Chaudfontaine they had coffee and dancing, which Hubert enjoyed, though he does not fail to comment on the singular unloveliness of the girls. Of all these excursions none impressed him more than his visit to Seraing, that remarkable industrial town created by the enterprise and energy of an Englishman, John Cockerill, who turned a wild wood into a town of upwards of 20,000 inhabitants, where upwards of 10,000 men are now employed in the various factories:

"It was wonderful both to hear and to see, passing through that place at night. The fierce blaze of infernal-looking fires made one think of the Hall of Ahrimanes. The regular strokes of the immense iron hammer sounded like the beating of the Fire demon, and the hissing of the huge steam engines like his breath. But, similitudes apart, there is something wonderfully appalling in all that war of industry, that restless activity of fire, steam and humanity, all going on so ceaselessly under the quiet shining of the stars. There the turmoil has no end; the fires

are not quenched. The power of man continues its immense labours night and day, regarding neither time nor seasons. It is like some exaggerated Norse deity, forging an impossibility with the help of the fires of Hades. It has an immensity which belongs not to earth, and a restlessness that belongs not to heaven. Utterly devoid of beauty, it attains to the sublime; and utterly contrary to the peaceful happiness of Paradise, it looks and sounds, at such an hour of the night, like a vision of the fearful magnificence of Inferno. And this was the foundation of one man, John Cockerill, and still, in grateful remembrance of him, bears his name. What an illustration of the power of the mind of man!"

The amount of reading—almost entirely French books—that he got through in those few weeks is remarkable. He was enthralled by Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables*—"an immense poem on the philosophy of suffering", and by the *Travailleurs de la Mer*, though somewhat doubtful—as in *Hypatia*—about the cruelty of the end. He contrasts the clear-headed reasoning on the realities of history revealed in the *Trois Sermons sous Louis XIV*, by the eminent French Protestant divine Felix Bungener, with the passionate romance of Hugo. It is surprising to learn that he found nothing to admire in Béranger. He read aloud and greatly enjoyed Laboulaye's "delicious oriental allegory" *Abdallah*, and Mlle. Pradez put him through a course of French poetry—Victor Hugo, Chénier, de Musset—explaining to him the French metrical system. Hubert records his insular conviction that French cannot be the language of real poetry with such rules and restrictions. But he greatly admired Hugo's *Louis XVII*—and all the more for its inconsistency with his hostility to the Bourbons—and de Musset's *Espoir en Dieu*, "a wonderful sort of moan of a man troubled with waverings of faith and yet wishing to believe". Some parts, however, were too blasphemous to arouse in him any feeling save that of sheer disgust. Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour* and Dickens's "delicious" *Christmas Carol* complete his book list.

But by far the largest amount of space in his diary

is devoted to architecture. Hubert visited all the churches in Liége, and some of them many times. His notes are minute and critical; admiration being tempered by his sense of "the jumble and muddle of decorations" in all Roman churches and his indignation at some of the restorations. He attended service several times in the cathedral; he was impressed by the gorgeousness of the robes and the pomp of the ritual, but pained by the atrocious organ playing. His attitude was detached but never irreverent: he describes the relics without comment; found the celebration of High Mass "undeniably effective", while unable to understand or follow the service at St. Christopher's. On his last day—September 2—he paid farewell visits to six churches, and notes at length the progress of the restorations during his stay. The most interesting of these impressions are musical:

"At St. Martin's I found my dear bell ringing, so I bade him a last farewell. It is one of the grandest notes I ever heard in a bell, nevertheless he is cracked, poor old boy. It is a low A, and his brother sounds the B just above him 'in slow and solemn roar'."

At the Church of St. Denis the organ was famous for a "real *vox humana*", and Hubert found that the saying that it was "like the voices of a choir of distant angels" was no absurdity. The illusion was so powerful that it gave him a "strange thrill of astonishment and delight".

So it was with genuine regret that he parted from the kindly Pradez family, especially the pastor. He had got quite fond of his little room, and, for the rest, "it is but natural to humanity to feel sad at leaving anything it is accustomed to, or respects, for ever". His sojourn had been brightened by the "glorious news" that Eton had beaten Harrow, and by a glimpse of his sister Linda on her way through to Berlin. The only event that clouded his holiday was the death, after a long illness, of his "dear uncle Walter," Dr. Hamilton, the Bishop of Salisbury, a grievous loss, though not unexpected. There is no mention of his having done any original composition during his stay, but he speaks of having "finished copying the first

movement of his concerto " (presumably an early sketch for the F sharp concerto), and attending a concert at Seraing given by his friend Kayser.

On his homeward journey he visited Louvain and, on arriving at Harwich, paid a round of visits to his cousins at Hedingham and Bayfordbury and his grandmother, Mrs. Clinton, at Park Gate. At Bayfordbury Hubert indulged in kite-flying with the butler, who was a great expert in this engaging pastime ; mention is also made of a children's ball at which Hubert danced furiously with lots of little children, and of the intermittent perusal of Locke. Then followed a fortnight at Highnam, where there was a large gathering of aunts and cousins, with rides with his brother Clinton, whom he " missed terribly " on his departure. Then he was " summoned " to Cowes again, to join the Pembroke party on the *Gem*. A week was spent in short cruises, and walks on the island with Maud and Mary Herbert. For most of the time they were a quartet—Lord Pembroke, his two sisters, and Hubert, who had a " gloriously happy " time and incidentally finished reading Locke, before the *Gem* was laid up for the winter. They all left Cowes together, and Hubert spent the end of this crowded " Vac." at Highnam, which on his arrival was full of parsons assembled for the Church Congress. Hubert practised on the piano, read Hallam and rode a good deal on his favourite hunter, " dear old Bob," in company with his sister Linda.

The cathedral services now as always exerted their spell, and he speaks of being specially moved by one at which " God be merciful unto us," by S. S. Wesley, then organist, " sounded wonderfully in the nave ". In these days Hubert was also engaged in the arrangement of pictures at Highnam, and mentions among his favourites the Correggio, a head of Salvator Rosa, Leonardo's " Virgin and Child," Verrocchio's " St. John," and paintings by Garofalo and Antonello da Messina — the spoils of his father's early visit to Italy.

Mention may here be made, though it was paid in the course of the Michaelmas term, of a brief but memorable

visit to Hawarden, where Lady Herbert and her daughters Mary and Maud were of the house party, which included "all sorts of nice people"—Lord John Hervey, Lord Halifax, the Marquis of Lorne, Sir Dudley Marjoribanks, the Mildmays, Lascelles and Egertons; "such a jolly party". Hubert had heaps of music, two delightful dances, paid visits to the old castle and the rectory, and played fives with Lord Lorne and others. On the last day he "danced and played the piano all the morning", and left in the afternoon quite in love with the Gladstones, reading Mill's *Liberty* all the way back to Oxford.

On his return to Highnam for the Christmas vacation, Hubert spent all his spare time in reading, and to good purpose, for he got through the whole of Gibbon, some Lingard, Bryce's *Holy Roman Empire*, Mill's *Political Economy*, and Joinville's *Life of St. Louis*. How he managed it all is something of a miracle, for the house was full of guests—"nice people, all of them"—whom he ranges in the following crescendo of attractiveness—Lord and Lady Somers and their daughter, Lady FitzHardinge, Major Prendergast, and finally Willie Keatinge, "whom I think one of the dearest fellows on earth". He went to three balls, including the Gloucester and the Hereford and Ross Ball, to say nothing of a very successful children's dance at Highnam and visits to the Ricardos and Clives. Christmas was "very jolly"; Hubert got some skating and "fell successfully" through the ice on the pond and the flooded fields "numberless times". The last few days of the vacation he spent in town, where he attended the pantomime, and, best of all, met Maud and Mary Herbert, whom he saw off to Wilton in the company of "Dicky" Doyle. The Lent term of 1870 found Hubert comfortably established in his new rooms at Forrest's in the Turl, and very busy coaching for his Schools. He got three days' good skating in January, enjoyed himself immensely at a so-called children's party at the Leightons, and there are cordial references in his diary to Henry Pelham, now a don at Exeter, and to Dr. Kitchin, his old master, now Censor of Non-collegiate Students at Oxford—subsequently Dean

of Winchester and of Durham—and his attractive children. He also mentions his reading Tennyson's "Holy Grail" series, and his abiding preference for "The Passing of Arthur" and "Guinevere". "That *is* glorious", he adds, thus foreshadowing his choice of the text of his only and unpublished opera some fourteen years later. At this point, "owing to reading becoming necessary in larger quantities till the Schools, and the Schools being followed by an unusually festive Commemoration, and Commemoration by a month or so of the London Season", Hubert's diary collapsed for nearly eight months. But the summary which he afterwards wrote, before resuming the daily entries, gives an animated survey of his life in the interval:

"During the collapse things wagged on much as usual. My reading was carried on to the extent of 5 or 6 hours per diem at home and between 7 or 8 at Oxford, and there carried me into a Second Class [in the old Law and History School]. At which Possie [his father] and other persons kindly interested were pleased; and since they were pleased, nothing could please me more. I gave up my captaincy of the XI., and only played in one match—and that after the Schools. I retained till the end my Presidency of the Adelphi, and of the Exeter Musical Society, whose concert was about the best I have ever been at in Oxford. 'Commem.' was superb. I found myself on the Committee of both the 'Varsity and the Eton and Harrow Balls. 'Commem.' was also important, owing to the installation of the new Chancellor, Lord Salisbury, and the company was quite worthy of the occasion. We had also fêtes and garden parties, luncheons and picnics, concerts and organ recitals — everything pleasure-seeking humanity could desire, including sublime weather. And so it passed, and behold all was vanity and vexation of spirit. To me, now weary in body and soul, the end of my happiest time as yet on earth was come. I felt the parting from Oxford most bitterly. There is much to treasure in its remembrance: with all the follies and recklessness of that youthful commonwealth, there is much that is lovely and lovable, much that is true and generous, much even that is high and noble. Farewell cherished reminiscences! Happy Deanery evenings—social 'Adelphis'—merry unambitious lodging-house dinner parties — football matches — and happiest of all, the many intertwinings of youthful loving

souls in music and pure conversation—ye are of the irrevocable. Farewell!

"From thence I passed to a fit scene to drown my earthly sorrows, and entered on the latter part of a rushing London season—a time which made the days seem as though they were not, and whose nights were as the restlessness of troubled spirits which seek the unattainable. Yet there were some gleams of pleasure: pleasant visits and music at the Gladstones, where I often saw Maud and Mary Herbert. At this time too I made the acquaintance of Lewis Majendie's wife [Lady Margaret Lindsay, daughter of Lord Crawford] and her family, who are most particularly delightful in a quiet way. One great evil came upon me. The crash came, correspondence and loving converse were stopped, and for a short time all was black. But the people concerned were still kind, and my sorrow was soon dispelled by the assurance of a faithful heart yet left to me in all the changings of fortune.

"After the season I paid a week's visit to the Beresford Hopes at Bedgebury, where everybody is merry, noisy and kind. We had cricket matches, and trap-bat-and-ball matches, which latter caused a huge excitement among the ladies, and even the gentlemen found it very amusing—so much so that I since imported the game to Highnam, where, while the Lears were there, it flourished with the utmost vigour. After Bedgebury I spent some time with Lewis Majendie and his wife at Hedingham, finding her above all things worthiest of a noble affection, and one to make Lewis eminently happy among men. A short visit to Bayfordbury[1] followed, and then home—where I spent a quiet time copying MS. music, practising, and shooting till the end of September. The time was specially noticeable for an adventurous trip which Ernest and I took in two canoes from Over bridge to Sharpness Point on the Severn, wherein we met with various fortune; being cast upon banks and quicksands, narrowly escaping destruction in the rapids by Westbury Cliff, where we avoided a rock by only about one yard; then being benighted, we were cast upon a reef opposite Broad Oak near Newnham by the rapids; and were only relieved of mud, cold and vexation by the kindness of a neighbouring gentleman, who at

[1] William Robert Baker of Bayfordbury, Herts (1810–1896), married the eldest daughter of Henry Fynes Clinton, and sister of Hubert's mother. His son, William Clinton Baker, married a Majendie and was thus doubly Hubert's cousin.

length, having solaced us with beer, sent us on our way to a friendly hostel, where we found food and shelter. Next morning we pursued a more prosperous journey on the glorious broad river. We had a fine breeze when past the 'Nooze', and in the broad part opposite Frampton, and had to wait for a more quiet passage to the Point in the hospitable creek of Gatcombe, where we spent a pleasant hour in the company of the sociable pilots, and enjoyed a simple luncheon and also the beauty of that little cluster of houses nestled in a division of the red cliffs, and afterwards passed across to the Point in safety. There we carried our canoes over the side of the huge locks, and went up the canal to Frampton, where we rested the night and arrived at Gloucester, after a journey of 80 miles, on the following morning.

"After that there was peace for a time in the bosom of the family, broken by the sad loss of the noble ship *Captain*, which overwhelmed with it the noble and beautiful boyhood of the much-loved Reggie Herbert. 'The race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong; but time and chance to them all.' And God took him; and there are many sorrowers left behind to be prayed for by those who love them, and the hearts of men are weary and sick for the horrors which surround them. There, near at hand, are thousands upon thousands suffering and dying in the terrible war between France and Germany. Napoleon taken; Toul making a noble resistance; Strasbourg and its noble cathedral suffering the horror of bombardment; Paris invested and France suffering once again the horrors of spoliation, death and living miseries. What are we, in the midst of these painstricken, sorrowing millions, that we should consider our own trivial discomforts? Yet so it is, and yet again all is vanity and vexation of spirit, and now the end of the home life of peace is come. This is my last night at home with Possie. I cannot but be sad. London is to receive me that I may try the hateful occupation of money-making. Such is destiny, till the powerful hand of God shall shorten it, and take us if He will (and that we believe assuredly, through Jesus Christ) to the eternity of peace and assurance unchangeable."

The ritual of farewell to Highnam was more than usually elaborate, including, besides a "lovely ride to May Hill and back by Bulley and Rodway Hill" through the woods—a favourite round—a farewell visit to the Pinetum and to

the bells in Highnam Church, for Hubert had a personal affection for bells as well as trees. He played a last concluding voluntary at the evening service, and ended his last home Sunday sitting " in my dear little study, with Uncle Henry's old clock ticking away comfortably and composedly, my music paper and books lying all over the place and my long pipe breathing out comfort ". It was the close of a chapter in more ways than he was aware of, for the resigned spirit of the concluding sentences of the passage quoted above was never regained and soon yielded to the " obstinate doubts and questionings " from which he ultimately emerged into the ethical idealism of his later years.

Hubert did not begin his work at Lloyd's till the middle of November. In the interval he paid another visit to his cousin Lewis Majendie, primarily for the reopening of the chancel of the church at Hedingham, which had been restored by Henry Woodyer, the well-known architect, who had designed Highnam Church just twenty years earlier. The interest of this visit was largely architectural ; Hubert met a great many " nice people " at Hedingham, including the bishop, Dr. Claughton, who preached at the opening service, and had several days' shooting with his cousin, but devotes far the most space in his diary to the record of two excursions to the fine churches within easy access of Hedingham —Lavenham, Thaxted (where he tried the organ), Samford and Bardfield. His notes are minute and enthusiastic, very critical of restorations, and indignant at the neglect of Thaxted and Samford. He made the acquaintance of his prospective partner Ranald McDonell, who came down for a week-end at Hedingham, and returned for a few days in the middle of October to Highnam, where there was a large family party, and where Hubert read Ruskin's *Queen of the Air*. Hubert had been rather bored by his views on the connexion of art and morality, of which Ruskin " had given us such a dose in his Oxford lectures ", but admitted that he made out a very good case for a doctrine which Hubert himself came increasingly to support, and, for the rest, the book was " wonderfully written and well worth study ".

A flying visit to Oxford to wind up business relative to football, "Commem." balls, etc., reveals Hubert as the sound financier. He was able to report that he had cleared off the debt of over £70 which he found on entering office as President of the "Adelphi", and had the satisfaction of seeing Frank Pownall installed as his successor. Hubert was not good at making money for himself, but he was exceedingly efficient as well as conscientious in looking after other people's money. Thence he returned to Hedingham, to continue his exploration of Essex churches, and, in company with Lewis Majendie, to make an exhaustive investigation of the antiquities of Colchester. Fortified by an excellent oyster lunch they examined the Roman remains, St. Botolph's Priory Church, and made a thorough inspection of the Castle, of which Hubert gives an elaborate plan, with an excellent pencil sketch and copious notes on the structure. The old prison specially impressed him as the only instance known to him of "unaltered evidence on the execrable old prison system", and he bought a good gold "Arcadius" at a curiosity shop to add to his coin collection at Highnam.

While at Hedingham Hubert went to Sudbury, Gainsborough's birthplace, to see a small collection of his pictures in the possession of a descendant, and at the house of a neighbouring clergyman, Mr. Raymond, saw more Gainsboroughs and a "magnificent Teniers"; he also left a long description of the marvellous *aurora borealis* seen on the night of October 24, "a sight of supreme wonder which made us more silent for the rest of the evening. Abroad it is frequently taken for a sign or a portent, in England mostly as a mere atmospheric wonder. But wherever seen and however interpreted it was a sight not to be forgotten." This was the famous auroral display which was mistaken in London for a great conflagration, supposed to be raging in the district of Kingsland, with the result of many calls to the fire stations and immense gatherings of spectators watching what they supposed to be the progress of the largest fire that ever occurred in London since the days of Charles II. From Hedingham Hubert went

for a week to Bayfordbury, where the church, designed by Henry Woodyer, was rapidly approaching completion, and spent a happy day at St. Albans with his cousin William Baker, examining the beauties of the great church with minute and loving care, and " getting a short play on the organ ". While at Bayfordbury he paid two visits to Park Gate to see his grandmother and aunts. Hubert now as always was a very " good family man " ; he was sincerely attached to his relations ; his affection for his mother's people was deep and abiding, and he records the death of " dear old Grannie Clinton " at Dover a few months later with tender regret.

By the middle of November Hubert had moved to London, which remained in a sense his headquarters till his death, and embarked on his brief business career. But from the very outset he seems to have regarded the City as " a grand place to live out of ". Beyond a rare reference to the finances of his venture, never rosy in their prospect, the entries in his diary hardly ever go beyond the bare mention " To the City ". His heart was never in the work of money-making ; the chief landmarks in this first year in London were two sermons preached by Stopford Brooke,[1] and the concerts at St. James's Hall and the Crystal Palace. The sermons are fully summarized : the first, which he attended with Eddie Hamilton and Hamilton Hoare, was peculiarly attuned to his mood, for in it the preacher maintained that a man who paraded his blind faith as superior to his neighbour's truth-seeking, who stifled the voice of reason and said " doubt is damnable " and condemned every soul that did not do the same, was no better than an infidel. " Intellect is the guard and watchman of the soul, who says : ' I cannot admit you without examining your passport ', and stands with drawn sword over his charge, till he sees that reason can admit the incomer." The second, preached on January 15, took the form of a survey of the various aspects of the martyrdom of Stephen, whom the preacher claimed as the first martyr

[1] Mr. Stopford Brooke, it may be noted, did not secede from the English Church till nine years later.

of Christian progress. For Christianity progresses by perpetual revelation; it was no lifeless, unprogressive creed, and "Stephen, the first martyr, was the first who raised the question of progress in the Church—the Ἑλληνιστής". The eloquence and fervour of the preacher were such that Hubert was completely overcome "for the first time in his life on such an occasion," and he sums up: "This *was* a sermon. I would that all the world might have heard it."

In the realm of music Beethoven, the *bête noire* of the extreme modernists of to-day, dominated the programmes of the "Pops" and the Crystal Palace. Hubert heard *Fidelio* at the opera in November 1870, "certainly magnificent music", and at the Crystal Palace he heard the Pastoral, the 7th and the Choral Symphonies, and writes of the last named: "It is superb. It begins to dawn on me now. As Lecky says of Greek statuary, when it dawns upon one it is like a revelation". Here, too, he heard the Violin Concerto with Mme. Norman-Neruda, the *Ruins of Athens*, the Choral Fantasia, and the Pianoforte Variations in C minor. In short "we have had perpetual Beethoven", with Arabella Goddard (Mrs. Davison), of whom he grows more critical, as most frequent soloist. It was much the same at the "Pops", which Hubert regularly attended. Hubert was not resentful of the Beethoven cult; he enjoyed it, but he has good words to say of Mendelssohn, Sterndale Bennett and Schubert, though there is ambiguity in the description of the "Unfinished Symphony" as "peculiarly fine for Schubert". London was full of exiled French musicians; Gounod had become a resident, and was present at a concert for the benefit of the French Refugees on Christmas Eve, 1870, at which the singing of Faure, the famous French bass-baritone, exhausted Hubert's command of superlatives. There had been an admirable performance by two pianists, MM. Lubeck and Delahaye, of Schumann's "thrillingly divine" duo (Andante and Variations), violin solos, and some fine singing by Mme. Viardot-Garcia:

"But they all sank into Lethe in the presence of such a power as Faure, with a voice of tempestuous magnificence

which he wields with as much ease as a highly educated soprano. The tremendous *scena* of Rossini, full of brilliant roulades, gave such an idea of power as to strike one with an overwhelming feeling of awe, not unmixed with exaltation, and when a few minutes later he came on with Gounod to sing one of his most delicate songs, I could not forbear exclaiming 'Heavens! will he sing that?' Miss Stephenson who was sitting next me, and quite as excited as I was, said 'You will see: he can do anything he pleases'. And even so surely he did it. He sang it as delicately, with his great powerful organ, as any girl soprano might. He stood there with a sort of quiet unmoved aspect, the very impersonation of power—like a great steam hammer, that could stroke you so softly you could hardly feel it, or crush you to atoms with a blow."

It was through the Stephensons that Hubert made the acquaintance of Lubeck, the pianist, "a most charming and amusing man", and in the early months of 1871 took eight lessons on the pianoforte from him. "It was very sad for me that he left England so soon, as it was very delightful working with him, and a few more lessons might have enabled me to attain a certain degree of excellence which I altogether despair of without help. However, he has at least taught me how to practise, if I can find time for it."

The spring of 1871 was also memorable to Hubert for bringing him into contact with Stockhausen, one of the greatest singers of the time, with Joachim, whom he met first at Walter Broadwood's, and with Mme. Schumann and her daughters, "whom I revere hugely as the wife and children of one of the highest of my ideal composers". Joachim he found "one of the most charming of men"—a view modified in later years—and "a genius of the highest order". It was one of the Schumann girls who told Hubert of Brahms's devotion to Bach, and how he played the organ fugues, preludes and chorales and toccatas on the pianoforte "in a manner unsurpassable". Hubert's first impressions of Brahms's own music were derived from a concert given by Willem Coenen, the Dutch pianist, who settled in London in 1862. Here he heard "a Quintet, frightfully difficult and some of it rather crude at a first

hearing. But wonderfully vigorous and bold in treatment." For the moment, however, Hubert was prepared to accept the view of his friend Lubeck that Brahms belonged to a school which had " developed and worked out the crudities and irregularities or ' crackednesses ' of their high priest Schumann, but had omitted to take due notice of his beauties ". Hubert thus heard a great deal of music, but no mention is made of any composition save of an " interlude " for his set of sonnets published in 1875.

Christmas was spent at Highnam, a very happy time with plenty of skating which he " enjoyed beyond measure" ; the New Year at Hedingham, after which he returned to Highnam for two balls, and then spent a few days of unalloyed delight at Wilton, which was looking very lovely in the snow. " Words fail " Hubert to describe his happiness, but he mentions " a gorgeous drive in the Woronzoff [1] sledge, with bells and all, Maud and I tucked in under a pile of rugs in front, with Sidney behind. I drove and both ponies were very fresh, much excited by the jangling of the bells, and went like the wind."

In the second half of January Hubert was one of a very large and pleasant house party at Haigh Hall, Lord Crawford's Lancashire house, skating all day and dancing every night. Lady Jane Lindsay, one of the younger daughters of the house, remembers him as " a fashionable young man, the gayest, most delightful, and high-spirited of companions, rushing to the piano at odd moments for bursts of improvisation ", but, as yet, without any definite resolve to dedicate his life to music. His friendship with her elder sister, Lady Margaret Majendie, was founded on strong mutual regard. Dinners and dances followed on his return to town, and he went with the Sturgises and Lady Gillford to see *The Palace of Truth* and *Uncle's Will*, in which Miss Madge Robertson (Mrs. Kendal) " acted to a miracle in her own line ".

The call of the City cannot have been very exacting,

[1] Lady Maud's grandmother, the second wife of the 11th Earl of Pembroke, was Countess Catherine Woronzoff, only daughter of Count Simon Woronzoff.

and Hubert does not claim to have been more than "tolerably regular" in his attendance during the year 1871. Business was somewhat slack, but his own "affairs" were growing gradually more and more satisfactory. He had spent some delightful days at Wilton, he was allowed to go frequently to Lady Herbert's house in Chesham Place, and on the night (ever memorable to him) of Tuesday, June 20, 1871, he received the news that "It was to be no more a secret". The joyful tidings was conveyed to him by Lady Crawford at her ball, when she congratulated him, much to his surprise, as he was saying "How d'ye do". Till then he had allowed himself to "fall rather over much into the vortex of the rushing season", and, but for his visits to Chesham Place and his lessons with Lubeck, "that time is worthily forgotten". Now there was "no alloy to his perfect satisfaction". His father and step-mother were in town for two months, and for that time he lived with them. He went down to Southampton with Lady Herbert and her daughters to welcome Lord Pembroke on his return, and stayed at Wilton for his coming of age:

"There were great doings and the house was 'crammed to the bung'—Eddie [Hamilton] and I sleeping in the nursery with Sidney and 'Minga' [Michael Herbert] next door. We played many practical jokes, ate many dinners in an enormous tent outside the front hall door, had magnificent fireworks and a tenants' dance in the 'double cube', and had great fun altogether."

Lady Maud paid her first visit to Highnam in the summer, and they made expeditions to the Speech House in the Forest of Dean, to Tintern and Chepstow; while early in August Hubert and his partner took a most successful little tour to Havre, Caen, Lisieux and Rouen. No year in Hubert's life was complete without some accident. For the last two months of 1871 his right hand was disabled by the bite of a surly dog, which he had endeavoured to tame by drastic methods. This accident interfered with his attendance in the City, but he spent his Sundays regularly at Wilton, and saw Lord Pembroke and Dr. George Kingsley ("The Earl and the Doctor" of *South*

Sea Bubbles) off on their travels from Southampton in November.

Hubert's diary suffered another "collapse" in 1871, but it was not due, as so often happened in later years, to overwork or illness, but to a "fit of happiness". "Hearts in equal love combined kindle never-dying fires", and the mutual attachment which had begun while he was still at Eton, and had survived many harassing periods of absence and misgiving, was crowned by his marriage to Elizabeth Maud Herbert on June 25, 1872. The event is chronicled in his stepmother's diary under that date: "Our dear Hubert married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. All went well. A beautiful bride and bridegroom."

Resuming his diary in May 1873, Hubert writes:

"In the interval happened the supreme event of my life. I remember I was not a bit nervous at the marriage, only absorbed in utter happiness. It was rather like a dream. It was a showery morning, but cleared up sufficiently for Maud and me to have a ride over the windy downs when we got to Wilton, where we spent our honeymoon. Such a place to honeymoon in in Summer! Next door to impossible to do anything else. I had all sorts of plans beforehand of what I would do with such a lot of time at my disposal, and it ended in absolutely nothing but being happy and leaving the rest alone. From Wilton we went to Highnam, where they got up a little greeting for us—triumphal arches and decorations, waving of hats and cheering. We had a very happy time there, and then went to London to Chesham Place for a little and finally to Bengeo where I began going up to the City as usual."

CHAPTER IV

BREAKING AWAY · RATIONALISM · DANNREUTHER AND WAGNER

At Bengeo in Hertfordshire, close to Hertford and only a few miles from Bayfordbury, the home of his cousins the Bakers, Hubert Parry rented a place called St. Holme from another cousin, Mrs. Gambier, for a year. The garden was a small paradise of roses, and the strawberry beds were marvellously productive; Hubert picked and ate strawberries to his heart's content. But the chief charm of the place was in the adjoining woods, which he and his wife scoured in "glorious botanical walks", hunting for orchids and other wild flowers, roaming amid forests of foxgloves. Hubert Parry was more than a mere "hedge-naturalist" and his careful observations on the peculiarities of the growth of yellow flowering nettles were only the first of a series of experiments which led him on to the use of the microscope, and his subsequent studies in mycology and algology. He joined in hunting snails with his gardener, not without feelings of compunction at their wholesale destruction, and the strange and inconsistent evidences of the maternal instinct in animals, as manifested by their own cats, did not escape an eye which never regarded facts in isolation but always in relation to other facts. Strenuous pastimes gave place at Bengeo to the milder recreation afforded by bowls and quoits, but at Bayfordbury, whither he frequently drove over in his pony trap, he took a characteristic pleasure in sailing model boats on the pond and exploding squibs under water, torpedo-wise.

Fireworks of all sorts, especially when accompanied by a tremendous bang, always gave him delight. This boyish humanity never left him; but even in these early years one meets the serious Hubert, self-critical even when amused with himself, as when he writes down a list of what he had consumed during the day to illustrate the wonderful variety of things a man gets through in the way of eating and drinking. He enumerates thirty-three items, beginning with porridge, fish, rice and eggs, winding up with ginger, port, sherry and prunes, and observes "the moral is that one varies one's diet. Maud says I am as bad as John Ridd; certainly she is as delicate in her eating as Lorna Doone."

Hubert Parry's healthy appetite recalls the peroration of "C. S. C.'s" Ode to Beer:

> "Seared is, of course, my heart, but unsubdued
> Is and shall be my appetite for food."

The daily railway travelling, however, affected his health, and he suffered now, as always, from occasional sleeplessness, which he relieved by nocturnal walks and listening to early bird concerts, notably the performance of a ridiculous blackbird, whose favourite burden "sung with a sort of careless *fortissimo*" is recorded in his diary. As for his railway journeys, he learned to accommodate himself to them in later life and found them even stimulating to his creative impulse, and, while living at Bengeo, was indebted to them for a memorable experience. A breakdown on the morning of May 9, 1873 and a delay at Wood Green Station enabled him to spend an hour inspecting the Alexandra Palace on the eve of its opening to the public. On his return journey in the afternoon when he passed Hornsey "nothing was left of the huge Palace, its fine organ, statuary, tapestry, pictures, huge dome and splendid vistas but a heap of smouldering ruins". The fire, caused by a plumber's brazier in the dome, started at 1 P.M.; the place was burnt out in an hour; "and nothing was left for its gardeners and organist, its composer and conductor, its instrumentalists and ballet

dancers and all its legions of employees but bare walls and a heap of hopeless ashes ".

The longest reference to his labours at Lloyd's occupies less than a line of his diary, in which he speaks of having a " very nice fairly hard day's work ". But his partner Ranald McDonell was a frequent visitor at Bengeo. He was interested in botany and kept a herbarium ; interested also in letters and music, and Hubert's " Garland of Old-fashioned Songs ", published in 1874, is dedicated to him. Other welcome visitors were his cousin Eddie Hamilton and Martin Gosselin (" Goosey "), both Eton friends and accomplished musicians. Hubert practised a great deal at his piano—working at Cramer's and Henselt's exercises as well as pieces by Beethoven and Schumann—and composed a good many songs, including the three published by Lamborn Cock in 1873 (one of which is dedicated to Lady Alexandrina Murray, the Una of their rides at Highnam in 1868), and pieces for pianoforte. His reading was in the main serious, and his comments on Burke's treatise on *The Sublime and the Beautiful*, which he read for the first time with wonder and admiration, are remarkable as an early illustration of a conviction which only strengthened with advancing years :

" It would be well if the modern society critics of music would read and take to heart some of his doctrines. For they seem to think that the object of music is only to be ' beautiful ' and enervating, and quite ignore the higher and nobler province of the sublime and invigorating."

Even deeper was the impression created by the *Meditations* of Marcus Aurelius :

" I think Marcus Aurelius's view of the criterion of personal morality is infinitely more true and even more workable than any modern theory ; viz., the sacredness of the soul or personality which God has given into our charge, and the nobleness of the duty and work of keeping it pure and untarnished, and that virtue must be followed for itself alone, and further (as it has always struck me) that the consciousness of virtue is the only perfect happiness."

Concurrently we find him much interested in the criticisms of Strauss, the author of *Das Leben Jesu*, which had appeared in the *Contemporary Review*, and in the correspondence between Lord Pembroke and Mr. Gladstone arising out of the former's *Roots : a Plea for Tolerance*. Hubert Parry was a staunch supporter of Mr. Gladstone's political views, but could not acquit him of a considerable amount of sophistry as a theological controversialist. For the rest, the book list during the stay at Bengeo was as various as the list of eatables and drinkables given above—ranging from Seneca to Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*, from Motley's *Dutch Republic* to Melville's sea stories, from Plato's *Dialogues* to Edmond About's *Le Nez d'un Notaire*. It was the same with his playgoing ; he went twice to see *Antony and Cleopatra* (with Miss Wallis), but was amused by the " very rowdy " farce of *Nemesis* at the Strand, delighted by Clarke in *The Heir at Law* and *The Widow Hunt*, and by James, Thorne, Warner, and Horace Wigan in *The Road to Ruin*.

This was the year of the visit of the Shah and the exhibition of Doré's gigantic and much-criticized " Christ leaving the Praetorium ". Hubert Parry was at first irritated by the fuss made over the Shah, and indulges in a philosophical explanation which reads oddly to-day :

" I suppose it is because we are so chary of our holidays and concentrate all our enthusiasm upon such rare occasions, that when the impetus answers to an occasion we are not particular about its being worthy or reasonable."

With the indefinite multiplication of these occasions, the discrimination of the public has grown less rather than greater, witness the delirious rapture excited by the advent of athletes or film stars. But Hubert was agreeably disappointed by the results, and came to the conclusion that the Shah had learned from his visit that he was " *not* the sole autocrat, and that the people are an important element in the composition of a nation and in its prosperity ". He was also agreeably disappointed by Doré, having gone prepared to scoff, and remaining, if not to pray, at any

rate to appreciate and admire the artist's bold disregard of tradition:

"The design of the picture does not conform to the emotions of the religionists, trained in the mediæval poetical supernaturalism of Perugino and Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, Botticelli and Orcagna; but for all that I rather think that its realistic and dramatic breadth is more mentally healthy, with its fierce Jews and stolid soldiers, sorrowing women and swaying multitudes."

The tribute is all the more remarkable when one remembers that the writer had spent his youth in a house filled with pictures representing the old tradition of sacred art and never outgrew his reverence for them. He also appreciatively notes Doré's landscapes and winds up with the epigrammatic remark: "He seems to be able to paint in every style, and is always capable of success though not always successful".

In July Hubert Parry and his wife left Bengeo for London, regretfully leaving their "dear little snuggery" behind them. They drove up to town *viâ* Waltham and took up their quarters with Lady Herbert before moving into their own house in Cranley Place, a process involving (for Hubert) a great deal of back-aching work in unpacking, arranging furniture and hanging pictures. Assiduous in familiarizing himself with all phases of belief, he went to hear Monsignor Capel preach on Confession at St. George's, Southwark, made an analysis of the sermon, admired the music, but found too much theatrical mummery in the service. His attitude to Romanism as a creed was invariably critical, not to say hostile, but void of personal animosity, and the very next entry in his diary describes his meeting, at Lady Herbert's house, Vaughan, "the new Archbishop of Sydney . . . a gloriously unsophisticated and honest specimen of a man like the Bishop in *Les Misérables*—the most delightful specimen of a Roman priest I ever met". A week at Highnam, where he rode and practised, and attended a cricket ball, was followed by a most successful trip to Lynmouth. He went with his sister Beatrice by steamer to Portishead, his wife and

his brother by rail and coach. There they enjoyed themselves in walks and scrambles, passing on to Ilfracombe, "a horrible fashionable watering place", and Morthoe, where Hubert had a splendid, because perilous bathe in "great white roaring waves". Thence they went to Wilton, where he played cricket, bathed, "pottered", and made great friends with Lady Folkestone, Lord Chaplin's sister, now Helen Countess of Radnor, "who sings better than any amateur I ever heard—French, Italian, English and Schubert all equally well". The friendship, which remained throughout his life, was based on music, but fortified by the fact that "neither she nor her husband have any humbug or stuck-up-edness about them". Hubert spent much time in the library, examining illuminated MSS., Elzevirs, engravings of Dürer and Rembrandt, and other covetable treasures; read *The Mill on the Floss*, which he found "unjustifiably harrowing", and Addison's *Cato*, a strange but typically Hubertian conjunction; he also played in and enjoyed several cricket matches, including one with an Aldershot XI. who stayed for the night and had a tremendous bear-fight till 3 A.M. Lord Pembroke and Mr. Gladstone were still continuing their correspondence, and Hubert's admiration of the statesman was seriously impaired by his "sophistries" as a dialectical gladiator. At the end of August Hubert returned to town and the labours of arranging books and wrestling with upholsterers. But he found time in the next fortnight to read two books which materially assisted his divergence from orthodoxy—Samuel Butler's *Erewhon* and Matthew Arnold's *Literature and Dogma*. Of the former he writes, with something like enthusiasm:

"I have scarcely ever liked a book better. I have always thought that it was on the principles of this book, *i.e.* analogy, that the fallacies of people's everyday beliefs and actions could be most tellingly brought home to them. And this book does it as well as anything could in my estimation—as searchingly, closely and truly."

Hubert also read *The Fair Haven*, but his absence of any comment is perhaps significant. For while he held

satire to be legitimate, he was no lover of caricature. It was the freedom from extremes or exaggeration that impressed him in *Literature and Dogma* :

" He has the boldness to take up a distinct line of his own, neither pandering to the extreme taste of enthusiastic sceptics nor showing a tittle of leniency to self-satisfied theologians. It expresses to me what I myself have always wished to put into words, without success, with regard to the life and work of Christ, and the view which we should take of Him and His reporters."

This moderation appealed to Hubert, but failed to impress some of his agnostic friends, who dismissed Matthew Arnold as a dilettante and sentimentalist ; Hubert himself was less pleased with *Culture and Anarchy*, in which he found certain hobbies ridden to death, and the satire, though very amusing, not always fair. Perhaps his best criticism was contained in the remark that the re-stating of received opinions in new lights was " likely to do good to ordinary readers if ordinary readers read him ".

Hubert was back at Wilton on September 13 for cub-hunting, enjoying the companionship of Wilton Phipps and Spencer Lyttelton, but very " grumpy " at coming a cropper owing to the " furious bucking " of his mount and the breaking of a stirrup leather. At a Wagner concert in London on September 16 he thought the *Kaisermarsch* " splendid ", but failed to detect its thrasonic vein ; and his receptivity to new methods in art is further shown by the profound impression created on him by Verestchagin's pictures at the Crystal Palace :

" The Central Asian landscapes are superb and the battle pictures horribly and wonderfully real. I have never seen such a superb collection of modern pictures, and the Russians may well be proud of him."

Hubert spent another delightful week at Wilton " all alone with George [Lord Pembroke] ", at the end of October, hunting and enjoying the splendid weather and the pageantry of autumn in the park, but the events which counted most in shaping his career in the later months of

1873 were concerned with music—above all the beginning of his long, fruitful and unclouded association with Edward Dannreuther, only ended by the death of his master in 1906. Before that he had begun to attend the Crystal Palace concerts regularly, was engaged on his Variations on an Aria of Bach (dedicated to Macfarren), and was more depressed by his continued inability through nervousness to play decently before his friends than by the gloomy reports of his partner of their business losses. "I work and work at my practising, and yet my nervousness makes a bigger fool of me every time I play to any one." On November 8 he heard Hans von Bülow—whom he had up till then only known as an editor of Beethoven's works—give a magnificent account of the solo in the E flat Concerto at the Crystal Palace. "He is the finest player I have yet heard, and is so at home with his instrument that it is quite funny to see him." In the spring Dannreuther had expressed a favourable opinion of Hubert's composition, as we gather from the following letter to his sister :

(*To Beatrice Gambier-Parry*)

April 21, 1873.

"Sweet little B.—I was quite wild with delight over your letter. I never had such encouragement or any so worth having in my life before. I was quite crazy all day Saturday after it came. And what ducks you and Linda are to take such an interest in my music. It is so nice of you both to be so eager for a good opinion from Dannreuther. I hope he meant what he said and that you did not exaggerate through your dear willingness to make me happy. You need not have any qualms about learning any of them [his pieces] now, need you ? after having such an opinion, and I hope you won't find them very hard. . . . Was Possie pleased at Dannreuther's opinion ?"

But *the* red-letter day in 1873 was November 11, when he had his first lesson from Dannreuther :

"He is a decided Radical in music, and goes in for the most advanced style and the most liberal interpretation of the old style. He teaches the pianoforte in a thoroughly

radical way and dispenses with all the old dogmas of playing with the intention of obtaining the finest effect by any means. He goes to work thoroughly and has set me to work at Tausig's hideous mechanical exercises, and one sonata to work at at a time. If the former don't drive me mad or kill me, I should think he will do me a wonderful lot of good."

These moderate expectations were richly fulfilled. Edward Dannreuther (1844–1906) had studied at Leipzig under Moscheles and Hauptmann, and though faithful to the old masters, was an ardent friend and champion of Wagner, the translator of several of his works, his host in London and a leading promoter of the Festival in 1877. A resident in London from 1863 till his death, he was the first to play Chopin's F minor Concerto in its entirety in England at his first public appearance in this country at the Crystal Palace in April 1863; and he was the first to introduce to English audiences the Concertos of Grieg in A minor, Liszt in A, and Tchaikovsky in B flat minor in the middle 'seventies. His zeal for Mozart, Bach, Beethoven and Schumann was attested by the long series of chamber concerts given at his house in Orme Square, as well as by his lectures at the Royal Institution. Hubert Parry studied under several musical teachers, but Dannreuther was his only master in the full sense of the word, and he never failed to acknowledge the debt to one who was at once instructor, critic and champion. The unfailing encouragement of this great and catholic-minded musician did more than anything or any one else to confirm Hubert's resolve to adopt music as his profession, and to counteract and dispel the moods of misgiving and despondency to which he was periodically liable. Praise from Dannreuther was praise indeed, and Hubert welcomed it with delight and gratitude.

The month of November 1873 was crowded with stimulating musical experiences, notably a Wagner Society's concert, where Hubert succumbed to the magic of the *Meistersinger*, to the marvellous playing of Bülow in pieces by Liszt and Raff, and to the "glorious old C minor Symphony". Berlioz's *King Lear* overture he found

" extraordinary and certainly interesting ", but suspended his judgment. Bülow was in great form at the " Pops " in Brahms and Beethoven and in Bach's Chromatic Fantasia, and gave a wonderful exhibition of " tight-rope dancing " in Liszt's E♭ Concerto at the Crystal Palace. But what pleased Hubert most in Bülow was his playing a new sonata by Sterndale Bennett at one of the " Pops ". It was, he says, " a very delicate compliment on his part as a representative of the German advanced school to play a work by our English disciple of the Mendelssohn school, and he seemed to me to play it with great patience and care ". There are frequent mentions of music made at home with his brother Ernest, who had become an excellent violinist, and with Frank Pownall and Hugh Montgomery, who sang a great deal of Schumann and Brahms. The performance of Bach's *Christmas Oratorio* in a mutilated and condensed version under Barnby prompts some severe remarks on a conductor who was inclined to bid too much for the *popularis aura.* Lastly the month was memorable for the first hearing of one of Hubert's orchestral works, his overture to *Vivien*, the outcome, no doubt, of his enthusiasm for the *Idylls of the King.* The only reference to the work to be found in his diary is a brief account of the rehearsal at the Crystal Palace on Friday, November 21 :

" I was very nervous lest my want of practice in writing for the orchestra should make me do something ridiculous, but was rather agreeably surprised at the effect of the orchestration. The Coda, however, seems too long and not so effective as I hoped in detail. The performance was rather rough, and neither Manns nor his band seemed to take much trouble about it. . . . My companion at the rehearsal was Davison the critic, who was voluble with funny stories and rhymes on well-known professionals and literary men : altogether good fun. He was very kind about my overture and spoke well to Grove about it."

Curiously enough, he says absolutely nothing about the performance of his overture on the following day, confining his remarks to the enthusiastic reception of a new symphony by Sir Julius Benedict. The advertisement of the programme in the *Times* on that morning makes no mention

of the *Vivien* overture: I can trace no review of the concert in the subsequent issues, but the *Athenæum* of November 19, in a notice which deals fully with Benedict's symphony as the novelty of the programme, is silent about Parry's overture, and we can only infer that it was withdrawn at the last moment, or, which is more likely, that Manns gave it a hearing at the rehearsal merely as an experiment, to see how it sounded. Hubert was again at Wilton in December before spending Christmas at Highnam, but after Lady Folkestone's departure found himself out of his element among "George's sporting friends". They weren't as bad as might be expected: he excepts two as "very nice fellows", but the "tone of indolence always about the house" was considerably increased by the rest of the company. "They despise anything intellectual, and spend all their time in shooting, hunting, rabbiting, smoking and billiards. Music is naturally utterly condemned." A conversation at dinner, at which cock-fighting and bull-fighting were defended, stirred Hubert's gall:

"All aristocrats, specimens of the Upper Ten, Society's ornaments! It is enough to make one a bitter democrat to be long in the company of people brought up in luxury, utterly without aspirations of any kind, without education of mind, and as uselessly ornamental and as injuriously bigoted about their 'rights' and 'position' as it is possible to be. Certainly one of the primary conditions of a better-constituted Society must be a better and more equal distribution of the luxuries of life and the questionable advantages of wealth and opportunities of pleasure."

It is only fair to add that he was just as severe in condemning arrogant "intellectuals" as aristocratic "wasters". At a dinner-party at the Douglas Galtons this winter, he enjoyed the talk of James Ferguson, the great architectural expert, but took a violent aversion to another eminent guest, renowned as a brilliant but acidulated conversationalist, essayist and reviewer, whom he described as "the most foul-mouthed, conceited, toadying little snob" he had ever met.

Before leaving town Hubert had despatched a letter of

explanation to his father. Mr. Gambier-Parry had hinted his intention of leaving Highnam to Hubert and not to his brilliant, wayward elder brother Clinton, on account of the latter's " having thrown overboard his religion ". Hubert now felt himself in honour bound to avow his own divergence from orthodoxy, lest his father, from a false impression of his views, should do an injustice to Clinton. He set forth his position as briefly as he could, describing how it had been reached, and pointing out that it was not of wilfulness or carelessness, as his father might know if he would. In the " most melancholy letter " which Hubert received in reply, his father saw no reason for his son's lapse from orthodoxy but pride of intellect, and Hubert recognized, with extreme pain, that his position as a sceptic must result in a mutual and hopeless antagonism. This anticipation was happily not fulfilled. Mr. Gambier-Parry adhered to his decision about Highnam, for which there were other grounds, but his religious and political estrangement from Hubert in no way affected their personal affection. Hubert went to Highnam in a mood of misgiving; but though the atmosphere was changed, " it was delightful to be back again at the old place. With all considerations taken into account, I think I enjoy being there more than anywhere." His father never mentioned the subject of their correspondence to Hubert, and Hubert, neither then or at any other time, was tempted to commit the now fashionable modern variant on the sin of Ham. The change in his beliefs had no effect on his love of Christmas and the festivities associated with the day. For the rest, he played duets with his sister Linda and his brother Ernest, helped to cut down a big tree, which was " splendid exercise ", and enjoyed the company of a succession of guests, notably the vivacious Willie Keatinge, who had a charming tenor voice, and for many years spent a fortnight with the Parrys at Christmas. Bob Oldham, another friend with literary and artistic tastes, came down from Lloyd's for the Highnam ball. Altogether, Hubert and his wife enjoyed their visit greatly, and all the more because they had been apprehensive of a chilly reception.

Hubert neglected his diary from the middle of January till April owing to the sameness of his life—he was living in London—and also because he had nothing in his head to write save " ill-natured growls at Society, the mockeries and falsities of people of the religious species, and the empty-headed flunkeyism and false views " which he heard every day on " every subject from keeping a carriage to exclusive salvation ". At Easter they were again at Wilton, where he was splendidly mounted by his brother-in-law, and had his fill of cross-country rides—over timber fences and banks—and " such gallops as refresh the heart and exhilarate the mind ". In May and June he worked hard, and enjoyably, with Dannreuther, and took a course of German lessons from Althaus,[1] " a nice old big German, who talks almost as fast as I do ". At Whitsuntide he made holiday with his partner McDonell in the Channel Islands, making his headquarters at St. Peter's Port, in Guernsey, but then, as always, faithful to the charm of the " incomparable Sark ".

Brahms's " Serenade " at the Philharmonic delighted, and Mme. Essipoff's playing astonished him. From early July to September Hubert and his wife were the guests of Lord Pembroke at Mount Merrion, his Irish seat near Dublin—" a delicious place and a most enjoyable visit ". Hubert worked hard at score-reading, copying out works of Brahms and Mozart, and seldom went far afield, though he made excursions to the sights of the neighbourhood, the Dargle, the " Scalp ", Powerscourt Park, and the cascade —" a fine fall ", as an Irishman said, " when there was any water in it "—Enniskerry and Bray. He also took a good deal of exercise in mushroom-gathering, " a sport in which one gets through a very fair amount of walking without the cruelty or uncertainty of shooting ", and which became almost a passion with him at Rustington in later years. A neighbour, Mr. Vernon, lent him his son's " velocipede ", which, even in the primitive form of the 'seventies, Hubert found a delightful mode of

[1] Friedrich Althaus, Professor of German Literature at University College, London, from 1875 till his death in 1897.

progression. Lady Maud's birthday, on July 30, was duly but simply celebrated. "It is", he writes, "indeed a holy day to me, and it would be hard to find an occasion to make a day holier." It is characteristic of him that he records, with that friendly sympathy which never failed him in his relations with servants and retainers, the death of the old and faithful housekeeper at Mount Merrion.

Hugh Montgomery was a visitor who sang Brahms's songs and Hubert's Sonnets, and discussed the condition of "England's Poland", in regard to which Hubert acquiesced in his friend's resentment of the title. Before regretfully leaving Mount Merrion he visited the famous gardens of Mr. Bewley and Mr. Roe, the distiller, "which roused his interest in plants and ferns and enabled him to learn something about them." From Ireland he went *viâ* London to Highnam for the Gloucester Festival, for which the house party included his Eton friend Gosselin. Hubert admits to being unexpectedly moved by Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*; he was also moved by the presence of the author of *First Principles*:

"Herbert Spencer attended some of the performances, and moved the horror of the orthodox by not standing up in the *Hallelujah* and *Sanctus* and other Choruses in which the public adopted that posture. I had a few words with him on casual subjects and felt quite overwhelmed by the honour, so that I could hardly speak without trembling."

From Highnam Hubert and his wife went again to Wilton. Lord Pembroke had recently married Lady Gertrude Talbot, who welcomed the Parrys and impressed them favourably by her devotion to her husband. Here Hubert practised on the piano, hunted, geologized, took part in a "harvest home", and met Sir Herbert Oakeley, the Edinburgh professor, who came down to open the new church organ presented by Lord Pembroke. There was a large family party and a dinner and dancing for the tenants. It was great fun: "the way the working classes pitch into a thing of the sort is always refreshing, though they frequently exceed the bounds of moderation".

Returning to London and Lloyd's, Hubert at once bought a fine microscope at Beck's—the Cornhill optician—an extravagance rendered possible by the generosity of Lady Pembroke, and for the next few days could do nothing but try experiments and examine specimens. "It is quite a new world of wonder and delight, and music went utterly to the dogs." There are frequent references to his purchases of books bearing on the subject, the superb "typical Diatom slides" of Möller, and Hubert's own efforts—often ending in failure—to set the eyes of flies. He speaks of spending sixteen hours over one slide; it was a task needing "the patience of Job", a quality in which he did not always excel. But he persevered, and infected his visitors with his enthusiasm, and for several years the microscope remained one of his chief recreations. Later on he took to astronomy with equal fervour, for his inquisitive mind was attracted by the infinitely great as well as the infinitely little marvels of the universe.

The fascination of the microscope, however, did not seriously affect his musical studies, or his concert-going. At the Crystal Palace on October 17, where he heard Bülow in the "wonderfully cleverly constructed acrobaticism" of a Hungarian Fantasy by Liszt, he met "the delightful son of Ferdinand David", finding him full of interesting information about music and musicians, notably Brahms, "whom he calls the modern Bach, in which view I thoroughly agree with him"; and found Grove as "lively and enthusiastic as ever".

Both now and for many years Hubert Parry was under a double debt to the Crystal Palace Concerts. Until the coming of the Richter Concerts they were by far the greatest educational influence in great music in London; and they were the habitual rendezvous of a group of enlightened amateurs, which included several of Hubert's nearest and best friends, so that when the programmes were not especially interesting, he found compensation in the congenial company of "G." and the Pownalls, Spencer Lyttelton and Robin Benson, to mention only a few of the faithful *habitués*.

Hubert's admiration of Brahms was progressive; of the music of Liszt he remained consistently critical, while admitting its technical importance; and all the skill of Bülow and the enthusiasm of Dannreuther, who played the Concerto in A at the Crystal Palace in November, failed to reconcile him to its meretricious character. Bülow carried him off his "emotional legs" in the Beethoven G major Concerto at the Albert Hall:

"I felt for the first time that when Bülow is himself and in his happiest mood he must be unsurpassable. Such a sense of rhythm; such careful analysis in arriving at the exact meaning of the composer, and such a power of rendering it, and such courage to do it thoroughly."

Hubert Parry did not approve of Bülow's emendations or liberties with the text—as in Bach's Chromatic Fantasia—but he was immensely impressed with the alert intelligence and amazing musicianship of one who, like himself, was much more than a mere musician.

Schubert's great C major Symphony, which he heard at the Crystal Palace in December, prompted a veritable panegyric, for which his earlier and guarded references to that composer afford no preparation. "It is a work of quite the highest and noblest kind. None other gives me more entire delight and satisfaction." But Hubert's superlatives reflect the mood of the moment, and it would be impossible to construct a "class list" of his favourite compositions or books from references which so frequently apply the same terms of unqualified praise.

His admiration for Mendelssohn was again at high-water mark, and it was fortified by Hiller's Reminiscences,

"which made me love the great man more than ever. What a perfect character, and what a society theirs was! . . . Ours is too over-rich, the members too jealous of one another, too unreal, too inartistic, and utterly without enthusiasm. How can any one be good or really great in such an atmosphere?"

This temper again emerges in the record of a visit paid a week later, "against his will", to a great country house, where most of the guests were "dreadfully shallow

worldly-minded, and vain"; yet when Hubert and his wife stayed on for a couple of days after the other visitors had departed, he was fain to admit that their host and hostess were altogether as delightful a couple in their home life as he had ever met: "Lady Brownlow's thoughtful kindness for others and her gentleness and simplicity were so beautiful that they can only be matched by the beauty of her face." It was in these weeks also that the acquaintance with the Garretts—Agnes and her cousin Rhoda — ripened into a friendship which never waned:

"It is a real pleasure to spend time with such people, who discuss every point worth talking about with no personalities. Their whole conversation and everything about them rings true. But it makes one all the more bitter when one hears the false jargon of society again, and perhaps that's no harm either."

In December, it may be added, he attended for the first time a Woman's Rights meeting. In the first instance his interest in the movement may have been enlisted by his friendship for the Garretts. Miss Rhoda Garrett was one of the speakers and spoke very well; but his sympathies were genuine and survived his distaste for the militant tactics adopted in the second decade of the next century.

Meanwhile he took a steadily increasing pleasure in his lessons with Dannreuther, who had begun to put him in a "strait-waistcoat" with the pianoforte works of Mozart, after working at Liszt. Perhaps this discipline may have had some influence on his lukewarmness in regard to Mozart, on the analogy of Byron's distaste for Horace. But Hubert acquiesced, and his master's compliments on his progress, both as executant and composer, made him "quite happy". Hubert's choice of the German, in preference to the original text in his setting of Shakespeare's sonnet "When in disgrace" is thus accounted for in his diary: "I found I could get along better with the German than the English words". The German version was that of Bodenstedt—best known by the delightful

oriental lyrics which purported to be translations from the mythical "Mirza Schaffy"—to which he was probably introduced by Dannreuther. Mr. Hugh Montgomery's recollection confirms Hubert's statement. The music of the Sonnets (published in 1887 by Stanley Lucas) was originally composed to the German words, as being less intractable from the point of view of the singer, and afterwards adapted to the English text. Mr. Pepys Cockerell in his reminiscences of this period mentions that "Hubert deplored the lack of lyrics, such as Heine's, in English suitable to set to music": it is a curious criticism and one which is hard to reconcile with his later practice.

The finances of Hubert Parry and his partner were at a low ebb, but a far more serious cause of anxiety was the continued ill-health of his wife, which clouded his domestic happiness for years to come. They went to Highnam for Christmas 1874, and Hubert had his fill of skating with his brothers and sisters, whose increasing proficiency gave him great satisfaction. It was a regular "old-fashioned Christmas", with hard frost and snow. "We skated and went to Church a good deal. The old associations are still powerful with me, and I am always happy and light-hearted at Christmas." Hubert found himself on thin ice (of the metaphorical sort) in his conversation with his father, who had just returned from his work on the Ely frescoes, but resolutely avoided friction by declining to initiate controversial argument and endeavouring to change the conversation when Herbert Spencer's views or similar topics were canvassed by his elders. He had just been reading with much satisfaction *Supernatural Religion*, a pioneer work on modernist lines which appealed to him strongly. Greville's Journal of the Reigns of George IV. and William IV. gave him satisfaction of a different sort. He resented the excessive insistence on the personal note, and the absence of broad and generalizing thought. But he truly observes that the apprehensions of revolution were far more acute at the time of the Reform Bill of 1832 than at any later period—"in spite of all the present-day outcries about the danger of the powers of the

lower classes and the signs of the immediate dissolution of society. For example, everybody then thought the House of Lords was on its last legs, but such an opinion now is very rare." The " outcries " were revived at the passing of the Parliament Bill, but even then they were not so shrill as in Greville's day.

On January 5, 1875, Hubert and his wife joined the family party at Wilton, where he had some good hunting, geologizing and organ playing on the fine new instrument in the church, taking two services on the last Sunday and playing at a concert in the schoolroom. A visit from Spencer Lyttelton was another pleasant feature of his stay, but his conversations with his brother-in-law on his position and prospects gave him considerable disquietude. Lord Pembroke took the view that Hubert was indolent, inclined to drift into the status of a pensioner, that he took no trouble to earn money, and that his business at Lloyd's was a dangerous gamble. The alternative of adopting music as a profession was always regarded as impracticable and undesirable. Hubert had a sincere affection for his brother-in-law, admired his gifts, but distrusted his judgment, and could not accept him as an exemplar of industry. On his return to town he resumed his attendance at Lloyd's, but the only event of any importance recorded in connexion with his business is the inspection of a wreck in which he and other underwriters were disastrously concerned.

He went down to Southampton early in February to see his brother Ernest off to Gibraltar to join his regiment, and felt the parting keenly:

" He is a great loss to me, as I have more pleasure in his company than anybody else's in the world, and love him as thoroughly as he deserves to be loved, which is saying a good deal."

The record of the next few months is a sufficient disproof of the charge of indolence. If Hubert's energies did not conduce to money-making, they displayed a wide range of intellectual, artistic and scientific activity. On February 1 he notes the first meeting of " our new Essay and Discussion

Club in Pepys Cockerell's rooms ". The late Mr. Pepys Cockerell, shortly before his death, kindly furnished me with the following notes of its origin and aims:

" Hubert was four or five years my junior at Oxford, and I did not make his acquaintance till 1873 or 1874 in London, when a little group formed itself round Hugh Montgomery, who then had a house in Bayswater. It consisted of W. H. Hoare, Eddie Hamilton, Hubert Parry, Frank Pownall, H. F. Montgomery and myself. We used to dine together and read and discuss short essays on various subjects—moral, philosophical or political. (Hubert and I were ardent students of Herbert Spencer.) It brought about a good deal of intimacy. So far as I recollect, the best of us with his pen was W. H. Hoare; I was the worst by much. Hubert was well informed, impetuous, hardly calm enough to express himself with balance. The evenings concluded with German songs by H. F. M. and impromptus on the piano by Hubert."

Mr. W. Hamilton Hoare, in whose rooms in Clarges Street the meetings were often held, adds to the list the names of Spencer Lyttelton, Robin Benson and (occasionally) Lord Pembroke; and Mr. Benson supplements these memories with further details:

" Hubert was full of Herbert Spencer then and had read and digested his *First Principles*, *Principles of Psychology*, and his *Sociology*. I had been brought up in the opposite school at Balliol, and I remember Hubert's delight at a definition of Art that T. H. Green had given us in a Lecture: ' Art is the expression of the ideal in forms of sense '. I believe Hubert was a sensationalist only because he had not up to that time read the idealist philosophers."

Hubert confirms Mr. Pepys Cockerell's view that Mr. Hoare was their best essayist. The subjects discussed ranged from utilitarianism, which Hubert advocated, to sport, which he condemned; but the disputants did not always take themselves seriously, and would occasionally speak on both sides. The same wide range of interest is shown in his theatre-going. He went to the pantomime—as he always did every year—and to see Irving in

Hamlet and was " wonderfully impressed " by his acting, but even more by the play.

But music claimed his chief attention. He resumed his attendance at the Crystal Palace, the " Pops " and other concerts. Brahms's Variations on a theme of Haydn made him " wild with delight " ; he heard Guilmant, the French organist, play Bach at the Albert Hall ; acknowledged the " magnificence " of Handel's *Israel in Egypt*, admired the virtuosity of the violinist Wilhelmj, and the fine playing of Marie Krebs in Brahms's first Pianoforte Concerto in D minor,

" a superb work, horribly difficult, fierce and vehement. Joachim told us (at the Crystal Palace) that Brahms wrote it when they were living together, and he thought that the reason of its peculiarly angry and passionate character was mostly that Brahms was so much upset by the news of Schumann's madness, which reached them just about that time."

It was at the Crystal Palace, again, that his friend Robin Benson told him a great deal of " rising men in the musical world " whom Hubert had not heard of, " especially the new organist at Trinity College, Cambridge, called Stanford, who according to him must be a tip-top man ". In one way or another Hubert seldom failed to profit by his pilgrimage to Sydenham, whether by listening to the music or to the talk of musicians. Thus, at the end of April, during the performance of Mendelssohn's " pure and refreshing Scotch Symphony ", Bülow came and sat beside him, and though out of sympathy with Mendelssohn's music, made some just and valuable criticisms, notably on the proper *tempo* of the Coda in the last movement and the accent in the Scherzo :

" It is a wonderful characteristic of Bülow, even with music with which he has little or no emotional sympathies, that he nearly always knows better than anybody else how it should be played to produce its right effect."

Meanwhile Hubert's lessons with Dannreuther continued their strenuous yet enjoyable course, and he was " hugely pleased " by Dannreuther's commendation of his Sonnet

" When in disgrace ". These Shakespearean Sonnets, however, met with less favour in another quarter. Mr. Hugh Montgomery communicated to Hubert Sir George Macfarren's hostile criticism of their unorthodox progressions, and this criticism appears to have prompted Hubert's resolve to take lessons from his critic. They began on March 7 and were mainly in strict counterpoint, a further and yet more drastic application of the " strait-waistcoat ". Hubert had a high regard for Macfarren's character, his great learning and his kindliness. He even esteemed him highly as a composer and speaks of his now forgotten oratorio, *St. John the Baptist*, as " a magnificent work, and thoroughly original ". The lessons were often fatiguing : the result was then summed up in a typical comment : " a more or less aggravating lesson from the kindly old man ". Hubert's perseverance is a remarkable instance of his thoroughness—his resolve to neglect no opportunities of mastering the stiffest technicalities of his art. Yet he found Macfarren's *obiter dicta* shrewd and illuminating, notably on Bach. At one lesson, when Hubert had justified a harsh passage in his Variations on a theme by Bach (which he dedicated to Macfarren) by quoting authority from Bach himself, " Yes," replied Macfarren, " one is often astounded at the very audacity of the harshnesses in Bach : but they are frequently followed by passages of unequalled beauty, and one cannot expect that sort of thing in one's own works." Macfarren was sometimes angry, but in the main he was patient and " liberal ", and ready to admit where he had misunderstood his pupil's meaning ; and Hubert on his side admits that many of the changes on which Macfarren insisted " seem quite obviously necessary now that I have had my attention called to them ". He learned a good deal from Macfarren, but the quality of the instruction was on an altogether lower level than that which he gained from Dannreuther. Thus on the same day on which he had the lesson which prompts these acknowledgments, he had previously been to Dannreuther to study Bach's *Italienisches Concert* and part of Beethoven's " Emperor " Concerto, and observes :

" Though I am learning it by degrees, it will take me long to arrive at the systematic habit of intelligent and intentional phrasing of such works as those of Bach. It wants a great deal of patience and education to make them intelligible throughout. It is like painting the portrait of a great man : one must cultivate the habit of observation ; otherwise want of conscious understanding makes one's work a parody or a mere portrayal of externals, which are not the true thing."

It was Dannreuther who initiated him in this method of interpretation ; and many years later he passed it on to the greatest living British interpreter of Bach on the pianoforte, Mr. Harold Samuel. " It was Sir Hubert ", he tells me, " who first opened my eyes to the nobility and virility of Bach, and cured me of my sentimentality."

In March Hubert and his wife took a house at Ottershaw for four months, and let their house in Cranley Place. After some bad weather they enjoyed a spell of lovely spring weather, which they turned to good account with " delightful drives " to Chobham, Virginia Water, Fox Warren and Newark Abbey, and " delicious walks ", picking daffodils and hunting for " diatoms " and " desmids ". Hubert came up to town most days for business or his lessons or the Crystal Palace concerts, but took an occasional day off. At Ottershaw he spent his time in " counterpointing, practising and collecting and setting microscopic specimens ". His chief success was the capture of a *Conochilus Volvox* in a pond on Woking Common—" a wonderful creature "—and later on he had " a social gathering of the *Volvox* family under the 'scope ". They were fortunate in their neighbours and in their visitors —Hugh Montgomery to sing Brahms ; Bob Oldham to discuss immortality, prayer and other grave topics ; Eddie Hamilton to play duets ; Miss Bella Lewis ; Gladys Herbert (afterwards Lady Lonsdale) ; the ever-welcome Garretts and Pownalls ; Lady Margaret Majendie and Lady de Vesci and Evelyn Lady Bathurst. They played quoits and *La Grasse*—a sedate Victorian game long ousted by more strenuous pastimes—and inspected the acacias and rhododendrons at Waterer's. Hubert attended church on

Sundays, where the bellowing of the penitential Psalms by a leather-lunged clerk, and the faulty intonation of a powerful tenor did not conduce to his equanimity. A visit to Woking prison, and the spectacle of the labour gang, guarded by wardens with rifles and fixed bayonets, moved him " as an optimist, to long for society to move on a little faster so that such scapegoats may no longer be necessary ".

The fine weather lasted through April and May, and added greatly to the delights of the country. Hubert was always alert to note its sounds as well as its fragrance and freshness, and records hearing the " fine brassy low A " of a cockchafer in May. Always self-critical, he observes:

" I am so greedy of enjoyment of lovely weather, scenery, music and such delights that I always have an odd sense of discontent in the background at not enjoying them more. Or is it a sense of impatience of the feeling that the source of enjoyment is so soon to cease ? Perhaps both. But at all events I enjoy them to the full."

The only serious *amari aliquid* at Ottershaw was the serious illness, towards the end of their stay, of his wife, but that proved the occasion of wonderful kindness on the part of Mrs. Alfred Morrison, who sent her housekeeper with dainty food, wine and ice for the invalid, and a visit from Lady Maud's old and faithful governess, " Pre ",[1] who arrived laden with hampers from Lady Herbert.

During his wife's illness Hubert read aloud to her many new novels of varying quality. His own reading was mostly serious, including G. H. Lewes's *Problems of Life and Mind* and the *First Principles* of Herbert Spencer. But it also included fiction old and new. Of *Amelia* he remarks that

" it is well worth while reading Fielding notwithstanding his coarseness, for he gives one such an idea of the corruption of the time, the evils of the old system of preferment to office and promotion by favour in the army, etc., and the immeasurable superiority of our competitive system, that it gives one great encouragement to one's hopes that the

[1] The family nickname; short for " Pre-Adamite ".

world is going the right way, and that our age, with all its abuses, is healthy in comparison with what has gone before."

The comment is not that of the average novel reader: it is, however, entirely typical of Hubert's invariable habit of never envisaging facts in isolation, but always in relation to other facts. Fielding has been described by Mr. Austin Dobson as the first English novelist to give "an accurate delineation of contemporary manners", and Hubert, whether by a sound instinct or as the result of his acquaintance with eighteenth-century history, was justified in applying his favourite method of philosophical comparison. In *Bleak House* and *Our Mutual Friend* he simply surrendered himself to the magic of Dickens, whom he still thought, in spite of "the prevalent fashion of running him down", to be one of the greatest novelists. *Far from the Madding Crowd* revealed to him another magician of a more sombre type, but wonderfully engrossing alike in description, dialogue and the handling of climax. Hubert's taste was seldom at fault in regard to new work in art or letters, and in recording a visit to the Royal Academy on May 28 he singles out "one gem from my most admired Fred Walker", of whose death he read a few days later in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and deplored it as a grievous loss to English art.

The close of the Ottershaw sojourn was marked by a visit from an impecunious German artist, who had had his purse stolen, and was trying to get back to Germany. Hubert, who found him a "perfect gentleman", fed him with beef, ham and beer, and, after a long talk on politics and art, sent him on his way rejoicing with a parting gift of money and a cigar. "His gratitude was simply enchanting. What a boon it is to have an opportunity for doing anything for anybody, and how rarely it occurs!" These opportunities were multiplied indefinitely in later years, and were invariably handled in the same spirit. Work being impossible owing to his wife's health and their move to a cottage kindly lent by a neighbour, Hubert spent his free time geologizing, pianoforte-tuning and picking

strawberries, and on July 4 his diary contains the following entry :

" Finished the first chapter of a novel which I am trying to write to fulfil the promise extracted from me by George [Lord Pembroke] about literature, and doing some work to make a little money."

Before his wife's illness Hubert spent a night in town with the Pownalls, and went with them to hear *Lohengrin*, with Albani as *Elsa*, Nicolini in the title-rôle, and Maurel as *Telramund*. Though the chorus were " mostly infamous " and the cast unequal, he was more really impressed than ever before by the opera :

" I think Wagner is right in his idea of what an opera should be. Nothing can be more ridiculous than stereotyping human nature as it must be portrayed on the stage into a system of arias, recitatives, trios, etc., in fixed plan. No dramatic effect can come of it. And the best music can only serve as an excuse and save you from being insufferably bored with such trivial and unmeaning scenes. A great deal of the music is perfectly wonderful . . . the story and the situations are very dramatic and interesting, and leave a profound impression. . . . Some people in the boxes seemed to think they were going to talk as usual when the Upper Ten has possession of the house, but we hissed them into silence."

On June 11 he attended his first operatic rehearsal—*Lohengrin* again, but this time at Drury Lane under Costa, of whose arbitrary methods and rigid " tempi " Hubert is severely critical. The cast included Nilsson, " more delicious than usual as *Elsa* ", Campanini as *Lohengrin*, and Titiens as *Ortrud*. But what struck him most was the absurd contrast between the costume of the principals—in black coats, tall hats, or fashionable morning dresses—and that of the chorus and " supers " in their mediæval toggery. His attitude towards opera went through various and conflicting phases, but in this and the immediately following years the impact of Wagner's genius was progressive and at times overwhelming. At the same time one notices from this period onward a capacity for

revising his first impressions, finding merit in compositions —even those of Dussek—which he began by despising, and recognizing under the angularities of Brahms's early pianoforte works " the marks of the great man he is ". In the Sonata Op. 5 Brahms seemed to him " like a caged lion, always struggling passionately with the limits of the instrument, and the result to me is distressing ". But he felt that it must be " much the sort of feeling the uninitiated had for Beethoven long ago ".

Just before leaving Ottershaw he was " hugely pleased " by the offer of five guineas from Lamborn Cock for the copyright of his " Twilight ", a song written to words by Lord Pembroke and dedicated to Frank Pownall, and the last entry of note in his diary describes a wild-goose chase in search of a review on Chobham Common. He arrived too late, but had a sixteen-mile walk, returning drenched to the skin, " and as I always like to do things thoroughly, I was satisfied with that much ".

At the end of July he spent another week in the Channel Islands with his friend Oldham. They put up at the Yacht Hotel at St. Peter's Port, Guernsey, and on the morning of their arrival sailed across with a boatman to Herm, the paradise of shells, and " paddled like babies for ever so long in the transparent green sea ". The next day they drove to Pleinmont Point, scrambled to their hearts' content on the rocks and in the Creux Mahie, and feasted sumptuously off lobster. On the 25th, at Cobo, they lunched (again off lobster) at the hotel kept by a Gloucester man, who welcomed the son of " Squire Parry ", and found a wealth of the most exquisite seaweeds, anemones and zoophytes in a magical lake of clear salt water left by the retiring tide. But the climax of the visit was a day on Sark—his favourite island—in gorgeous summer weather:

" The view from the Coupée—the most wonderful thing in the Channel Islands—was magnificent. Below our feet on all sides were wild cliffs and rocks, crevices and crags—the broad expanse of utterly blue sea—further off and still below the Île des Marchands, and across a further broad expanse of blue Herm and Jethou, and their wild rocks

round them—then another expanse of blue and Guernsey, and blue sea even beyond that over the low-lying land to the north of that island. Then more to the right rocks after rocks,—the Caskets shining white in the sun—and the cliffs of Alderney glowing through a slight haze."

The delights of this memorable day were only heightened by their adventurous homeward journey, for the captain of the steamer took them clean through "Gouliot", the narrow deep-sea passage between Sark and the Île des Marchands. Finally they came home between Herm and Jethou, "where, I was told, our daring captain once lost a steamer". On the morrow they had another delicious spell of shell-gathering on Herm, but on the last day Hubert was completely disabled by violent ear-ache, and, though he tried to shake it off by "playing boisterously with some children on the sands", collapsed and arrived at Southampton on the night of the 29th very ill and in great pain, but fully sensible of his debt to Mr. Oldham, who abandoned an extension of his holiday in order to see his friend safely home. He suffered acutely from the ear trouble for a whole week and intermittently for many weeks more. At first he was reduced to something like panic by the discovery that his bad ear heard every note a full quarter of a tone sharper than his sound ear. "If this were to be a lasting evil music would be impossible—a prospect so awful that I cannot even grasp it." Happily this torture passed in a few days, and in less than a fortnight he was playing lawn-tennis with Bob Oldham at the Rectory and at Ottershaw Park (the Colebrookes), correcting proofs and working at the microscope. But the London doctor whom he consulted told him he "ought to be very thankful he wasn't dead; that he had had a narrow escape of inflammation of the brain", and some time elapsed before he could endure the sound of the pianoforte. His general health, however, improved rapidly, and he was able to resume his work, prepare and give a lecture on "Sound" before the Chertsey Literary and Scientific Society, and enjoy frequent games of lawn-tennis and blackberrying excursions. In September he began con-

tributing to Grove's *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, the long article on "Arrangement" occupying all his working time till September 20, and in November, at Grove's request, he undertook to assist him as a sub-editor,

"a grand opportunity for me both to work and learn. It was very kind of him, and I soon had lots to do—reading all the articles through and correcting and cutting down those that were too long and adding to those that were incomplete, and, best of all, going to the British Museum to get up my own work."

Before leaving Ottershaw on October 15 he had made good progress with his Pianoforte Duet in E minor, dedicated to Dannreuther and published by Breitkopf in 1877, while "big botanical walks", visits from Pepys Cockerell and Eddie Hamilton (with whom he played his duet and a great deal of Bach, Beethoven and Brahms), and pleasant musical evenings with the Oldhams at the Rectory, filled up the time very happily. On one day they had "two absurd photographs done by an itinerant photographer—ourselves and the servants and the dogs in front of the house: one of them a revolutionary one, with Mary and Brazier sitting down and doing the grand, and Maud and I with broom and dustpan and boot- and blacking-brush respectively".

From Ottershaw he went to London for a couple of days, fitting in a Crystal Palace concert and an enjoyable evening at *Trial by Jury*—his first experience of Gilbert and Sullivan—before rejoining his wife at Wilton. There he had some hunting and lawn-tennis and much interesting talk with Sir George Elliot, who began life as a pitman and rose to eminence and fortune as an engineer and head of a great wire-ropemaking firm, "a very agreeable, bluff old person" full of amusing anecdotes of his famous and humble friends. Dr. George Kingsley—brother of Charles and Henry and father of Mary Kingsley—he found more than ever the best of company in the library and over the microscope, rich in information, with an endless store of anecdotes rendered all the more interesting by his peculiar views of life and philosophy—his increasing sense of the

beautiful order and design of the universe going hand in hand with an abandonment of his early republican views for a belief in stern despotism. Another interesting guest was Lady Waterford, "a curious, ecstatic and impulsive woman: quite the typical aristocratical art-creature", whose talent as a painter Hubert Parry recognized without sharing the enthusiasm of her admirers. Lord de Vesci (the 3rd Viscount), who died a few weeks later, was also there,

"one of the nicest possible of aristocrats—indeed the word could hardly be applied to one who was good-natured, kind, affectionate, simple-minded, and honest. He seemed to me a real man, and that is no small thing when some of the biggest people, and the most important that are obtruded upon our notice nowadays, are no better than over-bedizened dolls with machinery to make them execute an inordinate amount of empty fuss."

Hubert practised on the organ in the church regularly, mainly at Bach; worked for Grove; and analysed all Mozart's sonatas, "which sickened me utterly with their sameness and frequent emptiness before I had finished them". This did not prevent his being "enraptured" by Mozart's concerted chamber music, but his sympathy with this great master was very seldom complete. He also made some little geological expeditions. The hunting was enjoyable, as his brother-in-law mounted him on his "pet 'Blackamoor', who was entirely delightful to me". Another phase of the chase in which he took a lively interest was furnished by a visit from Lord Wolverton's bloodhounds. They were brought over to look for a stray red deer, but failed in their quest:

"It was a wonderful pack to see. Such a picturesque colour and general appearance altogether. They are not much bigger than a full-sized fox-hound, and they behaved very well and were not at all fierce."

They were turned into the "Manège", and, after luncheon, Hubert went into the middle of them with Lord Wolverton. "They were most affectionate, jumping all

about us, making their delicious bay and seeming most good tempered." But Whyte Melville, the novelist, who was of the party, told them a curious story of their savage jealousy—how the pack had eaten up one of their number which had been unduly petted and noticed by the ladies. Hubert's love of animals was not restricted to dogs and horses; only a few weeks later, during a visit to the "Zoo", he speaks of the curious sensation he experienced in having strange animals "eating gently out of one's hand and asking with plaintive noises for more".

On his return to town he resumed his attendance at the "Pops", where he was astonished by Wilhelmj in the Chaconne of Bach, waxed critical over Essipoff, and enthusiastic over another admirable pianist, Anna Mehlig. He also joined the basses in the society started to sing Bach's B minor Mass under Otto Goldschmidt's direction, with which, as the Bach Choir Society, he remained in intimate association for the rest of his life. At home he had some "superlative evenings" devoted to music and musical talk with Grove, at one of which Miss Sophie Löwe sang to them splendidly; he finished his Pianoforte Duo by the end of the year, and was deeply immersed in several musical biographies bearing on his work, notably Hellborn's Schubert and Schoelcher's Handel. He went to see Irving in *Macbeth*, and twice more to *Hamlet*, "both wonderfully fine, but the latter, to my mind, beyond praise. He shows powers of varied kinds, but I always like him best in the quiet and contemplative parts."

Christmas was spent at Cranley Place and "celebrated chiefly with much turkey and mince pies"; New Year's Day found him at the Old Masters, where Hobbema and the Dutch painters gave him most pleasure, and afterwards he dined with the Garretts at their pretty and delightfully artistic house—"a tremendous dinner and great fun". Things were "much as usual at Lloyd's" and the exchequer low, but Hubert's spirits were not adversely affected by financial losses. The Bach Choir practices gave him increased satisfaction, he had a "splendid play"

with Miss Susie Stephenson on two pianos at Erard's, when his Duo went well, patronized the pantomime at Covent Garden, and spent laborious hours at the British Museum checking the titles of 270 motets in Bodenschatz's collections. An *obiter dictum*, prompted by a performance of Beethoven's Quartet in D (Op. 18) at the "Pop" on January 10, is worth quoting:

"What a lovely work! And what a number of ideas from it have been used by other composers; Mendelssohn having taken the minuet subject bodily and a phrase from the first movement, and Schubert having utilized freely one of the figures of the last movement in the first movement of his great D Quartet."

One cannot avoid the suspicion that the fashionable disparagement of Beethoven of to-day is in part at least due to the feeling *Pereant qui nostra ante nos dixerunt.*

The early weeks of 1876 were occupied with work for Grove's Dictionary, lessons with Macfarren, and the composition, in honour of the engagement of his great friend Miss Tora Gordon to Victor Marshall, of a sonata which elicited high praise from Macfarren. He also heard Brahms's magnificent *Deutsches Requiem* "very badly performed by the Philharmonic people", Madame Schumann at her best in the *Waldstein* sonata, a fine performance of Beethoven's Choral Symphony at the Palace, and was immensely encouraged by Dannreuther's pronouncing his Pianoforte Duo to be "masterly". But the event of this period which affected him most deeply was extra-musical and domestic. His elder daughter, "christened Dorothea, after our favourite character in *Middlemarch*", was born on January 13, 1876. It was a time of acute and even agonizing suspense for Hubert, owing to his wife's extreme delicacy and the need of keeping from her news of the death of her great friend and cousin, Lady Richard Grosvenor (Beatrice Vesey). In the slow process of nursing her back to health many friends and relatives proved invaluable, notably Lady Maud's aunt Mrs. à Court, Lady Gillford (afterwards Lady Clanwilliam) and Lady de Vesci. At last Lady Maud was strong enough to be moved to Hedingham

to recruit, but on moving on to Wilton for Easter, developed first diphtheria and then scarlatina. "The troubles of life", as Hubert remarks, "seem to increase in geometrical ratio as one grows older."

They were kept prisoners in strict quarantine for weeks, and the departure of the home party added to their isolation: "When one is in prison I think one likes best to be able to hear some noises of the outer world, for all that they may remind one of the joys of freedom." But Lady Maud rallied with unexpected rapidity, and was soon pronounced out of danger. The steadfast devotion of the faithful "Pre" in looking after her moved Hubert deeply. He was comforted also by letters of sympathy from Grove and Dannreuther, his partner McDonell, Gladys Herbert and many others. For the first fortnight he sat with his wife and read to her constantly; once his anxiety was relieved there were many alleviations. Wilton was looking supremely lovely; he enjoyed the glorious sun and fresh green of spring, walked and botanized, read *Wilhelm Meister* and Helmholtz on "Sound", practised and wrote or rewrote music until May 6, when he left his wife in "Pre's" charge and came up to town for the performance of Bach's B minor Mass. He listened to the first part in the audience and sang in the second, thus getting a full degree of satisfaction from what he had come to regard as the most stupendous and colossal choral work in existence. For a fortnight he was the guest of the Garretts in Gower Street—a supremely happy time:

"I was never so spoilt in my life. They seem to divine all one's wants before one has thought of them oneself. They are the best company I ever knew, and to live in their house is a very great element of happiness in itself. The quiet and soothing colour of the walls and decorations and the admirable taste of all things acts upon the mind in the most comforting manner."

They went together to several plays, *Ours*—with the Bancrofts, "as good as ever", and Kate Terry in the cast—the *Rival Othellos*, a burlesque of Irving and Salvini, in which Edward Terry made Hubert laugh till he ached;

also to *Tannhäuser*, which he enjoyed hugely. The change from Gower Street to Chesham Place, where he spent the end of May and the first week or more of June, was somewhat disconcerting, for though Lady Herbert was very kind, Sidney as good a fellow as ever, and Gladys Herbert beautiful and amusing, there was no time to work or practise or do anything reasonable in the everlasting racket of chatter and bustle, dressing and gossip. " It is a heinous life to lead—this vain self-glorification of London society." The good services of the Garretts continued, for it was they who, on Lady Maud's return to London, recommended Littlehampton as a suitable place for rest and change, and were thus responsible for the long and happy association with Sussex which lasted till the end of Hubert's life. The Garretts ordered their rooms at an " old-fashioned farmhousy kind of Hotel near the beach ", and thither they moved on June 12.

Before leaving London Hubert Parry went several times to hear Rubinstein play, and has recorded his impressions at considerable length. He was sometimes sadly disappointed, at others enraptured and astounded :

" Sometimes he plays like a wild beast, and sometimes like an angel. The Turkish March, from Beethoven's *Ruins of Athens*, which is one of his great feats, is almost incredibly beautiful : some of his Chopin playing is quite astounding, and when he does not run wild his power and richness of tone are quite beyond anything I ever heard before. . . . He does glorious things out of the fulness of his heart. When it comes to playing things which need self-control or intelligent conscious interpretation, he is disappointing, and even at times when nothing but enthusiasm and feeling are required he often goes beyond the limits of good taste. . . . Grove and I paid him a visit and had an extremely interesting talk with him. He told us his favourite composers were Bach, a long way first, then Beethoven, Schubert and Glinka. Bach, curiously enough, he always seems to me to play *badly* ; but that is no criterion after all. About Beethoven he said a thing which jumps with my own ideas, viz. that his deafness was a boon to the world, as without it Beethoven would never so thoroughly have turned his musical eye inwards—would never have

worked so fully on his own individual basis.[1] Lonely concentration alone could have produced the 9th Symphony, the Mass in D and the later Sonatas and quartets. By getting free from the living influence of all other music his mind was emancipated from the old channels and forms of expression, and produced that which was not only new in diction but in quality and fact. He said he was sure no one ever worked at his ideas as Beethoven's sketchbooks show him to have done. Moreover he added that it pained him to look at them ; it was prying too far into the man's ways of production. For his part he would just as much dislike people looking so inquisitively into the way he worked at his music as he would object to their seeing how he produced his children. He went on to say how strange he thought the difference between the manner of writing of Mozart and Haydn and the Moderns. The old masters wrote just as it came ; but now we must poise and balance and consider ' Is this worth saying ? ' ' Is it rightly expressed ? ' and so on. We have lost the art of saying something good spontaneously, and Rubinstein thinks it is because we have nearly exhausted the resources of music in its present channels and modes, and it must rest now for some one to start some new system and principle, whereby the stream may begin afresh, and this may not be for ages." [2]

Littlehampton proved a great success from the outset. Lady Maud recovered some measure of strength—" I never saw any place suit her so well "—and Hubert had glorious bathes and long swims, sculled on the Arun, and took long walks—one to Selsey Bill and back, over thirty miles, on one of the hottest days of a hot summer. He also worked at marine zoology and algology, got " lots of lovely things for the microscope ", and made friends with lots of little children on the beach, with whom he had

[1] Cf. Stephen Phillips's poem, " To Milton—Blind " :

" He who said suddenly ' Let there be light ! '
To thee the dark deliberately gave ;
That those full eyes might undistracted be
By this beguiling show of sky and field,
This brilliance that so lures us from the Truth."

[2] The views here expressed are in substantial agreement with those of Rubinstein's brochure entitled *La Musique et ses représentants*, published in 1892.

great fun paddling and shrimping and building sand castles. For the rest, Dannreuther having done him the "extreme kindness" of getting him a free ticket for the Wagner Festival at Bayreuth, he worked hard at the great Trilogy, playing it all through more than once, and working all through the German with a dictionary:

"I shortly began to understand Dannreuther's enthusiasm about it; the man has grown so enormously since his earlier works, and I miss the occasional vulgarity and weakness which appeared to me in them. He seems entirely master of himself and his resources and capable of carrying out his great intentions without a flaw."

On their return to Cranley Place they disposed of the remainder of the lease—the house being inconveniently small—but found it hard to find a new home. He was much attracted by the neighbourhood of Bedford Square, where fine houses were to be had cheap—"some with good gardens and well out of the way of Society"—but this scheme fell through, and they went down to Highnam without reaching a decision. There Hubert was "supremely happy with the dear people again"; finished his preliminary study of the Wagner scores and texts; practised and played the organ. After about a month he started for Bayreuth, travelling *viâ* Cologne and the Rhine valley to Bamberg, picking up Heathcote Long—his Oxford friend—and Herbert Pakington at Aschaffenburg. They spent a day at Bamberg, "a superb place with a wonderful Cathedral". At Neuenmarkt he met Dannreuther going home—the only disappointment experienced in a memorable expedition:

"He had been taken ill and felt obliged to go. He said the music and the excitement were altogether too much for him, and I can well understand it. I give up all attempts to describe my own feelings. I never was so perfectly satisfied in my life. *Rheingold*, first of all, was perfect to my mind. Then *Die Walküre* came up to my anticipations, which were of the very highest. *Siegfried* I found certainly hard to understand, and I did not enjoy it so much as the others at the time, but on looking back upon it I got to

enjoy it more, and the impression afterwards became very strong. As for *Götterdämmerung*, it utterly surpassed my expectations. I was in a whirl of excitement over it, and quite drunk with delight. The First Act satisfied me most with its three great climaxes piled one on another like Andes or Himalayas. Before the performance I met Otto Goldschmidt in the street, and he was rather pooh-poohy about it. After *Götterdämmerung* he came into the restaurant with a very solemn face and said, 'I suppose it must be the finest thing since *Fidelio* '."

This was the first of the Bayreuth Festivals; the *Ring* was performed twice, and Hubert Parry attended the second cycle.

He went straight through to Highnam from Bayreuth, returning after a most happy time to London to continue the search for a house, and soon came to a decision. His offer for Lincoln House, in Lower Phillimore Place, with a " most comfortable and attractive inside ", was accepted, and, after the inevitable " law's delays ", they entered on possession in the middle of November. But in the interval their plans were upset by Dr. Black's very unfavourable report on Lady Maud's health, and on September 25 they returned to Littlehampton till the end of October. The place was " looking hideous ", the landlady expressed a hope that he would not play the pianoforte so much as before, and the weather was, to start with, dismal and even " diabolic ". After a few days, however, it became angelic, and he had many fine bathes in the great waves, paddled or played on the sands with his child friends, " zoologized " and " algologized " to his heart's content. One day he found some oysters, thrown up on the beach by the gale, " and ate them with great gusto, not having to pay for them ". On another he tried to eat some seaweed " both raw and frizzled at the fire—not a great success either way, but it certainly does taste a little like oysters when frizzled ". Periwinkles also he gathered and devoured in abundance. He also worked hard for Grove, practised (in spite of the landlady), finished his Sonata for Pianoforte in F, dedicated to " G.", and heard a remarkable performance by a young pianist, Jabez

Streeter, the son of the Littlehampton grocer, a pupil at, and a credit to, the Brussels Conservatoire.

Hubert Parry and his wife found kind and hospitable neighbours in the Mannings — the brother and sister-in-law of the Cardinal — and the Duchess of Norfolk at Arundel Castle, where he met a Roman priest who "pleased me immensely". *Per contra* he was infuriated by the performance of an organist in a Protestant church, who accompanied the intonation of the Lord's Prayer with brilliant arpeggios, shakes and runs all over the keys. Before leaving he conducted his little Irish boy friends to the pastrycook's in the morning, gave them a "blow-out", and took them for a row on the river in the afternoon. "They were frightfully uproarious and unmanageable, but great fun, and we got up as far as Ford in a tub of Roach's" —the first mention of a family intimately associated for the rest of his life with his boating and yachting experiences.

Littlehampton had become "our beloved Littlehampton" before they left it, looking no longer hideous but lovely in bright sunshine, clear air, and with an enchantingly blue sea flecked with little crisp foam flakes. But the return to London on October 30 was disastrous, Sir William Jenner confirming Dr. Black's unfavourable verdict, and prescribing a winter on the Nile or at Cannes, as imperatively demanded by Lady Maud's precarious condition. "By way of climax I received the key of our new home in Kensington within an hour after Maud came back from the consultation, in token that we were at last in possession, when possession was no longer of much use to us."

Cannes was decided on, and they started on November 20. In the interval Lady Maud went to Bournemouth for a fortnight, and Hubert remained in town, settling into the new house with the aid of the devoted Garretts, who worked with the wonderful efficiency and comforting companionship they never failed to show in any emergency. In the intervals of superintending the operations of the British workman he had some glorious hours with Dannreuther, who undertook to send his Pianoforte Duo

to Breitkopf's, went to two Crystal Palace concerts, where he heard the *Romeo and Juliet* overture of Tchaikovsky, " the Russian whose concerto Dannreuther brought forward last year ", and saw lots of friends—" G." and Spencer Lyttelton, Stuart Wortleys, De Vescis and von Glehns—heard the *Flying Dutchman* at the opera, and Schubert's " heavenly Quintet " at one of Franke's concerts. He also spent a couple of days at Bournemouth with his wife, hurrying back to get the house in order to receive her before their start.

The journey was broken at Boulogne, Paris and Marseilles, at all of which places he managed to do a good deal of intelligent sight-seeing. At Boulogne he was especially interested in the fishing-boats and fossils ; at Marseilles in the docks and the number of palatial houses either empty or turned into squalid tenements. They reached Cannes on the 24th and were comfortably installed at the Hôtel Paradis. From Marseilles they had passed through country " as lovely as anything one could wish to see ", yet " for all the beauty we saw I spent part of the day and all the evening swearing at my exile, to which I am by no means reconciled ".

This rebellious mood, fostered for a while by the stuffiness of the weather, soon passed, and when the time came to leave Cannes five months later, regret mingled with his relief. His alleviations were manifold—sight-seeing, excursions and walks, lawn-tennis, the renewal of old friendships and the making of new friends, and a great deal of music. His capacity for mixing work with play is well illustrated by the record of his expedition to Mont du Cheiron, with his friend Mr. Hawkins. They walked forty miles, climbed 4000 feet, passed the night at Grasse, and returned next morning by a 5.45 A.M. train to Cannes, after which Hubert spent the morning rehearsing for a concert and preparing for his harmony class in the afternoon. These long walks, of which he took many, were never complete without climbing and scrambling. Panoramic views specially appealed to him, but in all its aspects he found delight in the splendid scenery of the

neighbourhood. He made all the regular expeditions—to Grasse (where he was a liberal patron of the chief *confiseur*), Vallauris, the Estérel, Mougins, the Îles de Lérins and a great many more besides. He not only speaks of " indescribably beautiful " walks and views, but often describes these beauties in detail and with a sensitive appreciation of colour and outline and contrast far removed from guide-book eloquence. He went to dances—and enjoyed them—at Lady Brougham's villa, and played a good deal of lawn-tennis on a hard court at " La Bocca " with the Sinclairs and Fergusons, his favourite partner being a young lady whom he called " La Boccherina ". The visitors to Cannes included his uncle Henry (Baker), his wife's aunt Mrs. à Court, Evelyn Lady Bathurst, the Oldhams, Lady Maria Ponsonby and her son and daughters, the ever-welcome Spencer Lyttelton, Dr. George Kingsley and the Rev. A. G. Butler—the first headmaster of Haileybury, and in later years so often his host at Oxford. Mr. Butler had been a famous athlete at Rugby, and proved a most congenial companion in some of Hubert's " most sublime walks ".

How he contrived to combine all these social and physical activities with any work is a miracle, but it was accomplished, by his habitual practice of leaving no moment unoccupied. His " tale of work ", apart from the days when he went far afield, was constant and considerable. It was almost entirely devoted to music. Soon after his arrival he fell in with Guerini, a young Italian violinist " who plays like a brick and is a fine artist ", and from their first meeting scarcely ever missed a day without visiting him, playing with him, or rehearsing for the series of classical and modern chamber concerts given by Guerini, his wife, a pianist and composer, and Feri-Kletzer, a 'cellist. The programmes were largely drawn from the works of Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert, Schumann and Mendelssohn, but also included compositions by Raff, Rubinstein and Brahms. Hubert figured frequently as accompanist, soloist and composer. According to his own account he was almost invariably

handicapped by nervousness and seldom if ever satisfied himself. There is a characteristic entry in his diary for February 15 about the concert held on that evening, at which he played the *Kreutzer* Sonata with Guerini and solos by Bach and Handel:

"We got through the Kreutzer all right. . . . My Bach Prelude and Fugue and the Handel Saraband and Passacaglia pleased the public and they encored the Bach and wanted to encore the Handel. I felt rather dissatisfied, because I played part of the Prelude very badly. But I was immensely relieved when it was over."

On March 8 Hubert Parry was the concert-giver, and the programme included his Variations on a Theme by Bach, about the reception of which he says nothing, but only mentions the successful performance of Beethoven's Trio in B minor: "I was in a perfect whirl of delight afterwards at its being safely over and hardly fit to talk to anybody". He adds that on the following day he "couldn't by any means persuade Guerini to take a penny of the profits", and was very sorry he was so obstinate. It was an honourable obstinacy in an artist who had a hard struggle to make both ends meet, especially as at this stage of his career Hubert Parry was perhaps the chief gainer by their co-operation.

Besides these constant practices and rehearsals with Guerini he started, just before Christmas 1876, a harmony class, held at the Hôtel Provence or the house of the Fergusons, and continued it to the end of his stay. These lessons involved a good deal of preparation and the conscientious correction of exercises. As they were held at least twice a week, and often lasted over two hours, we are not surprised to hear that the numbers at one time dwindled from twelve to three. But they were much appreciated by the faithful, and we read that after his last lesson at the Provence, at which he gave them "a rapid survey of Fugue and all the Sonata forms with illustrations for two hours", he received a "very nice little note", with the names of all the young ladies who attended the course, and was sorry it was over. To all these

alleviations of his " exile " there remains to be added the greatest of all—the improvement in his wife's health and the generally flourishing condition of his little daughter. There are very few entries in his diary which do not contain some reference to his constant anxiety on this score, to their short walks together, or to his taking his wife out in a bath-chair. One day after acting as guide to a party on the road to Mougins, he " tilted home as fast as he could to be in time to take Maud out for her afternoon walk ", and records, not without satisfaction, that he covered the four miles in forty-three minutes. Nor was his sympathy confined to his own belongings. For days and weeks he notes the progress or relapse of a " lonely little clergyman " who was dying by inches of consumption at the same hotel, and whom he visited and befriended in his last days.

There is little mention of any musical composition, beyond a reference to an " Aurora " overture which I have failed to trace, and a setting of a song called " Love and Laughter " from A. G. Butler's Tragedy of Charles I. In connexion with this song he notes for the first time what was his habitual method—that of learning the text by heart and then " cogitating on its meaning and proper inflexions " before composing the music. By the end of March he had begun bathing, enjoying it most when the waves were high, resumed his botanical and " algological " and microscopic studies, paid frequent visits to the roller-skating rink, a pastime he had begun to cultivate before leaving London; and had many good games of lawn-tennis at the Sinclairs. He gave his last harmony class at the Fergusons on the 14th, and the next few days were occupied in a round of farewells to the Guerinis, Oldhams, Broughams, Sinclairs and other friends. On the 17th Miss Brougham and Miss Ferguson came to tea and he played to them for a long time :

" First two Ballades of Brahms, then Bach's ' Italienisches Concert ' (middle movement tolerably) and the Chromatic Fantasia and fugue (badly). Then the Lichnowsky Sonata, Op. 90 (tolerably); then the whole of the last

Sonata in C minor; then the whole Appassionata (some of it badly and some pretty well), ending up with a Prelude of Bach's as farewell. A pretty good bout."

Hubert Parry and his wife left Cannes on April 19, and the first stage of their journey was tragical, a young invalid son of Mr. and Lady Maria Ponsonby, who travelled in the same train, dying suddenly shortly before they reached Lyons, and his parents having to travel with their dead son for twelve hours, " afraid to tell the officials because they would probably stop them on the way "— a painful situation, in which Hubert proved not only sympathetic but helpful. The Parrys broke their journey at Paris, where he did a good deal of sight-seeing and went to hear *Robert le Diable* at the Opera :

" It is a wonderful edifice, especially the staircase, and I never saw the nude female form made so much use of in my life before. I was strongly impressed with the objectionableness of the French language when sung. It makes the sounds noisy and nasal, and the run-on vowels are absolutely ridiculous, as, for example, a rapid run on the last syllable of ' patrie ', which is unspellable in English, and altogether anything serious and intense sounds inept to my ears."

Yet, as we have seen, it was a French artist, Faure, who gave him more satisfaction and delight than perhaps any other singer he ever heard. As for the music, he admits its effectiveness ; " the Nunnery scene was very pretty and the ballet extremely decent ".

He was extremely glad to get home, finding the house " delicious with flowers ", brought by Lady Herbert, who, with the Garretts, had made everything comfortable, and was " wild with delight " at finding a note from Dannreuther to say that Breitkopf & Härtel had taken his Duo. The tidings went far to compensate him for the bad news of his business at Lloyd's. At his desire arrangements were at once made for winding it up. " It is ", he writes, " a sad ending to the connexion between me and one of my best friends ". A considerable sum — £3000 — had already been sunk in it, and at least half as much more

was needed to meet the demands consequent on " putting up the shutters ". But these troubles were dispelled by a multiplicity of diversions and distractions, mostly delightful and stimulating. The arranging of the house kept him busy for a while, and the devoted exertions and artistic advice of Rhoda Garrett and her cousin Agnes worked miracles in the shortest possible time. He at once resumed, and with renewed zest, his lessons with Dannreuther, his work with and for Grove, and his attendance at the Crystal Palace and other concerts. At the Bach Choir Concert he heard for the first time a wonderful German bass called Henschel, " a very rich voice and wonderfully true and clear ". He heard him again a week or so later at the Crystal Palace, when Rubinstein conducted his " Humoresque "—*Don Juan*—" a fiery and humorous production ". But the " most poignant things " in the programme were Brahms's *Neue Liebeslieder*, played by Anna Mehlig and Walter Bache and sung by Mme. Sophie Löwe, Fräulein Redeker, Shakespeare and Henschel :

" They tickled me greatly—and most of all Henschel's singing. It was quite a revelation, for he realized to me the historical marvels of the great days of Italian singing —so clear, so true, so musical and intelligent."

On the other hand, he was persuaded by " G." to attend a " most detestable fashionable Italian concert " at which a new Italian pianist played abominably. Mention is made of seeing Irving in *Richard III.*, and of a convivial evening at the German Club after one of Franke's concerts in the company of Stanford, Benson, Hausmann (the 'cellist of the Joachim quartet) and other genial German artists.

But the great musical event of the year is heralded by the brief entry in his diary for May 2 : " In the evening I went to Dannreuther's to meet Wagner ". For 1877 was the year of the famous series of Wagner Concerts in the Albert Hall, at which the duties of conductor were shared between Wagner and Hans Richter, who now made his first appearance in England. The motive of the expedition was largely financial—to make good the heavy deficit on the Bayreuth Festival of 1876—but its effect on English

musical taste was both deep and abiding. Hubert Parry was already a convinced Wagnerite, influenced no doubt in part by Dannreuther's championship, but in the last resort entirely governed by his own judgment. For though he attached more weight to Dannreuther's criticisms than to those of any other man, he did not always subscribe to them. Here, however, they saw eye to eye, and Hubert laboured assiduously to inoculate his friends with his enthusiasm by playing through the scores of the operas before the concerts to Frank Pownall, Eddie Hamilton, Miss Ferguson and others. He found to his delight that Arthur Coleridge was already of his way of thinking, and that Miss Susie Stephenson was as fervent a Wagnerite as himself; but controversy ran high in those days; and with some of his friends and relations he found it hard to keep his temper.

Of his personal impressions of Wagner at their first meeting he has left no record, but it is clear from subsequent references that he was far more interested in the musician than the man. Thanks to Dannreuther he was enabled to attend many of the rehearsals, and derived as much enjoyment from them as from the actual concerts. At the rehearsal on May 4 "the hero was there in good humour: Richter conducted wonderfully and drilled the incompetents with vigour". On the following evening at Dannreuther's house "there was a goodly company of artist folk to see Wagner, who was in great fettle, and talked to an open-mouthed group in brilliant fashion". Hubert Parry, who was still going on with his German lessons from Dr. Althaus, confesses that Wagner talked so fast that he could catch but little of what he said. He spent the whole morning at the Albert Hall on the 7th:

"Wagner's conducting is quite marvellous: he seems to transform all he touches; he knows precisely what he wants and does it to a certainty. The *Kaisermarsch* became quite new, and supremely magnificent. I was so wild with excitement after it that I did not recover all the afternoon."

The concert that evening was very successful and Wagner was greeted with prolonged applause, but " many people found the *Rheingold* selection too hard for them ". Hubert's diary during the Wagner Concerts throws some curious sidelights on the social code of the mid-Victorian period. On the 9th he had to leave the rehearsal to find somebody to escort Madame Wagner to the Soirée at the Grosvenor Gallery in the evening. He met with several failures, but at last secured a lady of high rank,

" who to my surprise was quite willing, and I thought rather pleased, to have a lioness in tow, notwithstanding the inclination of Society to taboo a person who puts ' Frau Richard Wagner, geb. Liszt ' on her cards, and was as long as the humour lasted, the wife of Bülow. But I put it to my friend that she would be escorting the daughter of her ' old friend Liszt ', and that bait took."

The concert on the 9th was devoted to extracts from the *Fliegende Holländer*, in which Hill was superb, and the first Act of the *Walküre*. Many of the audience went out, " but the applause at the end was great nevertheless ". On the 12th the " great last Act " of the *Walküre* was a " triumphant success "; very few went out before the end, and the applause at the end was prolonged and enthusiastic. The *Walkürenritt* was encored bodily; and " many people whom I saw afterwards were as much moved by that last soul-subduing scene as I could have wished ". The only drawback to his enjoyment was that one of his oldest and most musical friends, to whom he had given a careful " preparation " on the piano beforehand, went to sleep once or twice during the performance. Next day (Sunday), Madame Wagner came to call with Mrs. Dannreuther:

" She is certainly a very remarkable woman and was very pleasant and kind. She told us that George Eliot was with them yesterday at the performance, and seemed to enter into it very much. The poetical parts seemed to affect her especially, and she wept plentifully over the heavenly scene between *Siegmund* and *Brünnhilde*."

A full account follows of the rehearsal of the *Lohengrin*

and *Götterdämmerung* selections on the 14th. There were splendid moments when Hill and Materna were singing; but Unger, the tenor, collapsed, and at the concert in the evening the programme had to be revised, omitting all *Siegfried's* part from the *Götterdämmerung* scenes, after which Wagner cut short the proceedings by taking Materna by the arm and marching straight out. "It was a pitiful collapse." In spite of the rearrangement of the programme for the concert of the 16th, both Hill and Unger being *hors de combat*, the performance was "the best we have had so far". It included a great deal of the *Meistersinger*, of which the Introduction to Act III. was encored; *Brünnhilde's* great scene from the end of the *Götterdämmerung*; and, best of all, *Siegfrieds Tod*, "which seems to me the greatest thing in the world, and made me quite cold with ecstasy. The applause was tremendous for nearly a quarter of an hour after the concert." Afterwards he went to hear Wagner read the newly finished text of *Parsifal* at Dannreuther's. Though he only got a hazy notion of it, he found Wagner's reading "extraordinarily dramatic". Altogether it was "a day to have lived for".

On the following morning Hubert Parry and his wife sat through the rehearsal of the *Tristan und Isolde* selections, mostly new to him, with George Eliot and Madame Wagner, "who were very nice and kind":

"Wagner got into a charmingly unsophisticated rage with some of the band for beginning badly, threw down his bâton and seized his coat and comforter and put them on (for no ostensible reason except the need of doing something), and walked up and down the platform in front of the orchestra till time and the appeals of those of the orchestra more in favour had cooled him down a bit."

The last concert was held on May 18. *Siegfrieds Tod* —which made him "even more shivery than before"— and *Brünnhilde's* closing scene were repeated. Materna was magnificent and Unger sang very badly. The novelties were the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition March, and the *Vorspiel*, part of the great duet, and the closing scene from *Tristan und Isolde*.

"There was tremendous enthusiasm and prolonged cheering at the end, and addresses were read to Wagner and Richter and Wilhelmj. Wagner was crowned and Richter received an ivory bâton and the great trio embraced amid renewed cheers."

On the following afternoon (Sunday) Hubert and Lady Maud went to pay a return visit to Madame Wagner. They found her just returned from hearing Dean Stanley preach at the Abbey. "She had been in the morning and had been so much impressed that she went again in the afternoon." While they were there, the "Master" came in in a baddish temper and declared that he really couldn't go to the ——'s in the evening, though he promised to be there, "as he had got a bad sore throat—from shouting at the band, as he explained it a bit humorously". The sequel furnished Hubert Parry with the opportunity for a characteristic fling at the snobbishness of Society:

"So in the evening the ——'s had to have their Hamlet with an extra ghost, for Wagner certainly went not, and there was a great company to meet him who were thoroughly sold. And as many of them were of those whose understanding or constitutions, not being of the right calibre, prompted them to much hypothesis-making in contempt of him and his works, I was rather pleased. Their snobbishness is obvious. They love not his works, but they would be glad to get near him because he is big, and they could tell their friends lightly that they had met him, and then cast some more dirt no doubt." [1]

Hubert Parry went, however, and admired the beauty and splendid luxury of the house, was amused by the actors and actresses present, and found compensation, in a few minutes' "reasonable talk" with Dannreuther, for the light chatter of fashionable ladies and the scornful chaff of complacent Wagnerophobes. He speaks of seeing the "Meister" again for a moment at Dannreuther's on the 23rd, and he attended both the rehearsal for the final

[1] At least the English detractors of Wagner stopped short of the lengths of the Parisians who, at the historic performance of *Tannhäuser* in 1861, shouted in the theatre:

"A bas Wagner! C'est le petit-fils du Duc de Wellington!"

and extra concert on May 28 and the performance itself. The rehearsal was not so bad, but the concert proved " dismally catastrophical ". Materna excelled her own stupendous self, but the unfortunate Unger collapsed again, and in the *Schluss* scene from *Siegfried* his performance was quite harrowing : " He would perhaps sing a dozen notes or so and then his voice would quite disappear, but he went on somehow though he had to sing all the great climax at the end falsetto ". However, there was great enthusiasm, " roaring and wreaths " at the end ; but Hubert Parry could not help feeling sorry for Unger, who had to " slink off without any recognition for his painful efforts ".

Hubert sat throughout the concert with Mme. Wagner, and on the evening of June 4 went to see her and the " Meister " off to Bayreuth from Victoria. The spell of Wagner's genius had been potent and at times overwhelming, but during these weeks Hubert not only did a good deal of hard " drudgical " work for the Dictionary, and made progress with his new Trio, but attended Rubinstein's concerts at St. James's Hall and the Crystal Palace. Rubinstein's own music—a quintet and a violin sonata—he found " fiery, vehement, irregular and a good deal extravagant out of the exuberance of his lion heart ". His playing of Beethoven's *Waldstein* sonata was amazing from its " absolute disregard of difficulties, and headlong plunging at obstacles ". At the Crystal Palace his Symphony in D minor, though full of ideas, vigorous and independent, was interminably long. His playing of Beethoven and Chopin was alternately exquisite and disgraceful. Hubert Parry contributed an analysis of the Symphony for the Crystal Palace programme at very short notice, and also wrote a critique for the *Academy*, then edited by Appleton, whose acquaintance he had made at Cannes.

His mornings—except when he was attending Wagner rehearsals—were spent in work, constantly and unceasingly distracted by the practising of a next-door neighbour, an amateur pianist who, in Bülow's phrase, played the easiest passages with the greatest difficulty. For a long time his diaries abound in almost daily bitter and even pathetic

complaints against these interruptions, whether internal or external, and many years elapsed before he had so schooled himself in concentration as to be able to defy or disregard them. For a long while domestic interruptions, when he was in the vein, excited in him a fury which he found it hard to suppress, and he used his diary as a safety-valve, frequently describing in minute detail the tortures he underwent. Thus, to take a typical example from the record of this summer, he heads one entry, "This is the way I try to write music". He begins in good humour at 8.45, is called away for an hour, and resuming at 9.45 finds his neighbour hard at work practising Cramer :

"So I practise a bit also. Stop at 11. He is still hard at work at his pet flourishes. Stop again at 12. Oh Joy ! the neighbour has finished. I take my paper and pen again, write 2 notes only and a barrel-organ immediately begins a joyful strain in the street outside. Another start at 12.45 with half a dozen notes. My neighbour, who has evidently plenty of time at his disposal to-day, begins to extemporize. 1 o'clock, luncheon, so there's an end of it for the present."

In spite of these distractions he got through a great deal of work in June, going on with his German lessons, spending many "splendid hours" with Dannreuther, and labouring diligently for the Dictionary with Grove. He especially notes "Dann.'s" illuminating talk on the later works of Beethoven ; how they contained types of nearly all later developments, and "such extraordinary hazards of chord succession, which beat Wagner all to fits for obscurity or rather bold combinations of tonalities". He attended a bad performance of *Tannhäuser*, redeemed in part by Albani and Maurel, and the Selection Concert and *Israel in Egypt* at the Handel Festival. *Israel* was for the most part magnificent, "especially the short, slow, massive choruses, and the Grand Finale", and Lloyd and Santley were at their best, the latter even eclipsing Henschel in "The Lord is a Man of War". He saw a good deal of his family, Mr. Gambier-Parry with his wife and children being in London for the season, of Hugh Montgomery and the Pownalls, with whom he made music at home, and a

visit to the Academy prompted the remark that he had never seen so many vulgar and vile pictures before. He also took a good deal of walking exercise, to Roehampton, Acton and Ealing, and it is curious to read his description of the two last-named places as being " in a very proper kind of country—the most *bona fide* I have come across so near to the big city ". Though a further consultation with Sir William Jenner was moderately reassuring, Lady Maud's health still occasioned anxiety. During her ten days' visit to her sister the Baroness von Hügel at Hampstead, Hubert walked out nearly every day to see her and his daughter, who was now " showing all the promising characteristics of pickledom ".

On July 10 they moved to Littlehampton, and the return to the " dear little seaside place " at once worked marvels. After a week or more of " miserable, dependent, disturbed hotel life " they moved their belongings into a small house in South Terrace. Here at least he had privacy and his piano. He wrote several articles for " G.", including one on Day's Harmony, and an analysis of 39 Quartets by Haydn, practised when it was wet—on one day for six hours at scales and Bach's Preludes and Fugues —and bathed regularly with a direct *crescendo* of enjoyment in proportion to the risk. The sight of the stormy waves at night only lit by the stars made him " feel inclined to shout with delight ", and he took a special pleasure in watching them by day from the long and narrow pier on the far side of the river :

" I think it is most exhilarating to see the waves boiling and hissing all around one, and this pier is a wonderfully favourable one for this enjoyment, as it is only one plank broad with a little handrail, and supported by a sort of open trellis-work of piles—just enough to vex the waves and break them into foam and fury, but leaving them much freedom as they dash through under one's feet and sometimes over them. It is the next thing to being terrible, and that is one of the chief qualities of grandeur."

He also resumed his " algologizing ", but his chief recreation was playing with his little child friends or

" Brownies " as he called them — paddling, building sand castles or playing " very small cricket ". One day he took them to a circus; on Bank Holiday they had glorious scrambling and paddling and got into a " frightful mess " :

" *August* 14.—My little children friends' last day, so I spent it all with them. We went out in a boat in the morning, paddled and bathed, got a lot of seaweeds and had great fun altogether. In the afternoon we paid a last visit to the ' goody shop ', and went down to the long pier and in the evening walked about on the sands, and said good-bye about 9 o'clock."

In the last fortnight of his stay he did a " fine lot of work " with his microscope, examining specimens, analysed four of Haydn's symphonies, finished reading Darwin's *Origin of Species*, and resumed his sand-castle building and small cricket with a fresh batch of " Brownies ", before leaving on August 29 to attend the wedding of his brother-in-law, Sidney Herbert, at St. George's, Hanover Square. Lady Maud went to stay with Mrs. Morrison at Roehampton and he spent a few days in town, analysing a heap of Corelli and Couperin, but feeling " wretchedly lonely ". If, as has been sometimes contended, the highest genius is incompatible with domesticity, Hubert Parry must be denied admittance to that category. His spirits, however, were restored by a walk to Roehampton, where he found his wife in good care amid delightful surroundings, and he thoroughly enjoyed the Gloucester Festival week, which he spent at Highnam. The performance of Schumann's *Paradise and the Peri* was bad ; that of Beethoven's C minor the worst he ever heard ; but Bach's *Passion-Musik* and Brahms's *Requiem* were splendidly done, Wesley's *Wilderness*—scored by himself—" revived in me many faint and beloved memories ", and of the *Messiah* he writes : " It seems impossible to be tired of the magnificent choral work and the vigorous, pathetic and dramatic variety of the solos ".

The evening service in the Nave, with full orchestra, chorus and male soloists, inspired him with mingled feelings :

"We had a feeble service of Gadsby's and a very rum anthem of Purcell's. The service was much like a fashionable wedding, everybody talking and looking as unconcerned as in a drawing-room. . . . We had a fine anti-climax at the end. The Bishop gave the blessing in a sort of wavering, hazy falsetto with no definite fixture of pitch, and all the chorus and congregation, taking a totally different view of the keynote he was aiming at, struck up the most piteous wail of many-tongued, many-keyed uncertain cadence I ever heard—with some dozens of different dominant and tonic progressions—which set me off in a chuckling fit."

At Highnam, where Spencer Lyttelton was staying to Hubert's great satisfaction, they had a great deal of music and lawn-tennis, and on one day he went over with his sisters Beatrice and Hilda to Minsterworth to see the Bore on the Severn, which was expected to be very fine, but "after keeping us waiting half an hour, turned out the feeblest one I ever saw".

On his return to town the complaints of his "sad solitude" are renewed: "This loneliness is horrid—not a soul to speak to or to look into their eyes and catch a gleam of sympathy. My best friend now is *Sartor Resartus*!" but he found solace in repeated walks to Roehampton, where his wife and child were still staying, visits to the British Museum, the Natural History Museum, and above all, Kew Gardens, the glories of which he now first appreciated and found to the end of his life a constant refreshment and delight. He suffered constant irritation from his musical neighbour, but contrived to get through a great deal of writing for Grove, including his article on "Form", and finished a *Concertstück* in G minor for piano of which no trace remains — working eight or nine hours a day. Dannreuther was in town and proved a great stand-by, and in the afternoons spent with him he "learned a wonderful lot". With Grove he spent a delightful afternoon inspecting the Handel and Purcell MSS. at Buckingham Palace, and indulged his taste for judicious levity by going to see *Orphée aux Enfers* at the Alhambra, where Paulton was splendid as *Jupiter*. Between two week-end visits to

Hedingham, where his wife had moved from Roehampton, he sandwiched a strenuous week in town, finishing off his article on "Form", of which Dannreuther highly approved, and attending a Crystal Palace Concert. Mr. Lewis Majendie had been restoring Hedingham Castle and Hubert was delighted with the result: "The great room looks like a perfect bit of mediæval life from which the old people have only just gone out for a walk". He paid another visit to Kew—the fourth in a fortnight—on October 12, and on the 13th heard a new star at the Crystal Palace—Sarasate, the Spanish violinist—who played Max Bruch's violin concerto and pieces by Raff "with superb virtuosity and beauty of tone". Lady Maud returned on the 15th to his great but short-lived delight, having to be packed off almost immediately owing to a gruesome discovery in the drainage. The invaluable Garretts came, as usual, to the rescue, and he remained in town to superintend the costly reconstruction of the entire drain system of his house. "So does evil fortune dog us": but two days later he was laughing till he cried at Edward Terry in a Gaiety burlesque.

The house in Phillimore Place was not freed from the tyranny of plumbers and builders till the end of the month, and Lady Maud at last was able to return on November 5. Work for the Dictionary brought him into constant contact with Grove, and their friendship was unimpaired by a certain amount of controversy; it would be an exaggeration to call it friction, as may be gathered from a typical entry in his diary for November 23:

"In the afternoon to 'G.' to finish our grind over the 'Form' article. First of all we went and had some oysters and porter and then some coffee at Gatti's extraordinary restaurant near the Soho Bazaar in which I had never been before, and then to work. We fought a good bit over it, and 'G.' said that many sentences were so badly expressed as to be quite unintelligible to any but an expert, but in many cases, finding the ideas too tough to be expressed otherwise, had to leave them unchanged. I couldn't see what was the matter with them myself, which was unfortunate. However, we were very cheery altogether."

Grove was a master of lucid exposition, and his criticisms in regard to expression were extremely valuable, and were reinforced at a later stage by the late Mr. F. J. H. Jenkinson, to whom Hubert paid unstinted acknowledgment for his help in clarifying his style. "G." never set up to be an "expert", but he occasionally irritated Hubert by insisting on alterations incorporating "little amateurish items of knowledge which are always trivial and frequently beside the point". The lessons with Dannreuther on the other hand were invariably and entirely harmonious. There never was any shade or shadow of estrangement in their intimacy: not once in all the hundreds of references to their meetings does Hubert fail to record the refreshment, enlightenment and encouragement which he drew from their intercourse.

Dannreuther, like Bülow and Parry himself, was very much more than a mere musician; deeply versed in letters and art, and capable of expressing himself with a caustic wit, as when he deplored the deterioration of Millais' genius and expressed the fear that he was becoming "the Arabella Goddard of painting"; or commented on the irrelevant introduction of a chorale into a pianoforte Trio by a Jewish composer: "That's just the Jew going round with his old coats and hats and, when he has made his money, he praises the Lord". But there never was a more catholic-minded appreciator of all great music—Wagner and Brahms, Beethoven and Bach, Orlando Gibbons and Orlando Lasso —or one with a keener *flair* for what was fruitful amongst the moderns. Hubert Parry's sense of what he owed his master was tempered by misgiving. On December 11 he writes: "Dannreuther alarmed me a good deal by expressing a very high opinion of what I ought to do as a composer. I am afraid he will be disappointed." A fortnight later he was overwhelmed by this generosity and the desire of Dannreuther for a change in their relations:

"At the end of my lesson he made a declaration which moved me so much that I could not make answer. He said he had been so lonely for so long, and I might be a brother to him and help him on in life and he would not

let me consider myself as having lessons from him any longer, and so on. I can't write all the sweet things he said. They almost hurt me because I felt I was unworthy, and it might so wound him in the future if, after having put his trust in my abilities, he found me wanting."

Happily nothing ever happened to justify these misgivings; but the new fraternal relations did not affect Hubert Parry's recognition of Dannreuther as master and musical guide, philosopher and friend, as long as he lived.

There can be little doubt that this "declaration" was largely responsible for his describing this Christmas as one of "perfect serene happiness". To be saluted by Dannreuther was indeed *laudari a laudato*. For the rest the weather—always a great factor in his content—was frosty and bright; his wife was home again, and in better health; his small daughter was "now getting to the delicious age when character really begins to show itself"; and they all had good appetites for Christmas fare. In the afternoon he settled himself comfortably down with his big pipe and read George Sand's *Malgré Tout*, "a truly noble work", till Frank Pownall came and sang Schubert. Finally a bout of Palestrina closed "the happiest Christmas Day I ever spent". In November and December he never missed a Saturday concert at the Crystal Palace, where he again heard Sarasate and also Wilhelmj, a new and naïvely simple but well-made Symphony by Prout, and always found the company congenial even when the programmes were not specially enthralling; attended the "Pops", four of Franke's Chamber Concerts, and the Bach Choir's performance of works by Palestrina, Bach, Gibbons and Brahms; recognized the merits and angularities of Macfarren's *Joseph*; heard a very poor rendering of the "essentially German" music of Weber's *Der Freischütz* by an Italian company; and was a good deal impressed by the fine dramatic quality and bold writing of Verdi's *Requiem*. Here he acutely observes that the "Italianisms" were out of the cognizance of that fine German singer, Fräulein Redeker (afterwards Lady Semon). The only composition of his own mentioned is his "experimental" Nonet for

Wind, apparently never performed and never published. By way of recreation he continued his visits to Kew, and went to see an extraordinary acrobatic entertainment at the Aquarium including the " star turn " of the famous Zazel, " whose performances were beautiful to see ".

The process of winding up the business in the City dragged out its slow length, and on December 19 he paid a farewell visit " to the office where formerly I spent so many hours over the ledgers ". The " interminable twaddler " next door and the " female cackle " of his aristocratic acquaintances were responsible for some characteristic explosions, and he records one delightful anecdote of an exalted lady who said to him, *à propos* of the Duchess of Vallombrosa, that " she made one feel welcome, and it was so nice to be treated so even if people didn't mean it ". On the other hand, he continued to find refreshment and satisfaction in the company and conversation of the Garretts. The last day of the year was notable for a conversation with Dr. Hueffer, who succeeded Davison as musical critic of the *Times* a couple of years later. He was then engaged on writing the notices of all the great musicians for the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Dr. Hueffer, a German naturalized in England in 1882, combined a fervent championship of Wagner with a keen appreciation of French Troubadour literature, on which he wrote with considerable authority. His literary was far superior to his musical equipment, his few compositions were excruciating to the ear, and as a librettist he was ambitious, industrious but uninspiring. But his learning was undoubted, and one of Parry's earliest orchestral works was based on his Troubadour book. In their conversation on December 31, 1877, Hueffer hazarded the prediction that Liszt would be " entirely forgotten in fifty years, notwithstanding his wonderful technical feats in writing and playing ". Hubert Parry's gloss on this criticism is nearer the mark : " I think Liszt will certainly be a historical figure, as his works would be referred to as defining clearly the qualities of the instrument for which he wrote, though the stuff itself may be poor and thin ".

CHAPTER V

RUSTINGTON · "PROMETHEUS UNBOUND" · PROFESSOR AT THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC

THE chief landmark in the year 1878 was the move in July to "dear little Rusty", where Hubert Parry spent his summers and holidays for forty years, and where he died. His roots were in Highnam, but Rustington was his very own. Before the close of 1879 he had decided to build, and by the summer of 1880 the men were at work. He supervised their operations from the very start, planned and laid out the garden, roads and paths, did most of the planting with his own hands, often "digging fiercely" for hours at a stretch. He was not his own architect: the house was designed by Norman Shaw. But the initiative was his; he not only created the place, but lent his manual labour in every department. In the early months of the year he was harassed by domestic troubles. Both before and after the birth of his second child on February 6, his wife's health gave him the greatest anxiety. Both children had more than their share of infantile ailments; doctors and nurses were in constant attendance. He gives an animated account of his rushing about in search of a nurse for the newcomer, and how at last he "caught a two-legged cow for the babchin". The christening at the big Kensington Church provoked an explosion at "the usual formality of making the baby a member of the Holy Church", in which he acquiesced though he did not wish for it. His reaction against the ceremonial side of religion was now acute. But life to him was a liberal education in tolerance, and in his posthumous

work on *Instinct and Character* this reluctant acquiescence yields to a reverence and even tenderness for symbols which were still helpful to the majority.

His thirtieth birthday inspired him with melancholy reflections :

" It is enough to make one tender-hearted to all men who are getting on in years to think of the gradual opening of the mental eye to what life is, through which they all must have gone."

Music, however, afforded him solace at a time in which he passed from one trouble to another—croup and bronchitis in the nursery, vile weather abroad. " When things get to this pitch," he writes at the end of March, " I begin to laugh and enjoy the best of spirits ". He had, by the way, his first experience of laughing-gas at the dentist's and pronounced it a " most beneficent invention ". The Crystal Palace Saturday concerts, which he seldom missed, gave him constant delight. He speaks of getting " nearly drunk and incapable with absorption " during a performance of the *Eroica.* At the same concert Manns played the Introduction to the Third Act of the *Meistersinger* too fast, " which pleased John Hullah (who couldn't make it out at all) because it was the sooner over ". He practised the pianoforte assiduously, and had his " usual Sunday blow-out " with Frank Pownall, chiefly in the company of Bach. Outside his own household he saw more of Dannreuther than any one else, revising and correcting his own compositions for hours at a time every few days under his master's supervision. His Trio in E minor was well received at one of Dannreuther's concerts in January, and went even better at a second performance in February ; and on April 11 he made " his first appearance in public in London ", playing his Duo in E with Dannreuther, and receiving compliments and congratulations from his friends and others. Dannreuther's own encouragement never failed, and his decision that the early Anacreontic odes were worth preserving and his approval of the new quartet in G—originally sketched in 1867 and never published—are gratefully recorded.

Then he was busy on his "Harmony" article for Grove's Dictionary, studying old scores at the British Museum, and the technique of the clarinet with Egerton, for many years one of our best professional players. Apart from research, these articles gave him a great deal of worry and dissatisfaction about his style, and he writes of "getting into my usual difficulties over the simple points of language and expression, taking me often half an hour to get a sentence straight". Always self-critical, he is generous of praise for others, whether for Stanford's wonderful gifts as a sight-reader, or the virtuosity of Sarasate, or the exhilarating antics of the Vokes family at Drury Lane. On the other hand, Macfarren's *Lady of the Lake* gave him "a nervous pain in his cranium", and he was curiously irresponsive to the appeal of *The Sorcerer*, which he found "poor flippant fooling", only partially redeemed by the dialogue. It is curious also to note at this date his attitude to Brahms, whose Symphony (apparently the first) he considered unequal, lacking in organic cohesion and not devoid of reminiscences. The early trio (Op. 8) which he had heard at Ludwig and Daubert's concert struck him as immature and generally unsatisfactory, though remarkable as showing how very early Brahms had developed a decided individuality of his own. It was only by slow degrees that respect for Brahms's works ripened into reverence and enthusiasm.

As the weather improved and the piercing east winds abated, he resumed his visits to Kew Gardens, always a delight, and never more so than in the early days of spring. At the end of February he fell in with a demonstration in Hyde Park in support of the Government, witnessed Bradlaugh's bold attempt to speak "in the face of a wild mob of pro-Turks" and assisted in extricating Auberon Herbert, who was being violently hustled. "The mob must have numbered many thousands and wouldn't hear a word the Liberals had to say." Party politics were highly inflamed; most of Hubert Parry's class were bitterly anti-Gladstone. So his visit to Wilton at Easter, though rendered enjoyable by walks on the downs and practising

on the magnificent new Willis organ in the cathedral—the finest he had ever played on—was rather disturbed by political discussions :

" The violence with which the family [Lord and Lady Pembroke and Sidney Herbert] talk about Gladstone is perfectly astounding. As Eddie said, it is quite indecent. According to their views everything Gladstone does is for the sake of popularity. They make out by some round-about process that the present war is owing to him. Their way of talking is so extraordinary that I can only listen with gaping mouth and answer not a word, for I simply don't know what to say to such a torrent of invective. If one attempts to say a word in his defence one is gaped at as if one were a lunatic. They cannot understand that it can be possible that a word can be said for him by an honest man."

When he ventured to argue against arbitrary repression in the interests of particular classes he was met by the contentions that " the vote was not a right but a privilege ", that " the aristocracy existed for the good of the people ", and that " all laws and government were arbitrary repression ". It may be added that a little earlier Mr. Gladstone had been on friendly terms with the Pembrokes, and, as I have noted already, had written voluminously to Lord Pembroke about his book *Roots : a Plea for Tolerance*, which was published in 1873. *South Sea Bubbles*, by " The Earl and the Doctor " (Lord Pembroke and Dr. George Kingsley), appeared in 1872, but that volume provoked no correspondence from Mr. Gladstone.

Hubert joined his wife at Littlehampton in the middle of May, but between that date and the end of July, when they moved to Rustington, was constantly running up to town and back again to the seaside. His visits to Dannreuther were the chief tie with London, but the laborious and expensive business of " clearing up " at Lloyd's had still to be completed. He managed to fit in attendance at several concerts and at the opera, where he acknowledged the theatrical impressiveness of *Le Prophète* ; to visit the Grosvenor Gallery, where he was " considerably irritated by

the unhealthy maundering of Burne-Jones" (an opinion that he recanted entirely in later years); to inspect the orchids at Kew and make frequent journeys to the house of Mrs. Alfred Morrison in Carlton House Terrace, where his younger daughter was flourishing exceedingly. Early in June he spent a few days at Highnam. His father was away at Ely, and he found the old place "looking sweet, quiet, sleepy; buried in trees, confined with the soft luxuries of long, thick, early summer grass, enervating in its very richness". He went, of course, to the Eton and Harrow match, to the Academy, and attended the wedding at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, of Gladys Herbert and Lord Lonsdale. But though he saw many friends he complains of the loneliness of Phillimore Place. Bursts of work—eight or nine hours at a stretch—did not alleviate his craving for the presence of his wife.

When he got down to Littlehampton, though he complained of "enforced idleness" owing to the lack of a good piano and books, he found companionship and refreshment, and above all the satisfaction of witnessing improvement in the health of his wife, who had been forbidden by Sir William Jenner to visit Ireland and threatened with a winter abroad. Hubert's "idleness" was only relative. He spent a good deal of time at his microscope and "algologizing"; bathed regularly in all weathers, never more pleased than when he was tossed about like a cork, and struck up a close friendship with a number of child friends—Fordes, Dickinsons, Napiers—with whom he built endless sand castles, paddled and played games, or went to see a menagerie, or rowed up the river to the "Black Rabbit". The weather, uncertain at first, was magnificent for the latter half of June and early July, and he soon began to explore the country, taking twenty-mile walks, and house-hunting, unprofitably at first, in the neighbourhood. An eligible house at Rustington was snapped up under their very noses, and an excursion to Broadstairs was a dismal failure. They came to the conclusion that it was "a bestial cooped-up hole". Hubert walked along the sands to Ramsgate and pronounced them a perfect pandemonium,

and they returned disgusted and ἄπρακτοι. At last a house was found and rented at Rustington and they moved in by the middle of July, his chief regret at quitting Littlehampton being caused by his parting from his " little Forde friends ", which made him " quite miserable ".

He was, however, soon reconciled to his new surroundings, rejoicing in his piano, " after a fast of six days ", reading *Tristan und Isolde* and Bach's Cantatas—" as an antithesis "—and making friends with the rector, Mr. Stansfield, and his family, and the Urlins, near neighbours at the Grange. On July 26 he took his first of innumerable walks to Highdown Hill, famous for its splendid views, an excursion that took him through " deep lanes between great hedges covered with clematis and bryony saturating the air with scent". Lawn-tennis with the Stansfields began immediately and soon became a chronic diversion, and on August 1 he gave the first of many music lessons to Miss Nellie Stansfield, " who showed accurate instincts altogether innocent of any direction or even education ". His pupils were not, however, always so promising, for he speaks a few weeks later of correcting some Kyries for a local amateur " who writes Church music without an idea of the principles of harmony or even the capacity to play it to himself ". The circle of his local acquaintances grew rapidly, including Captain Lowry, at whose house he had many splendid games of lawn-tennis, and Mr. " Joe " Olliver, his faithful bathing partner for many seasons. But with the exception of the Garretts—who were responsible for his coming to Sussex—and were already old friends, these local ties were based on goodwill and a common interest in games rather than on intellectual or artistic affinity. In this regard he was, however, more fortunate this summer, for the Dannreuthers were down at Littlehampton for some weeks in July and August; George Grove paid him a week-end visit in which they had much music and happy walks and talks; a visit from the Pownalls brought him another " fit of happiness " a few days later, with lots of music and pleasant talks on science, art and philosophy; and he saw a good deal of Guerini, the

violinist, his friend at Cannes, who was staying with his brother-in-law, the organist of the Cathedral at Arundel. Dannreuther was driven away by a spell of bad weather at the end of August, but not before he had read through Parry's new " Theme and 20 variations in E minor ".

The first half of September was gloriously fine, and was largely spent out of doors playing lawn-tennis, bathing and taking frequent excursions to Highdown Hill, Leominster water meadows and Arundel Park with his new friends the Dickinsons, who, both children and elders, were keen botanists. The diary is full of his finds, orchids and microscopic algae, of *Volvox globator*, desmids, infusoria and diatoms; of exhibitions of the results under the microscope to his young friends; of blackberrying and mushroom-hunting. He cooked a big puff-ball at the Stanfields and thought it " good in the shape of fritters, but not so successful when stewed in milk ", and he experimented in eating some *coprinus* and champignons, the one flabby, the other excessively tough.

The fruits of his study of Hueffer's *Troubadours* were apparent in an overture—subsequently performed at the Crystal Palace but never published—entitled *Guillem de Cabestanh*, an arrangement of which for four hands was completed early in September. The lessons to Miss Nellie Stansfield, which now included instruction in organ-playing, were continued, and he played a great deal to her and her sisters and other neighbours. Early in October he began to run up to town again, and heard Brahms's 2nd Symphony at the Crystal Palace on October 5 without, however, recording his impressions. Lawn-tennis went on till November 7, and bathing till the 11th, though snow had already fallen, and there were days on which it was " hard to get out or swim when well out and hard and even dangerous to get back ", and one on which the gale was so high that he and Joe Olliver were reduced to holding on to the pole of the bathing tent and letting the waves rush over them. The Parrys entertained a succession of visitors —Lady Herbert, laden after her wont with good things to eat, Lady Mary von Hügel and the faithful " Pre ".

The spiritualistic movement had invaded Rustington, and Hubert Parry attended spirit-rapping séances, which failed to impair his scepticism. A more satisfactory occupation (to him at least) was that of watching the sea at night, gazing on " the splendid waves which looked demoniacal in the dim light of the stars ", looking for oysters on the sands, and reading Berkeley's introduction to *Cryptogamic Botany*. He finished scoring his Overture and completed the outline of his F♯ piano concerto, and in one of his numerous visits to London heard Bülow perform the extraordinary feat of playing all the last five great sonatas by Beethoven in a row by heart :

" He went through it successfully, and his playing was marvellously finished but cold and hard. The definition of phrases and rhythms simply bristled, but he played everything too fast and not infrequently exaggerated. The performance supplied more of a lesson for the student than a pleasure or an ennobling emotion for the true amateur. It showed a perfect analysis of the slightest details and an unsatisfactory synthesis. He took many liberties. . . . But the feat was astonishing."

December found him installed at Phillimore Place for the winter, complaining bitterly of interruptions by street bands and organs and the musical neighbour next door, but rejoicing in the renewal of his closer contact with Dannreuther, and in visits to and long talks with Grove, just back from his trip to America with Dean Stanley, and eloquent on the advantages which Americans enjoyed from being " free from the cart-ruts of tradition and conventionalism which afflict and hamper progress in the old country ". During a brief visit to Highnam, where he found things much as usual—" quiet and respectable and very lovable—" he was " lifted into the seventh heaven of delight " by hearing Samuel Brandram recite *Hamlet* at Gloucester. This was the first of three severe winters in which he got a great deal of skating, learned a number of new dodges and had a great many bad falls. As a rule skating lured him from work, but on December 21 he writes of combining six hours' work with a visit to the Serpentine,

where on the following day he rescued a dog which had fallen through the ice, " to the satisfaction of the crowd ". His election to the London Skating Club filled him with boyish delight, and he spent many hours on the rink in Regent's Park in the company of Vandervell, Witham and other " cracks ". He heard much music at the Crystal Palace and elsewhere; and severely criticizes Raff's *Im Wald* symphony, the " abominable libretto " of Weber's *Oberon* and most of the music of *Carmen*, which he went to hear on Hueffer's recommendation, and damned with the faint praise habitual with him in his criticisms of French music :

" It is a most unequal work, which shows peculiarly the absence of a critical faculty. Gross vulgarity and commonplace bombast and things even viler, alternating with beautiful and interesting periods."

A flying visit just before Christmas to the house of his cousin William Clinton Baker, at Bayfordbury, renewed many old and happy associations :

" It seemed very natural to be there again in all but the growing up of the children, who are grown pretty well out of knowledge since I last saw them, and such a lot as there are now, such nice creatures. It is very sweet to see the life of the family, three generations all together, and a dog ; and never was I more impressed with the vivifying powers of young children in the home."

Snow at Christmas was followed by a week of thaw, but the frost returned early in January 1879 and he skated pretty regularly at the rink in Regent's Park till February 2. He went twice to the pantomime at Drury Lane, where the Vokes family were still the idols of ingenuous youth and cheerful age, but in spite of these distractions put in a good deal of work on his articles for Grove's Dictionary and the revision of his third Quartet in A flat, published by Novello in 1884; saw a good deal of the Garretts ; forgathered with his Cannes friends ; and gave lessons to Mrs. Talbot. The Quartet was performed with great success at Dannreuther's house on February 11, and Hubert Parry writes of his music with a satisfaction in which he very rarely indulged :

" Of course it gave them [the performers] a great deal of trouble, but they seemed much pleased with it. And with this expression of approval I was utterly happy. I was strangely intoxicated with much of it myself and astonished at the tone and richness which appeared. One thing pleased me especially. The effect of the Scherzo had been doubtful before. But this time it went, and Dann. at the end turned quickly to the others and said loudly, ' superbe Satz '. The slow movement they expressed emphatically ' magnifique ', ' ganz himmlisch '. I was wild with delight. The end of the last movement went like mad."

Wagner's *Rienzi*, which he had heard twice this month, struck him as astonishingly noisy and lacking in relief though characteristic in vigour and harmonic successions. The performance was, however, marred by the tenor, " a miserable, dull, flat ass ". As a set-off he was agreeably surprised by the *Huguenots*, a " fine theatrical piece ", though musically uncongenial to him. Brahms's violin Concerto, played by Joachim at the Crystal Palace, comes in for only moderate praise on a first hearing. Of the same composer's Symphony in D he expresses the curious opinion that it was " fine but not important enough for a Symphony " ; while Walter Bache's Liszt concert was a mixed joy. Bache's championship of Liszt's music was lifelong and heroic, but his powers as an executant and interpreter were not on a par with his enthusiasm. Hubert Parry's own Overture to *Guillem de Cabestanh*, given at the Crystal Palace on the Ides of March, was in his own opinion a complete fiasco ; the band were tired and uninterested, and Manns unsympathetic; yet, unlike other composers in similar circumstances, he was able to enjoy the *Eroica* at the same concert and Sothern as *Lord Dundreary* in the evening. He had some consolation, however, in the cordial reception of his Pianoforte Duo in E minor, which he played with Dannreuther at a lecture which his master gave on " Living Composers for the Piano " at the Royal Institution. Moreover, the concert of his music given at Arthur Balfour's house in Carlton Gardens on April 1 was favourably noticed in the press. The programme included

the Pianoforte Duo which he played with Dannreuther; the "old Bach variations" which he had rewritten, and songs by Mrs. von Glehn (Sophie Löwe) and Mrs. Godfrey Pearse, Mario's daughter, and the *Pall Mall Gazette* of April 12 published the following account of the concert:

"The compositions of Mr. C. Hubert Parry, who is already known to the public by a recent performance of his overture, *Guillem de Cabestanh, Troubadour*, at the Crystal Palace, have been from time to time heard in the Musical Evenings given by Mr. Dannreuther at his house in Orme Square. The favourable impression they created has led to a performance being given, of Mr. Parry's compositions only, at the house of Mr. Balfour, M.P., in Carlton Gardens, where a large audience was invited to hear them—an experiment that would prove fatal to anything short of real power of composition, demanding three hours' continuous attention to the works of one composer. A trio and a quartet, both for piano and strings, were played by Mr. Dannreuther, Messrs. Straus, Jung and Lasserre; a duet for two pianos, by Mr. Dannreuther and the composer; and a set of variations on a theme by J. S. Bach, by the latter alone. These pieces, which completed the instrumental part of the programme, were all warmly received by the audience. Mr. Parry's vocal compositions, heard for the first time, consisted of six songs, sung by Mme. Sophie Löwe, Mrs. Godfrey Pearse, and the Hon. S. G. Lyttelton—the one sung by Mme. Löwe, the only one to German words, having to be repeated. In Mr. Parry's works we have the inspiration of a composer supported by the learning of an earnest and eclectic student who is no less at home in Bach than in Wagner. 'In polyphonous treatment', says a writer who has made a careful study of Mr. Parry's compositions, 'and continuousness in his thematic work, avoiding formal cadences, he ranges himself with the most recent school of composition; breaking away entirely from English ideas, which, submitted to the influence of Mendelssohn, have not dared or cared to look beyond the limits that master may be said to have defined. The songs, always wedded to genuine poetry, are generally worthy of the admiration they were received with by Mr. Parry's audience, which included many musicians of eminence. This performance has taken him out of the category of mere amateurs, and future public

opportunities will no doubt enable us to recur to his works and criticize them from the only possible standpoint, as we would those of Messrs. Stanford, Gadsby, Wingham, Davenport, and other young aspirants to fame—on the real merits they may display as music appertaining to the English school, in which Mr. Parry promises to take a leading place.' "

This was quite an intelligent notice, apart from the unconsciously left-handed compliment of promoting Parry to the level of Messrs. Gadsby, Wingham and Davenport. It was rare at this time to find a critic venturing to say a word in disparagement of the influence of Mendelssohn or to refrain from accusing a young composer of imitating Wagner. Some of Hubert Parry's friends had misgivings on this point, and one who taxed him with Wagnerian tendencies, " promiscuous intercourse with unrelated keys ", with appealing to a limited audience, and who warned him against writing for posterity which " means writing for oblivion ", drew an interesting letter in which he vindicated his position. He declares that he does *not* write " ill-considered reflections of Wagner ", and though he feels the impress of Wagner's warmth and genius strongly, is " not tempted to tread in the same path in regard to construction, because what is applicable to the province of *dramatic* music is entirely alien to *instrumental* music ". On the latter subject he had his own views, and preferred " to see with his own eyes instead of following the expositions of pedagogues or blind leaders of the blind ". His attempts may be doomed to failure, but he is " not keen about success : earnest work is the greatest and surest source of happiness in life ". So, he concludes, " I am able to grind on without considering anything but that what I do shall be the best I can, and leave reward of any sort out of the question as superfluous ".

For the rest, he was busy at articles for the Dictionary—" Leit-Motif ", " Modulations ", etc.—giving lessons to Mrs. Talbot (*née* Margaret Stuart Wortley, who married Reginald, afterwards Major-General the Hon. Sir Reginald Talbot, in 1877), the Misses Hall, sisters of his Eton friend E. K. Hall, Mrs. Ruggles-Brise and his own sisters ; seeing a great deal

of Dannreuther and making much music with and for Frank Pownall; and working very hard at his Pianoforte Concerto. This last gave him "excruciating trouble" in the process of revision, but it was repaid by Dannreuther's verdict that it was his best work so far. There are amusing entries in his diary about "vetting" a "miserable little scrub" who wished to be a musician without having any talent; choosing a piano for a lady who appears to be a "gushing musical jackass"; and interviewing the conductor of the New Philharmonic to whom he had submitted his *Guillem de Cabestanh* overture. As he was "the kind of animal that doesn't suit me, I readily helped him out" in his laboured efforts to mitigate his verdict. It is only fair to add that the face of this same conductor was once compared by a very distinguished British composer to a meat-pie in the window of a Tottenham Court Road eating-shop.

In April he went to the Crystal Palace to hear Tchaikovsky's Symphony—he does not say which—and see Dr. Carver, the American trick-marksman, shoot; a characteristic instance of his wide range of interests. Unfortunately he has not recorded his impression of the Symphony or of that of Goetz in F given about the same time. Rubinstein's "Ocean" Symphony is well summed up as "sometimes beautiful, often ugly, and not infrequently vulgar, even to the pitch of repulsiveness". The "Siegfried Idyll" he found "mostly intoxicating", though rather long and dreamy for concert performance. The most interesting personal impressions of this period are those of Richter, whom he met at Dannreuther's, "a jolly, burly, hearty animal" as well as a superb conductor. And after his vehement disparagement of *Carmen* we cannot be surprised, however much we may regret it, to hear that he was "considerably bored" by *Pinafore*, and thought it quite second-rate even from the standpoint of comic opera, "though truly I was eager enough to be amused". But he was overworked and irritable, as well as anxious on the score of his wife's health, on which the doctors reported unfavourably, and seldom in the mood even to enjoy the

greatest music. His duties on the Committee of the London Musical Society took up much time and were not altogether congenial. Still less was the conversation of a lady of fashion who exasperated him by "talking in the easy familiar fashionable way about aristocrats and swells and their marriages or *liaisons*". His chief refreshment was in visits to Kew, walks with his wife, when the capricious and unsettled weather allowed, the companionship of the Garretts and the musical Sunday "blow-outs" with Frank Pownall. He greatly enjoyed Rossini's *Barbiere*, in which Patti's *bravura* singing was astounding and unapproachable; he sang in the chorus at the London Musical Society's concert; and he saw a good deal of his father and family who were in London for the season. All through June and July he was frequently running down for week-ends to Rustington, where he bathed in all weathers, generally bad, as the summer was wild, stormy and wet. At the end of July he was at Wilton, where the conditions were not conducive to work, and his diary practically ceases save for the mention of a tremendous, and fruitless, discussion on religion and the basis of morals. A short visit to Highnam in the first week in August was marred by gales, and he speaks of "pottering about in sad desultoriness" while it rained. Yet when he left he felt like a boy going back to school:

"Old Highnam has eaten such a big place into my heart with all its old associations, that it is always pain to go away, notwithstanding that I have the prospect of seeing Maud soon again. But I have to undergo loneliness in London first."

His wife was at Roehampton, where he visited her almost every day, and the doctors were again threatening a winter abroad, but she went down to Rustington with him on August 15 and remained there till the end of the year. His time was spent much on the lines of the previous summer, in walks and botanizing excursions to Highdown Hill, Leominster water meadows, Arundel, Chanctonbury, and Angmering Park; in lawn-tennis, when the dismal drenching weather permitted; in lessons

to Miss Stansfield, and a good deal of work at his articles. He successfully repeated the excursion of the previous summer to see the battleships at Portsmouth. Henry Fawcett and his wife were with the Garretts for the latter half of August, and Hubert found their society wonderfully pleasant. He mentions being immensely struck by Fawcett's activity and fearlessness when they walked or bathed together. He also notes a brief but welcome visit from Eddie Hamilton with much talk and music ; his enjoyment of the " classical sense of humour in the Court Fool style " of Wallack, a " curious serious clown " at a travelling circus ; and waxes despondent at the failure of his attempts to enter into the ordinary sports of to-day, in connexion with cricket practice at Littlehampton. " It only makes me wild and out of temper, unfit for work and quite unlike what I can be in my ordinary mode of life—in fact, no master of myself."

In a match at Chichester against the Garrison he could " neither field, bat nor bowl " ; but he helped Joe Olliver to win another game, Littlehampton *v.* Visitors, in one innings. A visit to some neighbours, at which all the party were Romanists or converts, did not tend to restore his equanimity ; though he enjoyed looking over his host's collection of rare books and engravings.

There is little mention of his musical work this summer and early autumn. He practised at his piano a good deal, however, and read the *Meistersinger*, " a work that makes me happy ". An entirely different result was produced by a letter from Dannreuther enclosing a note from Manns, in which the following passage occurred : " Friend Parry's Overture is a downright bad piece of music from sheer want of proper self-criticism on his part ". Manns went on to say that he would introduce Parry's Concerto " if only for the purpose of giving him another lesson ". This Hubert Parry describes as a " fair example of the insolence of office. Even if true, it is an evil and bullying way of expressing his opinion." Manns was an impulsive and outspoken critic, and the wound rankled—for the charge of a lack of self-criticism was

most unfair—but only for a time. In later years Parry yielded to no one in admiration for the generous recognition rendered by the Crystal Palace conductor to living British composers. The adverse criticism passed on his article on "Beats" in Grove's Dictionary by Sedley Taylor and transmitted by Hugh Montgomery proved easier to deal with. Sedley Taylor expressed the view that he would be well advised to leave such subjects to scientific men and mathematicians. Hubert Parry, in reply, explained that the article had been written by Dr. Pole, F.R.S., but that "G." had commissioned him to condense it, and put in things which he personally did not approve of. But he had read up the subject, and "the passages which look limpest are in reality a condensation of Pole's views", which Pole expounded at large in his article in *Nature*.

His reading was, as usual, varied and acutely contrasted—Benvenuto Cellini's memoirs; *An Accomplished Gentleman*, a clever novel by his Eton friend Julian Sturgis; Herbert Spencer's *Data of Ethics*, "hardly worthy of him at all points", though attractive to Hubert Parry by the prominence assigned to sympathy; Mrs. Fawcett's *Janet Doncaster*, not a great or complete novel, but one which did him good to read; Boswell's *Johnson* and the novels of Turgeniev. The last-named interested him profoundly, and of *Terres Vierges* he writes that it "agonized" him with the mental suffering it revealed:

"I feel the bitterness of that helpless enthusiasm for social regeneration in my own person too often not to sympathize with it most keenly."

Apropos of Boswell he tells a good story of a neighbouring lady who was shocked when Lady Maud asked if she knew the book, and observed "wasn't he [Johnson] rather vulgar?" When pressed to explain she said, "Oh, I mean he wasn't quite a gentleman". October on the whole made amends for the wet summer, and he played a good deal of lawn-tennis even into November, "algologized", and made numerous excursions to Angmering Park for nutting or mushroom-gathering. His

collection of fungi grew rapidly and became formidable in numbers and in other respects; thus he writes of one peculiarly malodorous specimen which "stunk so horribly that we couldn't keep within many yards of it. I tried to carry the cup on the end of my stick, but even that beat me." Many hours were spent in setting sections for the microscope and exhibiting them to the Stansfields and other friends. His wife's health still gave him cause for anxiety, but Rustington suited her wonderfully. There is a charming tribute to the Garretts in a letter to Hugh Montgomery this autumn in which he writes: "We have got the Garretts in a little house in the village, and that is as good as ever so much physic to Maud, as she is perfectly devoted to them, and they keep her in wonderfully good spirits".

November, fine at first, soon brought snow and frost, but he went on bathing. The illness of Rhoda Garrett caused considerable anxiety, and in sundry other ways he avows himself perplexed with the scheme of human affairs and the difficulty of fitting himself into it; at once resenting the irksomeness of social obligations and yet mixing with all sorts of people on terms which involved the interruption of his work. Such trials, and the endless visits and importunities of his youthful female neighbours and admirers impelled him to write: "Verily man that is born of woman hath but a short time to work on such days as these". The tie of a common love of games was only intermittent:

"It is strange off the tennis-courts how 'out of it' I feel in the company of these good people—utterly shy and stupid, in fact. I can't take interest in the things they talk about, or talk sense to them."

In spite of these drawbacks he generally managed to crowd his day as full as it would hold. The entry for November 13 is fairly typical. He began by reading a good deal of Leslie Stephen's essay on Jonathan Edwards; spent the morning "fetching and carrying" in the discharge of various household duties, writing, and bathing in a biting cold blue sea. After lunch he walked on the sands,

algologized, and set slides for the microscope, practised hard at the piano till 5, read botany at tea, and wrote again till dinner. After dinner " algology, copying, correcting, and a lot of whirling thoughts on this strange world, and especially man's inability to fit himself into it ". The " cold snap " began in earnest by the middle of November, and the damage to the " dear flowers " grieved him greatly. He was now busy on a 'cello sonata in A major, dedicated to Jules Lasserre the 'cellist, and published by Novello in 1883, and went up to town for two Crystal Palace concerts, at which he was severely critical of Raff's *Frühling* Symphony and Arabella Goddard's " abominable " playing of Mozart.

Sharp frost set in at the end of the month, and on December 1 the ice bore and was in splendid condition on a big pond in the neighbourhood of Angmering. He skated practically for the whole month at Rustington or, when in London, at the Skating Club's rink. He went on bathing up to December 19, on which day he skated as well! Naturally his work suffered, though he generally worked for most of the morning, but several vacant spaces in his diary testify to the strength of the distraction. The Stansfield girls were assiduous in their attendance on the Decoy Pond, but no one but himself " could skate a bit ". There is, however, a notable entry on December 21 :

" Went out in the afternoon with Colonel Mathew to look at some land with a view to building, which both of us want to do hereabouts."

Christmas Day found him, as a year before, resentful of " the usual extravagant amount of eating and drinking to which the day is consecrated ", and the end of the year made him " feel strangely low. I haven't done enough work in it." At the end of his diary for 1879 he has jotted down some fragmentary remarks on art which reappear in an expanded form in his posthumous work, which, as he once said, he had been writing all his life. He defines Art as the " distribution of emotional material into symmetrical proportions. Without a formal principle a work of art is perfectly worthless and without an emotional basis it is still worse." Again, " the difficulty is to be orderly

without formality, and free without disorder ". Another germinal idea of *Instinct and Character* appears in the following passage :

" We are all of us saddled with a great and terrible responsibility, which is no less than the happiness of those that come after. In the hands of every man, small or great, is the power to add to the adaptation of man to his conditions ; not only the power but the need to attend to it. For if he neglects this responsibility he so much diminishes the happiness of men that succeed him."

There are also numerous notes on the climatic vagaries of this strange year—gooseberries lasting till September ; currants and raspberries in the same month ; a plague of small flies in mid-September ; a deficiency of fungi in the fields in September, but a profusion in the woods and on the downs in October. In July the weather was so bad that fishing-boats could not come to discharge fish, and on the 21st his wife was wearing her winter furs. There were thirteen days' gale in June, and rain for forty days in June and July.

If Hubert Parry was dissatisfied with the work done in 1879, he had no cause for such complaint in 1880. It was a year of many landmarks, much effort and considerable achievement. For six months from the end of February he was engaged on the composition and revision of *Prometheus Unbound*, the first of his choral and orchestral works on a large scale, and, in the opinion of some of the best-equipped judges, the most original and characteristic of them all. His 'cello Sonata was given at one of Dannreuther's concerts on February 12, his string Quartet in G a fortnight later, and the pianoforte Concerto in F sharp was performed with Dannreuther as soloist at the Crystal Palace on April 3. Unlike some composers, he missed no opportunity of hearing any new music of importance, and the record this year of these experiences is unusually full. It was in this year, again, that his respect for Brahms's music ripened into reverence and enthusiasm. The pianoforte Concerto in B flat (Op. 83) struck him as " passionate, noble and musically enthralling ". Even

deeper was the impression made by the *Requiem*; on the day following he was so full of it that he could write nothing. The hearing of great music invariably had this humbling effect on him. He was "intoxicated" by the *Tristan* selections given at one of the Richter concerts—he attended the entire series — intoxicated also by Berlioz's *Faust*, which he heard twice, impressed but not convinced by Boito's *Mefistofele*, in which "the Italian gift of tune comes out here and there, but the application of so-called Wagnerian theories is but a shell instead of a kernel". He enjoyed Goetz's *Taming of the Shrew*—"rich and interesting music"—realised at once the charm and national flavour of Dvořák's Sestet—one of the first of his works performed in England—and remained unchanged in his verdict of Rubinstein as a composer. "The forcible, the vulgar, the clever and the blatant are mixed up in an inextricable medley" in the "hugely long" Dramatic Symphony which he heard at the Crystal Palace. He gave a good many lessons to private pupils—in the organ, pianoforte, harmony and counterpoint—and the correction of their exercises proved laborious and irksome.

He began the year by bathing on January 4 and skating until, on a recurrence of acute heart trouble, his doctor ordered "abstention from all violent exercise, hard brain work and excitement for six weeks". The patient obeyed these orders for exactly two days, and then resumed skating, brain work, reading, copying, revising and the giving of lessons just as before. All his life he was a most intractable patient. But a month later he was glad to obtain a certificate exempting him from service on a jury from his doctor, who found no improvement in his heart. Otherwise there is no evidence of any change in his mode of life. On the contrary, the tax on his time and energy was greatly increased by the double burden of simultaneously creating a home and composing a work of art on the grand scale. Negotiations for the purchase of the land on which Knight's Croft was built were concluded, after a good deal of "chaffering", on January 8. All through March and April he was discussing the plans with Norman

Shaw. In June a deadlock was reached owing to the revised and much larger estimate of the cost, but by the end of the month an agreement was arrived at, and on July 16 his daughter Dolly laid the first brick. All these preliminaries involved a great deal of correspondence, interviews and consultations with the builder, and in these six months I find by his diary that he went up and down between Rustington and London at least ten times, to say nothing of two visits to Wilton, where heated political and philosophical arguments made it impossible for him to do much work. He was still writing articles for " G.", and on February 27 bewails the return of that " sad day which so forcibly recalls to my mind the relentless cruel haste of years, and the story of the prisoner who daily saw the walls of his prison contract ". These gloomy misgivings were speedily banished by the new fit of energy prompted by the decision, which first took shape at Dannreuther's on the 29th, to turn Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound* to musical account. He had been invited to contribute a choral work to the programme of the Gloucester Festival in September, and none of the other contemplated subjects promised so well. He set to work at once to adapt the poem, and after some unsuccessful " shys " was able to submit the music of the first scene to Dannreuther on March 21, " over which he seemed so much pleased that I went away intoxicated with delight at his commendation "—commendation which continued as the work progressed, in spite of continuous interruptions and distractions : barrel-organs, pupils, rehearsals of his other works, social and domestic duties. His own good nature and his conscience were no doubt largely to blame ; and there were moments when the flow of inspiration was checked or dissipated by the intrusions of exacting friends or the calls of business. Yet when one remembers that his best work was *always* done in these conditions it is hard to avoid the paradoxical conclusion that they were not only inevitable to a man of his temperament and character, but actually stimulated him to greater concentration. The relaxation of this outside pressure had

the contrary effect, and on the few occasions in his life in which he was completely master of his time, the creative results were *nil* or negligible. Moreover, even at times when he was working at the highest pressure he seldom could resist a theatre or a match at Lord's, or a big debate in the House, or a children's party or a visit to Kew or an exciting novel. So we find him, while wrestling with the Jupiter and Demogorgon scene in his *Prometheus*, so *émotionné* by *Clarissa*, which he read in the train, that he had to walk about the carriage to regain his composure. His reading during the composition of *Prometheus* was as variegated as ever,[1] ranging from Marlowe's *Faustus* to Nathaniel Hawthorne's *Transformation*, Hepworth Dixon's *Spiritual Wives* and Ouida's *Puck*. And the entertainments he patronized ranged from *Adrienne Lecouvreur* (with Sarah Bernhardt) to the performing fleas and Zulus at the Aquarium.

The production of his Concerto at the Crystal Palace was a somewhat unsettling experience. Manns was "domineering" at the rehearsal and they had a loud wrangle before the orchestra. Dannreuther was nervous and missed an entry in the slow movement, but recovered himself, and the cadenza and last movement went finely. The reception was friendly rather than enthusiastic; what Hubert Parry valued most was the encouragement of Franklin Taylor and A. J. Hipkins, and the unexpected compliments of J. W. Davison of the *Times*. The Concerto was repeated at a Richter concert in May, but he says nothing of the performance. According to the *Athenæum* of May 15 the work improved on acquaintance, especially in the slow movement, and was very finely played by Dannreuther.

When he was in town he submitted his *Prometheus*, scene by scene, to Dannreuther. Of the final stages and agonies of composition and revision a full account is to be found in his letters to his "beloved master" and "most sapient censor" from Rustington. Early in July he

[1] One recalls what his friend Sir Walter Raleigh said of Burke: "He read enormously in desultory fashion; one frenzy of appetite succeeded another".

discovered to his horror that the last chorus was "an utter hodge-podge of jumpy and unassimilable sections", and despaired of finding time to rewrite it. It was the result of "over concentration on details of scoring", with the result that "certain choral passages have got most abominably choppy", and he begs Dannreuther to look at it and save him from any very atrocious exhibition. He came up to town for the presentation of the testimonial to Grove on July 19 and on the following day sent off the first half of the score to the copyist. Dannreuther's advice failed to relieve his mind, as may be gathered from the following letter:

(*To E. Dannreuther*)

"Rustington, *August 28th*, 1880.

"My prospects are utterly gloomy. Goodwin being overfull of work has been dilatory and I have only had one set of fiddle parts up to the end of the Jupiter and Demogorgon scene and wind parts to match, and they are cram-full of mistakes. I fear I shan't see the rest before the rehearsal."

The consequence of this delay was that the parts, when they arrived at Gloucester, were full of mistakes. Dr. Lloyd, the organist, had asked Hubert Parry to go down thither to help on the Thursday—which would be the only chorus rehearsal he could manage, except the last with the band on the following Monday. So the composer was prepared for the worst: "I expect we shall have to make a selection". Happily these gloomy expectations were not realized, and on September 11, writing from Highnam, he gives Dannreuther a full account of the performance of his work at the Festival:

"I am very glad you did not take the long journey here on your own account, though I should on my own part have felt much more happy for your presence. The rehearsal at Gloucester exceeded my worst expectations, and we were so driven for time that in most cases we could only go straight through and call attention to mistakes in the execution and trust to 'Provy' for their being rectified

at the performance. . . . The band was more obliging [than the chorus] but very rough, and after the rehearsal and all next day I felt utterly hopeless. It was very hard on them. I think my rehearsal came on after they had been rehearsing for seven or eight hours in the Cathedral; and though they all tried their best it was as much as they could do to keep their attention to it. However, next day after the performance of the *Elijah* a large contingent of the chorus which came from Huddersfield [1] got together of their own free will and had a private rehearsal under their own Chorus Master without telling me till just before the performance, and the result was astonishing. The first Chorus went admirably, and the constant crescendo up to the *ff* sounded all I could wish. But still more astonishing was the Fury Chorus. Almost directly they started I felt we were quite safe and went ahead without hesitation; and though it was pretty rough, it had lots of go and sounded furious, and there was no question for a moment of coming to grief. Some of the Spirit Chorus sounded better than I expected, but I was very much put out with the confusion at the end. The accompaniment of the Quartet was too loud again; but it couldn't be helped. The light was bad and the fiddles bothered and tired. Anna's [Miss Anna Williams's] was the best thing of the evening and I think sounded almost best in the band of anything in the whole. The only terrible grief was in Jupiter's scene. . . . I felt woeful and disheartened. But Anna sang so superbly that she put me in heart again and I got 'my pecker up' and looked after everybody very sharp in the last chorus and hardly had any accidents. The last part went like mad and made a most exciting row. Edward Lloyd behaved angelically and was most kind and generous to me about it. All the first part of his scene went admirably and he sang it splendidly. In fact I never heard him sing more finely than he did all through the Festival. Pownall was very good, dignified and forcible. Patey's thing sounded worst of all the work and disappointed me.

"I have seen Hueffer's comments [in the *Times*] and think him generous, and really wise in his generation in what unfavourable criticisms he does make."

[1] This was Hubert Parry's first experience of the keenness and sportsmanship of the Yorkshire choral singers, endeared to him in later years by ties of mutual affection and admiration.

A generous and appreciative notice of *Prometheus* appeared in the *Saturday Review* from the pen of Mr. Robin Benson, himself an enlightened and accomplished amateur musician. He was an intimate and lifelong friend of Hubert's, but his estimate falls short of that of Mr. Eugene Goossens, who in 1923 described Parry's *Prometheus* to the present writer as one of the most original and important British compositions of the Victorian age—as a pioneer work in short. This verdict, coming from so thoroughgoing a modernist, is all the more valuable since, as he explained to me, he had arrived at it after leaving the Royal College of Music, when he was removed from the personal magnetism of the director, whom he venerated as a man, and when he was already steeped in the scores of post-Victorian composers, native and foreign. The reception of the work by the professional critics of 1880 was, as might be expected, in the main cold and unsympathetic. An exception must be made, however, of the late Professor Prout's article in the *Athenæum* (September 11, 1880), in which the writer, while tracing occasional evidences of an undue leaning towards the methods of Wagner and Brahms (a commonplace of all orthodox critics at that time) and complaining of a lack of contrast and repose, of overloaded orchestration, and an excessive continuity of high pressure, finds "much more to praise than blame"; acknowledges the presence of "real poetic feeling and no ordinary dramatic power", and justly singles out the composer's unfailing sensitiveness in his treatment of the text, and in coining "appropriate expression for every word and every change of sentiment". For such criticism Hubert Parry was grateful; but the general antagonism of the musical world was hard to bear, as may be gathered from the notes in his diary in the course of the autumn:

"A true artist knows his own faults better than any one else. What is maddening to him is that some fool who is utterly incapable of understanding his work should come forward to point out faults which do *not* exist."

"English musicians err on the serious side by mistaking grammar for exalted poetry or serious art, and on the other

by mistaking frivolity for freshness or sentimentalism for feeling."

"One reason why English music is such a conspicuous failure is because the little circle who profess to play at umpire have always made it their most strenuous endeavour and earnest purpose to suppress individuality."

It is clear that some of the things said about his *Prometheus* rankled, and the unfavourable reception of the work reacted in other ways. Thus he was not a little depressed when Stanley Lucas declined to publish it in November: "For I think I can bear the want of publicity far better than the irritation of having to ask a publisher to undertake a work and to be somewhat abruptly refused, as is now my constant luck". *Prometheus* was, however, accepted for publication by Novello in the following month, and its revision occupied him and Dannreuther pretty continuously for many weeks.

From September 1880 on till July 1881 most of the entries in his diary relate to the progress of the new house, over which he watched with unremitting care; interviews with the builder or with gardeners; purchases of the necessary equipment when in London; provision (in all senses of the word) for the needs of sick or disabled workmen and their families; showing visitors and friends over the building. It was very nearly blown down in the great gale of November 1880, and operations were seriously interfered with by the snowstorm in January 1881.

Towards the end of November 1880 he decided to break off experimentally his system of regularly working for an average of four hours every day at music, including Sundays, which he had kept up for four years without a break, "leaving off with just under 400 hours in hand":

"It has been the only way so far to break through natural indolence and wasting too much time on desultory reading. But I mean to try how far I can work without such a system, in the hope that the habit of work may have grown upon me so that I may go on without the perpetual worry of watching the clock and rigidly forcing observance of every minute lost or gained, which has often resulted in mere purposeless grind to fill up the time. But

if too much liberty does not answer I must put the screw on again."

In 1880 there is little mention of botanizing, algologizing or lawn-tennis, but at the end of November the arrival of a new telescope greatly stimulated his love of star-gazing. He describes his excitement in unpacking the instrument and having his first " bout with the stars " :

" I first got a good view of Jupiter and saw his cloud belts clearly. Then to Saturn and was beside myself at the sight of him. It appears at first sight to me as the very strangest thing in the universe. I went on looking again and again with a sort of feeling of amazement akin to the feeling one has when some one tells a thing beyond the range of experience. Then I took a look at Sirius which blazes and sinks and blazes again. Then at the great nebula in Orion, which amazed me almost as much as Saturn. Four such sights were enough for one evening, and I went to bed thereupon."

He did not, however, keep his new pleasure to himself, but took a good deal of trouble in preparing a lecture on astronomy delivered with much success in the Lecture Hall at Littlehampton on December 16. That month was mainly devoted to planting and to the revision of *Prometheus*, which Stanford produced at Cambridge in the spring. But he was also engaged on articles for the *Saturday Review* and for Grove's Dictionary, analyses for the Crystal Palace programmes, and intermittent exploration of the countryside.

Hubert Parry spent many hours in the train between Rustington and London, but they were never idle. In London he saw most of Dannreuther, who informed him on December 11 " that Wagner had taken up a curious religious phase and wanted to make a practical application of *Parsifal* ". Dannreuther's championship of Wagner, it may be added, led to a temporary estrangement from Joachim, which recoiled on Hubert Parry, but friendly relations were subsequently renewed.

Of all the foreign musicians whom he met in these years none inspired him with greater affection than Barth the pianist and Hausmann the " cellist "—" two of the

nicest creatures I ever came across". He heard Brahms's First Symphony at the Crystal Palace at the end of November and pronounced it "altogether much finer than the second". A month later he started in earnest on his own first Symphony, that in G, and dedicated to his wife, which occupied him intermittently for several months. The year ended with a distribution of largess to the workmen, groceries and soup to their invalid households, much sunspot-gazing, and an explosion of wrath at the extortions of incompetent carol-singers. He could always find time to visit sick neighbours or retainers, but making calls was to him anathema—"a damned invention. Half an hour of such formality tires, or rather worries me, more than the hardest head-work for eight hours or more." Of one workman whom he had lavishly befriended he writes: "The poor man very likely has brought much of his trouble on himself by lack of thrift and drinking habits, but truly there is not much in the world to encourage such people to be wiser". Hubert Parry was a lifelong sympathizer with the under-dog, and one of the longest entries in his diary for the year 1880 relates to "Rascal Bob", the village loafer, on whom he made a rhyme for his children:

"And through his bags,
Which are in rags,
You sometimes see his legs."

"Rascal Bob", Mrs. Ponsonby tells me, "played a large part in our lives, and my father was always helping him." The entry I refer to runs as follows:

"Found the unfortunate loafing doubtful character Bob and gave him some old clothes. He is in piteous straits, and told me his history which is a most uncommonly sad one, and appears to me to be substantially true. The world and fortune have both used him badly. I told him I didn't like to help him with money because I knew of his habit of drinking. He said he was trying hard to reform and trusted he might yet be a respectable character.

"It is one of the saddest sights in the world to see a man struggling with constantly defeated hope of overcoming a vice that drags him down into blackguardism

and misery. I gave him a lot of hot potato pie that we had for lunch, and he ate it quite fiercely, hardly stopping to chew the large bits of meat he stuffed into his mouth. His misery was quite harrowing to see, for when he spoke of his struggles with drink and poverty and pain he cried at last bitterly. I feel for him painfully. The world makes so many men outcasts through sheer stupidity and failure in treating the conditions of social existence with generous breadth of vision. I gave him a couple of shillings [Hubert in re-reading his diary has here put an exclamation mark in red pencil] on his promising he would keep away from the drink. For he is in very hard straits, and his feet are so bad that he cannot endure the pain of going into the water to catch a few shrimps—his chief means of livelihood."

All through January Hubert laboured at the proofs of *Prometheus*, planted gooseberry and currant bushes, apples, pears and cherries, peaches and plums. He had some " furious bursts " of skating, to the detriment of his heart, at Rustington and in Regent's Park, and cleared the roof of his temporary house after the great snowstorm of January 18, when the drifts lay from seven to nine feet deep in the lanes. Building operations were at a standstill for a fortnight, and the thaw converted the whole country into a morass. The bad weather and a bad cough kept him indoors, and he resumed his pianoforte practice—witness the programme of music he played to the Stansfield girls on January 31 :

Bach : Suite Anglaise in G minor.
,, Fantasia and Fugue in A minor.
Rameau : Two minuets.
Mozart : Fantasia in C minor.
Beethoven : Sonata in D major (Pastoral).
,, Sonata in F major (53).
Chopin : Polonaise in C minor and two Preludes.
Liszt : Étude in F♯ major.
Schumann : Selections from *Études Symphoniques* and a piece from *Bunte Blätter*.

The family, all of whom had suffered from the rigours of the climate, returned to Phillimore Place early in February, and he was at once immersed in a variety

of musical activities—concert-going, composing, revising, rehearsing and teaching—enlivened by visits to the pantomime, where he "nearly broke a blood-vessel" laughing at the Vokes family, young Lauri and Harry Payne, and to the Zoo, where

"we supremely enjoyed watching the splendid lions and the lordly tigers and jaguars and the absurd monkeys. One of the keepers made a little brown bear go through the most extraordinary antics for our benefit."

He was twice down at Cambridge in January for rehearsals of the *Prometheus*, the complete copies of which "as usual, impressed me with its imperfections". His second visit coincided with the vote in the Senate on women's degrees, which was carried by 400 to 30 votes, though the logical results still remain to be realized. At Dannreuther's, the "Pops", and the Crystal Palace he heard a great deal of music new and old—Grieg and Dvořák and Sgambati (of whom Grieg pleased him most in his "strongly flavoured national vein"), Schubert's C major and Beethoven's Eighth and Ninth Symphonies. The last-named had its usual overpowering and humiliating effect; he came away "very much filled with it and good for nothing afterwards". Such days were invariably *dies non*, so far as original composition was concerned. Otherwise he worked away pretty steadily at his own Symphony, though generally dissatisfied with the results, and when he heard in April that Richter could not find room for it in the programme for his summer season he "felt reprieved", as "I looked forward to a terrible effort to get it finished in time". The revision of the A♭ Quartet proved laborious; and lessons to his pupils, whose numbers did not diminish, even more so. Teaching the organ or pianoforte was a trifle compared to the instruction of enthusiastic but incompetent amateurs in harmony or counterpoint. For example, he writes in April:

"Spent great part of the evening in the heart-wearing grind of correcting ——'s exercises. He sent in 26 pages of unutterable rubbish, carelessly scrawled in pencil so as to

be almost unintelligible. In what I could make out of it there were over 60 mistakes."

By way of a set-off, Joachim no longer eyed him askance, but was most genial and light-hearted and even jocose when they met at a supper party after one of the "Pops". Hubert Parry often went to the artists' room during the interval at these concerts, and records the establishment of friendly relations with Mme. Schumann, whose "noble and large" playing of Brahms, Schumann and Chopin always gave him delight:

"We went and talked to her a little between the parts. She was offended with me because I had not talked to her at Long's dinner party. Such is the simplicity of these great creatures. I had merely refrained because she seemed not to remember me, and was fully occupied with others all the evening. However she was sweet enough and gentle this evening and most ready to make amends. She is at her very best in her playing, and really is better than I divined in my less critical days."

He saw much of his old intimates—Frank Pownall and his wife, the Garretts, "G.", whose companionship was always exhilarating, Hugh Montgomery and Robin Benson —and made many new friends. At the house of William Graham, M.P. for Glasgow, the father of Lady Jekyll, Lady Muir-Mackenzie and Lady Horner, and a great art collector, he learned to revise his estimate of Burne-Jones. Hitherto his enjoyment had been impaired by monotony of type and expression, and the formality of Burne-Jones's Paradisal landscapes and costumes. At Mr. Graham's house, apart from the delightful society, "mostly of the Lyttelton and Gladstone sort", he came to recognize for the first time the greatness of Burne-Jones as a decorative artist. Simultaneously his admiration for Brahms as a choral writer grew and expanded as the result of the practices of his "superb but very difficult" motets at the house of Andrew Hichens—notably the *Warum ist das Licht*. He met Edwin Booth, the American actor, at the Henry Joachims, went with his father and sister to see him in *Lear*, and "was more than ever impressed by the play and

greatly by the actor. I had to keep myself from choking by repeating nonsense at critical moments." But the theatre was almost empty.

He paid frequent flying visits to Rustington to inspect the new house before Easter, when the family went down for the holidays. Most of his time was spent supervising operations, seed-sowing and levelling, with intervals for work on the full score of *Prometheus*, lawn-tennis and bathing in wonderfully cold seas. A visit to Wilton was rendered enjoyable by canoeing and cowslip-gathering, but disturbed by political discussions, in which he found himself in a minority of one and was reduced to silence by the " pugnacious but complacently contemptuous " attitude of the champions of an " outraged Conservatism ", who regarded everything as " Gladstone's fault ". Still the holidays brought him refreshment, and he returned to town in May in an exuberant mood, with the spring fever on him and feeling " as mad as a colt in a paddock " after a rehearsal of his 'cello Sonata at Dannreuther's. Lessons and barrel-organs, a family vaccination party (attended by disastrous results) and the unsophisticated vagaries of a French nurse did not seriously impair his equanimity. He went to all the Richter concerts and the recitals of Rubinstein, whose commanding genius he freely acknowledged on the rare occasions when he was " in the right mind " ; saw Modjeska and Forbes-Robertson in *Romeo and Juliet* and the Meiningen Company in *Julius Caesar*. The latter overwhelmed him with " delighted amazement and shame at our absurd and unnecessary shortcomings in English production of such plays ". The handling of the crowds especially struck him : " they were alive from end to end ". And " the awe-stricken silence before Mark Antony draws the mantle from Caesar's body, followed by a broken sob from the women ", moved him so deeply that " it brings tears to my eyes merely to think of it ". Meanwhile he was choosing grates and tiles and glass and bedding and lightning conductors ; dashing through the Academy ; singing in Bach's B Minor Mass and " enjoying it fiercely " ; and repelled by the manners of the plutocracy

and by the public flaunting of their charms by the " society beauties " at a great ball at Millais's house.

The Cambridge performance of *Prometheus* on May 17 made handsome amends for the imperfect production and cold reception of the work at Gloucester in the previous autumn. It was " for the most part superb. The *tempi* were good, the band perfect, the choir fine except for a tendency to run away in the Furies' chorus." The tenor was unsatisfactory, but King as *Prometheus* was " perfectly magnificent " in voice and dramatic intensity, and Anna Williams " superb " in the Spirit's song and first Quartet:

" People seemed much pleased, and (what pleased me most) especially my friends, who were there pretty numerously, such as " G.", and Eddie and Spencer Lyttelton, etc. Stanford all along was marvellously kind and genial. He has the Irishman's characteristic sweetness in companionship and is evidently worshipped almost universally at Cambridge ; as it seems with good reason."

Hubert Parry's gratitude was enhanced by learning that the success of the performance had been ensured by the generosity of some friends who came forward to bear the entire expense of the band rehearsals. June and July were crowded months, spent mostly in London with repeated visits to Rustington. In the rush of work and social engagements he enjoyed perhaps most of all an old-fashioned evening with Eddie Hamilton and Hugh Montgomery " with free flow of talk and the unutterable happiness of genuine sympathy over Brahms and Bach ". He notes two unsuccessful visits to Searle's, the boat-builder, with a view to choosing a sailing canoe—the type of boat with which he entered on the greatest of all his recreations. He went to a " sumptuous dinner—the most sumptuous dinner I ever ate " at the house of Mr. Constantine Ionides, to meet Richter, who was very jovial and " bellowed like a bull of Bashan ". The company was delightful and congenial, but more often than not the note of regret emerges in his account of these and other festal gatherings. Even where there was " plenty of banter and animal spirits, it is never quite what it used to be. Experi-

ence throws a shadow upon joyousness." He writes of Grove "bubbling over with gaiety and fun and the soul of the party at a dinner at Benson's, yet all the while we felt there was sadness and pain behind it, hard work to be met, and struggles to be gone through; but while the companionship and sympathy lasted the world seemed to shine for him". Other causes also were at work to impair the capacity for enjoyment, and there is a curious comment on a failure to enjoy an evening at the Alhambra, "no doubt a little due to the influence of that Comtist worship which is still strong".

After much "wrestling" with tiles and grates and drains, much anxiety about his wife's health, fearful bustle over unpacking furniture and carpet-laying, they moved in to Knight's Croft on July 22. The workmen, forty-six in all, had been given a feast with plenty of liquid refreshment followed by games, and most of them moved off on the following day:

"I felt quite woeful and fit to cry at parting from them. We have been such good friends all through, and they have done their work so well, so readily and patiently, and I shall never see any of them in such congenial circumstances again. I felt too depressed to do anything after they were gone."

He had not written or played a note for nearly five weeks, but Frank Pownall, their first visitor, helped to christen the house musically with Brahms and Schubert songs. Months were yet to elapse, however, before they settled down in comfort. Apart from much exhausting labour in shifting, arranging and rearranging furniture, he was engaged for many weeks in supervising and assisting the efforts of plumbers, carpenters and ironmongers, and in adjusting the new building to the stress of the weather by which it was severely tested in a succession of violent gales. He endured much misery from smoking chimneys—especially in his music-room—and from futile efforts to cure them. He records these experiments with exasperation tempered with amusement. A plague of small black flies also added to the general discomfort, and

the continued illness of his wife, the ailments of the children, and the interruptions and " incontinent chatter " of visitors rendered continuous work almost impossible. Yet work he did, whether it was digging potatoes, or doing analyses of old masters for his " Sonata " article, " until his back ached ". Early in September he had completed his analysis of sixty sonatas of Corelli ; thence he went on to Scarlatti, Tartini, Haydn, Mozart and Schubert, and by October 19 reports his progress in the following letter to Dannreuther :

" I've all manner of things to get wisdom from you about. I have been immersed all the while I have been here in Sonatas. One thing led to another, and so I have done next to nothing else but perpetual strumming and reading of all the ancients ; Clementi and Weber and Schubert and Dussek (wish me joy !) and Haydn—Bachs and bunglers. In all I have got a sort of tabulation of over 250, and now I'm under weigh. I can't stop, and must go on right ahead through such of the moderns as are fit to count on such a subject. You can tell me a great lot and set my nose right to smell out good and bad with discretion and profit. I have also set myself seriously to consider the matter of songs and have tried my hand at about half a dozen of the old lyrics. You will have to decide some day on what they are fit for."

The songs alluded to were settings of Shakespeare's sonnets and a "Ditty" of Sir Philip Sidney, but two at least were abandoned—one because of the discovery of an unconscious plagiarism, the other because of unsuitable words. In the intervals of his work he bathed, played lawn-tennis (winning the " doubles " at a small tournament in September), planted, sowed, and gathered fruit. There is a characteristic entry on September 30 :

" A lovely day, divided between attending to chimney-pots, picking and storing pears, and tidying up the A♭ Quartet to send to a man who wants to play it at Birmingham, and of course won't do so."

The rebuffs of publishers and the delays attending the production of his Symphony were no doubt largely responsible for his discouragement. *Prometheus* had lifted him

into notice, but it was never a popular success, and excited hopes that were not fulfilled for some years.

Of the early visitors to Knight's Croft Lady Gordon earns the character of the perfect guest : " She is wonderful in the house, so quiet and unexacting that one feels one's privacy quite undisturbed, while one gets occasional pleasant gleams of sympathy on congenial topics ". Spencer Lyttelton came for a couple of days in October and Hubert rejoiced in the company of that true-hearted and lifelong friend. The Garretts, on whose artistic taste he had largely relied in furnishing his house, remained now as always the most intimate and congenial of his Rustington neighbours. His only complaint, when he paid them a " sad farewell visit " in October, was that he had seen so little of them during the summer. It was, however, at their house at the end of August that a new musical star, in the person of Miss Ethel Smyth, swam into Hubert Parry's ken. They played much lawn-tennis together and had tremendous talks and arguments on music, agreeing well enough so long as they stuck to Beethoven and Brahms, but differing acutely on the subject of Wagner. Indeed he says that he found her " the most extreme anti-Wagnerite he had ever met ", and records her remark that it was impossible for any professed musician to like Brahms *and* Wagner : " No man can serve two masters ". Yet he found it very pleasant to talk to her, as " she knows a wonderful lot of music, is intimate in the highest musical circles, has most remarkable musical gifts and is open and unsophisticated ". He was more impressed by the excellent workmanship and remarkable cleverness of her compositions than by their originality, thematic interest or poetic quality ; but on this occasion he only heard some of her early works.

The record of the last months of the year is full of illustrations of the " omnipotence of trifles ", the anti-chimney-smoking campaign having reached a climax in which for two days no work was possible, owing to a fall of soot which was blown out all over his work-room. But he was immensely comforted by the good news that the

doctors had withdrawn their sentence of another winter abroad, and turned to song-writing with renewed zest and happier results. In one of his visits to town in October he attended the Irish demonstration in Hyde Park, and has left a vivid record of his impressions :

" By good luck I attached myself close to No. 3 Platform where the most important speeches were made. I heard most of them exceedingly well, especially F. H. O'Donnell's, which was a very good specimen of mob oratory. It consisted chiefly of short, direct sentences, very pointed and emphatic and frequently repeated, especially when he hit on a phrase which elicited any vehement appreciation from the mob. Of course he had to shout to make himself heard, and that with extreme slowness of delivery (which is a corollary of shouting) lent great emphasis to his most successful points, such as ' William Judas Gladstone ', ' Breakfaith Bright the Quaker ' and ' that historical failure Buckshot Forster '. There were instances in the speech of gross misrepresentation of facts and opinions ; the whole style was violent and personal, and calculated to rouse one's uttermost disgust of men who could applaud it, unless one had seen them ; for I was quite taken aback by the deep earnestness of the most intelligent of the Irish present. They seemed to take it as a sad unquestioned truth which a man could not dissent from unless he were a callous heartless brute, and a partisan of oppression against the oppressed. They were terrible, eager-looking ragged ruffians for the most part, and some of them of a very low order of humanity, but those who spoke had the gift, and there was quickness of perception in the eyes of plenty. The crowds were immense, notwithstanding the dull, dreary, damp state of the atmosphere. On the whole, the behaviour was admirable, and I saw very little damage done to anybody or anything."

On the following day he heard Eugène d'Albert at a Richter concert, and writes with enthusiasm of his pianoforte Concerto :

" He is a young marvel. His style of writing is already masterly : he handles his orchestra and pianoforte superbly, expresses his ideas clearly and fluently, and the tone and quality of the thing is always full, rich and effective ; and he is yet only seventeen. I never saw or heard such gifts.

If the man develops in his inside he will be far and away the first composer ever sprung in this country."

All through November he was busy planting trees—sometimes from breakfast till sundown—when not wrestling with chimney-cowls or analysing sonatas. By the end of the month he had got as far as Beethoven, and spent a whole day at the British Museum early in December over a number of obscure German and Italian composers: "a good haul, but next to no moving music in it". By way of recreation he fell a victim to the delights of top-spinning, nominally for the benefit of his children, and he found Turgeniev's novels so enthralling that on one day he did no work at all and on another nearly missed a concert. He went up to town for three of Dannreuther's concerts, at one of which Anna Williams sang three of his songs, continued the great planting campaign at Rustington when the gales permitted, and set to work again at scoring his Symphony, until disturbed by preparations for Christmas, the bawling of extortionate and incompetent carol-singers, and the arrival, among other presents, of a "terribly cumbrous and ugly revolving bookcase generously meant, but fearfully unendurable in my room".

The year 1882 was marked by even greater fluctuations of mood, misgivings as to his position and prospects, abrupt alternations of despondency and exhilaration, in which the lowest depths were sounded on his birthday, "the wretchedest day of the year". It is characteristic of this period that his comments on books are mainly confined to those which made for melancholy. Chaucer, Sidney and Spenser, Tennyson and Swinburne and Omar Khayyám and many other books of a serious character were read and digested, but without specific mention of the impressions produced. He found Trollope "hearty and true", but was far more deeply impressed by Turgeniev and by *John Inglesant*, of which he writes:

"For some reason which I cannot grasp it leaves a peculiar feeling of sadness and pain in my mind. It would be worth several readings and discussions with some one who is wise on the subject of life and religious feelings,

but I doubt if I shall face it again, for I felt quite nervous and off my balance when I had finished it."

Household cares and worries and the exactions of pupils and visitors, who left him "ragged mentally and physically weary", weighed heavily on him. Hardly a day passed without his recording his anxiety about his wife's health. He suffered a good deal himself from heart and ear trouble, and, as at school, from endless accidents. He hardly ever played a game without overdoing it, being "pumped", "knocked about" or thoroughly exhausted, but never learned moderation, his indiscretion being equalled in these years, at any rate, by his extraordinary powers of rapid recovery. On the other hand, the moments of extreme exhilaration were followed by acute reaction. The year 1882 marked the climax of his enthusiasm for Wagner. He had fallen under the spell at Bayreuth in 1876 and during the Albert Hall concerts in 1877. It proved even more overpowering during the Richter season in the early summer of 1882, and his memorable visit to Bayreuth with Dannreuther in July, when he heard *Parsifal* three times, and enjoyed it "beyond measure", but came back "tired and good for nothing". He had undergone the same experience with Bach's B minor and Beethoven's Mass in D: like the Queen of Sheba after seeing the treasures of Solomon there was no more spirit left in him—at least for a while.

In the early months of the year Dannreuther's encouragement and approval of the Symphony was his chief stand-by. Hubert Parry attended the meeting at St. James's Palace in February in support of the projected Royal College of Music, at which the Prince of Wales, Mr. Gladstone and the Archbishop of Canterbury all spoke well. But the opposition of Macfarren and the Royal Academy of Music had to be reckoned with, and required much judicious handling and diplomacy. He was constantly at Rustington, still planting and seed-sowing or wrestling with plumbers and glaziers. He declined the offer of the Premiership at the Littlehampton Parliamentary Debating Society, while in sympathy with its good demo-

cratic spirit. When the family returned to London in March, he resumed his usual regular visits to Dannreuther, attendance at concerts, practising, "bouts of music" with Frank Pownall, and lessons with his elder daughter as a new pupil. He went to see Watts's pictures, but without changing his "respectful judgment" of their merits — admitting "high purpose and nobility", but finding "frequent evidence of incomplete mastery of his problems".

"Jumbomania" was at its highest, and he did not escape the infection. He went with his wife and children to the Zoo to see the popular idol, and writes: "He is a fine beast to see and seems so intelligent that we felt yet more the cruelty of sending him off in a box to America". He attended a "very select party" at the Henry Joachims where the great artists discussed mildish music while he found more satisfaction in the company of Sedley Taylor. He also went to the House to hear a debate on Procedure and impartially damned all the speakers—Raikes, Hartington, De Worms—as "helpless idiots", with the solitary exception of Henry Fowler:

"He was splendid. He laid out his argument lucidly and systematically, never faltering or hesitating, with a voice so tremendous that when all the Conservatives were literally bellowing at him, his voice towered clear and audible in every word. The said Conservatives were insolent to a maddening degree, and when anything manifestly to the point was said they sneered and sniggered like abandoned profligates over an honest man."

In those days Hubert Parry was certainly resolved not to let the Tory dogs have the best of it; and a visit to Hyde Park in the same week prompts a tirade against "thousands of the dullest and vulgarest people I ever saw, lolling about in their luxurious carriages and ogling one another".

In the spring he took part in the campaign on behalf of the Royal College of Music, and enlisted his father's support at Gloucester. His first musical appointment, however, which he accepted in April, was that of

Chairman of the Senate of Trinity College. He was an active member of the London Musical Society, which performed the two *Naenias*—Goetz's and Brahms's—and Gounod's *De Profundis*, which " smells of incense and the theatre " ; was astounded by Sophie Menter's technique and delighted by Dvořák's Symphony in D (Op. 60) ; and he was still working at his Sonata article, grinding at his Symphony and setting more Shakespeare sonnets. He saw much of " G." and of Joachim, of whom he records a characteristic remark : " Yes, Mrs. So-and-so is very nice. The only fault I have to find with her is that she likes Wagner." By way of recreation he played a good deal of lawn-tennis—" violently " as a rule—on Robin Benson's court ; took Sunday walks in Kew Gardens ; and saw Burnand's *The Colonel*, Gilbert and Sullivan's *Patience*, and *Romeo and Juliet* with Irving and Ellen Terry. Irving struck him as " gloomy, heavy and unyouthful " ; Ellen Terry beautiful to look at, but appealing more to the eye than to the intelligence ; Mrs. Stirling as the Nurse by far the best of the cast. His relations with the Gladstones were pleasantly renewed ; he heard Mr. Gladstone's Budget Speech, " simple, clear, unsensational " ; and Mary Gladstone (Mrs. Drew), a frequent and welcome guest at Phillimore Place, gives a lively picture of the evenings spent under that hospitable roof some forty years ago :

" During the 'eighties Spencer Lyttelton and I used often to dine alone with the Parrys on a leg of mutton and a pudding. On the sideboard there was bread and beer and sardines to fill up chinks. The meal did not take long, and the evening was entirely devoted to music. I remember one night of Wagner only—suddenly he stopped : ' O let's have something healthy ', and he broke into Bach. . . . He put life into everything he touched. His spirits touched the stars, they were so madly high. Yet he was capable of the utmost determination, and there was no work that was too great a grind."

There was a great family gathering for his brother Ernest's marriage to Miss Eva Palk at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, and on the same day he went to inspect and experi-

ment on Baillie Hamilton's new instrument, the "Vocalion", an ingenious but now forgotten attempt to combine the quality of strings and wind.

Wagner dominated Hubert Parry's life for the next three months. It was a veritable orgy. For he was a propagandist as well as an enthusiast; going through the scores at his house with his intimate friends—the Pownalls and Ranald McDonell—by way of a preparation, or taking them with him to the performances. Lady Pembroke, Lady Alice Gaisford, Mrs. Marshall and Miss Chambers were specially favoured in this respect and appear to have appreciated the compliment thoroughly. He heard the whole tetralogy to begin with, and subsequently went again to *Siegfried* and *Götterdämmerung*. He also attended the performances of *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, *Der Fliegende Holländer*, *Tristan und Isolde* (twice), and the *Meistersinger* six times, apart from a rehearsal. The *Meistersinger* delighted him more than his "utmost expectations—though they were extreme—could rise to. I think I never enjoyed anything so much"; and his delight was heightened by the enthusiasm of his father. On the other hand, Ruskin, who came to hear the *Meistersinger* on June 29, was "thoroughly bored—doesn't understand German". *Siegfried* "was supremely enjoyable" and the second Act of *Tristan* "a supreme triumph". Spencer Lyttelton did not like the first Act, "but a dry-looking old fish who sat next to him without a word broke out at the end: 'It's the most beautiful music I ever heard', which made me thoroughly happy." Richter conducted magnificently throughout, and the company included nearly all the great German Wagnerian singers of the day: Sucher and Malten, Vogel and his wife, Winkelmann, Betz and Gura. Hubert Parry was disappointed with Gura as *Hans Sachs*, but most appreciative of the rest. He met most of them at Franke's house—"jolly, exuberant people, full of life and force".

Concurrently with his operatic orgy he did a good deal of concert-going in May and June—hearing D'Albert and Sophie Menter again; Schumann's *Faust* and Schubert's

C major Symphony under Hallé; Brahms's *Requiem* at one of the Richter concerts. Most of his spare time was spent in correcting the band parts for his Symphony, which, after many postponed interviews, Richter went through with him and promised to produce. Three weeks later the rehearsal was fixed and suddenly put off. As he ruefully observes: "They always seem to want to back gracefully out of it", and he confesses to being "mad with wild discontent and bitterness of spirit", though two days later he entertained "G." and Stanford at a "pretty uproarious" dinner. At last the rehearsal came off on the morning of June 13, an unlucky day and number. Many of the band were absent, and, after a struggle, "Richter couldn't make it go and it was given up". There were "heaps of mistakes in the band parts". Some of it sounded well, but the men were "tired, and not up to the mark, and shirked their work". Dannreuther supported him nobly in the ordeal, but Hubert was quite knocked up in the afternoon and, a very rare thing for him, found solace in sleep. A flying visit to Rustington two days later did not restore his cheerfulness, for the garden had been devastated by the gale of the previous month "just as if the breath of a furnace had passed over it". Many trees had been killed right off; seedlings had disappeared, and he was "grievously depressed and heavy with a sense of more failure". Happier hours were those spent with the von Glehns at Peak Hill, Sydenham, the rendezvous of the coterie of which "G." was the central figure and Miss Mimi von Glehn, fragile, gifted and magnetic, the chief attraction. He especially mentions their "hay party" in June, to which he took his elder child: "It was great fun, and I romped furiously with endless varieties of children, got considerably pumped and split my trousers, then hurried home and after a 10 minutes' dinner [how many of these he had in later life !] scrambled into proper clothes and went off to *Tristan*". A visit to Mr. Gladstone was postponed in consequence of the Phoenix Park tragedy, but Hubert breakfasted with him a few weeks later. There is no record of their conversation, but these *lacunae* are

sometimes deceptive. On re-reading his diary for 1882 several years later he notes in one place that "something very interesting must have happened in those days *because* there are no entries". Such gaps, however, were rare in these years, and the record of June and July is full of evidences of his multifarious activities. He finished his "Sonata" article, wrote another on the "Suite" involving hard research work at the British Museum, besides several other minor contributions to the Dictionary, and articles and reviews for the *Saturday*. He examined for Trinity College, and records the "howler" of one candidate who referred to a symphony of Beethoven's "commonly known as the 'Woodpecker'". He enjoyed Coquelin; drank Viennese beer at the Criterion with "G.", who "reminisced" over his musical education, beginning with Bach; went to the Academy Soirée and the Grosvenor Gallery, and was alternately irritated and amused by the pictures. He was a guest at a select luncheon in honour of Richter, and a "swell" dinner-party—which always bored him—and was one of a "splendidly enjoyable" water-party at Marlow, ending up at Eton, where he felt "rather sad than romantic". There were also small and enjoyable dinners at Phillimore Place, notably two, at which he had "grand talks" and much congenial discussion, singing and playing, in the company of Hugh Montgomery and Pepys Cockerell. He went to St. Paul's to hear his Service, and witness the ringing of the twelve bells with Stainer as guide.

On July 21 he started for Bayreuth with Dannreuther, exploring Bonn, Coblenz, St. Goar and its curios, Mainz and Würzburg on the way. On the Rhine almost every prospect pleased him; but at Mainz and Würzburg the interiors of the cathedrals and churches impelled him to pronounce modern German decorative art particularly vile. Bayreuth in 1882 is described as a "barbarous city, which is distinguished for its unsurpassable stinks and the stupidity and backwardness of its inhabitants", but the first and "marvellously perfect" performance of *Parsifal* made ample amends:

" All the singers did better than I ever heard them do before. Scaria was superb as *Gurnemanz*; Materna even better as *Kundry*; Winkelmann excellent as *Parsifal* and Hill's *Klingsor* as good as possible. Scenic management and tableaux supremely effective and all the difficult points, I had dreaded—the swan, the flower-maidens, the washing of the feet and the dove—were all just perfect. As a work of art it is at the very highest point of mastery. The religious element makes it seem to me a little hollow, and I was not satisfied with the climaxes of the first and last Acts being chiefly scenic and not humanly emotional. But the impression was very great."

The impression was not impaired by repetition; at the second performance " the work took possession of me very powerfully, and I enjoyed it beyond measure ", in spite of changes in the cast which were not an improvement. The third and final performance on July 30 was, if possible, finer than the first: " Both Dann. and I were deeply moved, especially with the beauty of it. It is entrancing." Bad weather interfered with their excursions, but he attended a great reception at Wagner's house:

" It was crowded with all the notabilities and the nullities, and Mme. Wagner did the royal person. Wagner only appeared for a little while and looked like a lively irrepressible boy. Liszt seemed to be caressing every one sweetly, and looked a veritable old bogey."

What interested him most in the house—which was gorgeous but decorated in almost uniformly bad taste throughout—was a fragment of the MS. of the fugue in the B♭ Sonata in Beethoven's handwriting. On the 29th he went over the theatre and describes its structure, measurements, the immense size of stage, the machinery and devices for producing stage effects. " Dann." and he experimented with all the bells, and found they could be made to sound all right if properly played. They were amused by being told that *all* the players were Kapellmeisters, as at one performance they all got half a bar out —but it was about the only bad feature of the performance.

Parsifal was still " running terribly " in his head on

his return to England on August 2, but it was driven out for a while by the three London rehearsals of his Symphony in G, which had been included in the Birmingham Festival programme. None of them were satisfactory, though Gounod (who had come over to produce his *Redemption*) was " very amiable ". The first rehearsal at Birmingham, where he stayed with C. E. Mathews, the Alpinist, was listened to " with absolute coldness ". The band were quite indifferent throughout, and he braced himself for failure. But his misgivings were not wholly justified at the performance. The band were supremely good and did their best ; barring a few accidents the work was finely given :

" The greater part of the audience were absolutely cold throughout, and the applause at the end I suppose to have been evoked by the good nature of the stewards and my friends."

On the other hand, all the people he came to please were pleased ; and he was specially moved by the approbation of old Sir Julius Benedict who, " after all, was the pupil and familiar of Weber, and often saw Beethoven and Schubert in the flesh ". The best Germans in the band were equally friendly ; Gounod " buttered " him to the utmost, though not very acceptably ; Stainer, Hueffer (of the *Times*) and Prout (of the *Athenæum*) were all very encouraging, and the great Mr. Joseph Bennett of the *Telegraph* came up and said : " I didn't believe in you before, but I do now. You have converted me." So that even the ranks of Tuscany (or Philistia) " could scarce forbear to cheer ".

Stanford, the well-merited success of whose Serenade had delighted Hubert Parry, carried off the Symphony to the Continent to show to various conductors, but Hubert was sceptical of results while grateful for his colleague's goodwill. Of the other new works produced at Birmingham Gade's *Psyche* pleased him most. The *Redemption*, enthusiastically received, seemed to him " theatrical and musically empty, though the work of a large creature ". The applause bestowed on Dr. Gaul's " provincial cantata",

The Holy City, still popular with country choral societies, inspired Hubert Parry with no envy, but only compassion for those who found satisfaction in so "flabby and styleless a work".

Rustington was his headquarters till the end of the year, but on September 2 he started with his wife for Ireland to pay a long visit to his friend Hugh Montgomery at Blessingbourne in Tyrone. There was a large house-party, including Pepys Cockerell and the three Lushington girls, excellent musicians and sight-readers, and Sedley Taylor, "a real character, as delightful and spontaneous as I have ever met"; and they were "as jolly as possible" in spite of the broken weather. "None of us", wrote the late Mr. Pepys Cockerell, "cared for sport", but they played tennis and other games:

"In a few days Hubert knew the names of all the surrounding hills which I, though I had often stayed at Blessingbourne, could never retain. He had taken up a craze for fungi and used to scour the woods for them, bringing home the most poisonous-looking specimens to be fried. We were all rather anxious about him, but no harm came of it, beyond his admitting that some were very nasty. We had an appalling storm of wind one day and Hubert was quite in his element; he did yeoman's service in shoring up certain pet trees with ropes."

There were sundry expeditions, to Bundoran on the west coast, and to the far side of Lough Erne, but Hubert devotes most space in his diary to a "wild expedition" that he made with Pepys Cockerell, *viâ* Donegal and Killybegs, to Carrick and Slieve League, involving much scrambling and hard climbing, rewarded by the sight of tremendous cliffs and magnificent Atlantic waves. He also visited, but was not impressed by, "the beautiful city of Sligo", and Enniskillen, returning in the company of an entertaining Orangeman whose recipe for the pacifying of Ireland was to hang all the priests.

Returning to Rustington he resumed his planting, combining his gardening activities with much "wrestling" (or "wrastling" as it becomes later) with songs, articles

and reviews for the *Pall Mall Gazette*.[1] He had already embarked on a new Symphony in F major, and went up to London frequently for Richter and Crystal Palace concerts; Richter, who was "very nice and cordial", promised to play the Symphony the first thing next summer. In the middle of November he paid the first of many visits to the Arthur Butlers at Oxford, where he met many old friends and was immensely interested in Henry Pelham's efforts in "co-operative education": "he seems to me to have developed into a splendid fellow", an estimate confirmed by Pelham's subsequent career as professor, teacher and as the wise and kindly President of Trinity. He also renewed his friendship with Dr. Corfe, and spent pleasant hours with Vere Bayne in the Christ Church library looking over old Scarlatti and Lulli scores, old English fantasies and suites, and early editions of Purcell.

Grievous news awaited him on his return to Rustington. Rhoda Garrett, whose health had long been precarious, died in London on November 23, and was buried at Rustington. It was a "terrible day"; the sight of those "good women [her cousins Agnes Garrett and Mrs. Fawcett] and their supernatural calm was perfectly agonizing", and he had the greatest difficulty in holding himself in: "I looked down into the deep grave, threw a few last flowers and then took Maud home". On the following day Agnes Garrett came over in the dark and he played her some Bach, including the last chorus from the *Passion*, which she specially asked for. "Her strength and bravery and brightness seem to throw her desolateness and the severance of that beautiful connexion between them into stronger relief." A few days later Hubert Parry and his wife went to bid her good-bye at her cottage: "It was very sad, as it seemed to be the last farewell to all the happy feelings which centre in that sweet little corner".

[1] Grove had recommended him to John Morley, then editor, who in a letter dated October 27, 1882, invited Hubert Parry to review for the *Pall Mall Gazette* a couple of books on musicians, making each "the peg on which to hang a pleasant 'causerie' on the subject if not the book, of about twelve to fourteen hundred words".

Work of all sorts proved the best anodyne. It was not in Hubert Parry's nature to brood over his sorrows: and even the futilities of life furnished him with helpful distraction. While he was still sore at heart from this bereavement, a foolish neighbour came to call and chattered the whole time as follows:

"How much *does* a grand pianoforte cost?
"I always wish we had bought one instead of a cottage.
"My friend Lady —— used to have a grand pianoforte, but it was not *nearly* so beautiful as yours.
"Cottage pianofortes seem to get out of tune so, and it is difficult for the girls to make them sound nice."

Early in December he spent a couple of days at Cambridge to hear the *Ajax* with Macfarren's music. Though the tunes were "bald, cold, dry and commonplace" he found the music "simple, straightforward, and on the whole more satisfactory than his usual stuff". He stayed with the Stanfords, at whose house he met Arthur Somervell and "a very nice long creature with a lovely tenor voice called Walter Ford" with whom, after a concert of Bach and Palestrina at the Guildhall he sat up "chattering and festive" till after midnight. "It reminded me of the old Oxford days, the boys were so fresh and unconstrained." The two boys in after years were his valued colleagues on the staff of the Royal College of Music. It was altogether a happy visit, and memorable in its results, since it led, at Stanford's suggestion, to the commission to write the music for the *Birds* in the following year, and opened up a new field of composition which proved his greatest musical recreation and kept him to the end of his life in close touch with successive generations of the "blessèd young" at Cambridge and Oxford.

At Rustington he went on working, often against the grain, at his Symphony; correcting and mending his A♭ Quartet, "which I have come to dislike thoroughly"; writing reviews for the *Pall Mall* and *Saturday Review*; and running up to town for "Dann.'s" concerts. As domestic and local factotum he was continually employed. He supervised the building of a wall; gave spelling lessons

to his daughter Gwen, " a fearful business " ; indulged in fierce bursts of digging; and helped in the making of mince pies in the absence of a cook. He also assisted a lecturer with his Magic Lantern in the school-room, and read the Trial Scene from *Pickwick* at a Penny Reading " to the apparent satisfaction of the audience ", besides singing and playing. Presents had to be bought, " men in difficulties " relieved, and carol-singers endured. The " dark and bestial weather " was all the more trying because of the vagaries of the barometer, which remained high and steady in heavy persistent rain. He found a certain consolation, however, in Ohnet's *Serge Panine*:

" His bitterness against the pleasure-seekers of high society rouses my sympathy. It seems a marked trait in not a few contemporary writers, and may have some useful results."

On New Year's Eve he sketched out a new plan of pianoforte practice—concentrating on " a few definite big pieces ", by Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, Schumann, Liszt and Brahms, instead of as heretofore attempting a large repertory and making no good of it. Such a scheme, he considers, if he could stick to it, might be " steadying to his nerve ". The close of 1882 is marked by a more hopeful mood, and inclined him " a little, but not much, to sentimentalize ".

The following year was rich in achievement and recognition, and fully vindicated his choice of music as his profession and the main business of his life. On New Year's Day came the offer of the post of Professorship of Musical History at the Royal College of Music, opened by the Prince of Wales on May 7. In February he began to examine for Musical Degrees at the University of Cambridge, which conferred on him the honorary degree of Doctor of Music in the following month. His Symphony in G was performed at the Crystal Palace on April 7, and his second, or " Cambridge " Symphony, finished three weeks later, was produced by the Cambridge Musical Society in June. His fine setting, dedicated " To the Memory of Rhoda Garrett and Henry Fawcett ", of Shirley's magnificent ode, " The Glories of our Blood and

State", was produced at the Gloucester Festival, and his music to the *Birds* of Aristophanes, which occupied him pretty continuously all the late summer and autumn, was given with great success at Cambridge at the end of November.

It was a prosperous, crowded, and in the main a happy year—even his birthday failed to inspire the usual regrets and self-criticism; he had "superb fun" with his wife and children at the Crystal Palace and enjoyed himself as if he were "back in his teens instead of being thirty-five". The only serious cloud was the sad news at the end of August of the death, at the early age of forty-three, of his elder brother Clinton; the tragical end of a life of great promise, in which remarkable gifts of person and mind and wide sympathies had been wrecked by instability of character. Against this loss was to be set the gain of new friendships with colleagues—notably Walter Parratt and Franklin Taylor. Parratt at their first meeting struck him as "a most sterling high-class creature", and the impression only deepened as the years went on. In the summer holidays W. B. Richmond and his family were neighbours, and the children were his constant playmates. To this year also belong his entry on cordial relations with the De Morgans, the Morrises and the Burne-Joneses, and with F. J. H. Jenkinson, who visited him more than once at Rustington; and his acquaintance with Andrew Lang, who, at their first meeting, struck him as "a nice sort of mildish lovable creature".

Hubert Parry's first important official work in 1883 was as examiner for the Cambridge degrees, and he has left on record a full account of his discussions with his fellow-examiners—Sir George Macfarren and Dr. Steggall—revealing his radical divergence of view from the safe, orthodox traditionalism which encourages mediocrity and "second-rateism" and depresses originality and independence. He does not say how the *impasse* was surmounted, "for I certainly would not pass such dull triviality as Mac. favoured, and Mac. wouldn't pass anything that I thought up to the mark". The disagreement did not

in any way impair their personal relations: he attended the presentation of a testimonial to his old master a month later, at which Macfarren was "an affecting figure, much moved by his reception and unconsciously amusing in his speech". With the second of the three "Macs" who have held the Principalship of the R.A.M., and prompted its description as the Macademy, he also came into friendly contact this year, and pronounced Mackenzie's opera of *Colomba* "stalwart and warm"; here, again, first impressions were confirmed, and resulted in a lifelong friendship.

For the degree-giving at Cambridge on March 1, Hubert and Lady Maud were hospitably entertained by the Stanfords and "kindly treated all round". He was applauded vociferously by Etonians in the gallery of the Senate House, and was "presented" by the Public Orator, the late Sir John Sandys, in the following terms:

"Non Platonis tantum in Republica artem musicam cum litterarum disciplina coniunctam esse constat; sed nostra quoque in Academia neminem iam, nisi per artium liberalium portam, in scientiae illius penetralia progredi patimur. Eo libentius igitur Academiae nomine salutamus hodie scholae celeberrimae Etonensis discipulum, Academiae illustris Oxoniensis alumnum, qui abhinc annos sedecim adulescens adhuc titulo Baccalaurei in Musica dignus esse inter suos iudicatus, ipse in Academia nostra musicorum certaminum inter iudices numeratus est. Quotiens poetarum priorum carmina huius ingenio fidibus canoris commissa quasi spirare adhuc et denuo vivere videntur! Huius auxilio, ut cum Horatio loquar, 'non si quid olim lusit Anacreon, delevit aetas'.[1] Idem poetae Etonensis, poetae Oxoniensis, magni illius Shellei tragoediam admirabilem, quae Prometheus nominatur, cantibus quam exquisitis accommodavit! Vos certe, qui nuper in hac ipsa Academia fabulam illam spectavistis, meministis ipsi tremendum illum Furiarum chorum; ipsi quasi vidistis matutinas illas stellarum pallescentium excubias Titanis miseriam vix tolerabilem contemplantium;[2] audivistis

[1] Horace, *Carm.* iv. 9. 9, *Three Odes of Anacreon.*

[2] "The pale stars of morn
Shine on a misery dire to be borne."

denique arte musica feliciter expressam fluctuum illorum innumerabilium fugam, velut in oceano immenso sine fine tumultuantium.[1]

"Iuvat igitur laurea nostra hodie coronare virum et artis et scientiae musicae peritissimum, cuius inter laudes neque patrem eius praeterire possumus, pictorem eximium qui ecclesiae Eliensis laquearia sua manu, suo sumptu, ornavit;[2] neque socerum eius, Sidneium Herbert, virum et de ecclesia et de patria optime meritum, cuius memoriam poetae antiqui verbis paululum mutatis celebrare ausim:

te semper patriae mea Musa intexeret armis
et sumpta et posita pace fidele caput.[3]

"Vobis igitur praesento virum et suo et suorum nomine laude nostra dignissimum, Carolum Hubertum Parry."

The speech, of which we read in the *Times* for March 3, 1883, that it was the first delivered by the Public Orator in "the reformed pronunciation", is a felicitous summary of Hubert Parry's achievements as a composer, and the references to the work of his father at Ely and the public services of Sidney Herbert, his wife's father, enhanced the honour conferred on him.

His work at the College began some time before the formal opening in May, with visits to "G."; an inspection of the building, "as badly constructed as such a place could possibly be"; assisting "G." in reading letters from candidates;[4] attending the preliminary meetings of the Board of Professors; and examining and re-examining pianists and composers at the entrance examination in the middle of April. When the results were announced, "G." made a "lovely little speech" to the successful ones "which nearly made me cry". From thence onward the College became the chief centre of his teaching activities, the mornings being mostly spent with pupils. He gave his first lesson in

[1] "The waves of a thousand streams rush by
To an ocean of splendour and harmony."

[2] Mr. Gambier-Parry.

[3] Cp. Propertius ii. 1. 35 f.

[4] One of them asked if natural genius or artificial learning was more expected at examinations, and invoked the examples of all eminent musicians of history to show that learning ought to go for nothing.

composition on May 8, the day after the opening ceremony, and the entries in his diary throughout the year are mainly concerned with his business engagements : lessons, lectures and examinations. He still continued to take a few private pupils, to write for the *Saturday Review*, and went on with his contributions to Grove's Dictionary, notably the article on " Symphony ", and wrote programme analyses for the Crystal Palace concerts. The performance in April of his Symphony in G went far better than he expected. Manns was " very good and nice and took great pains ". At the first rehearsal, on a Monday, the band were not in good condition, and Manns gave a truly amazing explanation of their shortcomings :

" He says the men are always in bad order on Monday morning : they smoke too much and kiss their wives and sweethearts so much that the lips of the wind-players are all out of order. But by the Saturday it was another story. The room was very empty, but the performance was superb ; lots of friends came over and I think all were pleased. Maud came and sat in the corner in the gallery and I held her hand nearly all the time. That was sweet."

The Shirley Ode was well done at the Gloucester Festival, but the public was " not much taken with it apparently " ; he himself was depressed by the recent death of his brother. The progress of his second Symphony was slow and attended by much dissatisfaction, alleviated by the unfailing encouragement of Dannreuther. He worked very hard at the *Birds* music in August, September and October, finishing the score at the end of the month. Mr. F. J. H. Jenkinson was of the greatest service throughout in helping him on points of metre and scholarship ; Hubert Parry also profited greatly from his wise views on style and literary expression while writing his Dictionary articles. Full details of the production of the *Birds* will be found in a later chapter. It is enough to say here that it was a great and fruitful success, as well as a source of intense enjoyment to the composer.

Though the College was now the first call on his time,

he continued to hear a good deal of new music—Goring Thomas's *Esmeralda*, *Iolanthe*, "pretty and amusing in parts, but frivolous and disjointed", and Dvořák's *Stabat Mater*, which was "absolutely murdered", owing to insufficient rehearsal and incompetent solo singing, by the London Musical Society. Gounod's *Redemption*, given at the Gloucester Festival, impressed him more favourably on a second hearing. He heard young Harold Bauer, aged nine, perform marvellously at Joachim's rooms on both violin and pianoforte, and tried, but ineffectually, to secure him as a pupil for the R.C.M. He attended musical parties at the Henry Joachims and at Leighton's beautiful house. At the former the behaviour of the "swell part" of the company exasperated him; at the latter the people were nice, the host perfect, the music good and the surroundings appropriate. At the theatre *Much Ado about Nothing* was about the best English performance he had ever seen: Ellen Terry surpassed herself and infected all the rest of the company by her gaiety, besides looking "wonderfully beautiful". Burne-Jones at the Grosvenor Gallery particularly displeased him, but that was the last occasion on which his verdict was wholly unfavourable. In the following year the relations between the two families became and always remained cordial and intimate. His estimate of Rossetti, whose pictures he had seen at the Academy and the Burlington Fine Arts Exhibition, is characteristic of the dualism of his nature—the conflict between the artist and the Puritan: "The man is a tremendous power of a sort—colourist and sensualist". In this context one may note his account of an "evening fit for the gods" in March, at which the talk, *viâ* art, music and poetry, came round to Walt Whitman. Robin Benson read some of his poems; Pepys Cockerell, who derided their formless bathos, retaliated by reading Shelley's "West Wind", and other pieces: "and right splendid they are". Whitman, Hubert Parry adds, "belongs to a totally different order, but I don't give up my sympathy for him all the same. Possibly it is the democratic tinge that fetches me in him, and the way

in which he faces our human problems and speaks ruggedly himself — and such a strange, wild, at the same time hopeful self."

At Rustington where he spent many week-ends and his summer holidays, he continued to do a great deal of digging and planting, working "fiercely" for hours on end in the intervals of "wrastling" with his Symphony. Manual labour was with him an alternative to, or relaxation from, brain work, but did not always succeed, as he got over-tired and could not settle down to composition afterwards. Also having to cope simultaneously with chimney-sweeps, paperhangers and carpetmen did not conduce to the free play of symphonic inspiration. The weather came in for some of his most powerful invective, and he confesses to having been "vehemently riled" by some legal business connected with the transfer of trust funds. His children, whom he endeavoured at times to interest in spelling and writing, were already his companions on his walks or sailed with him in his new canoe. He made his first trip in her on April 3, and between then and the end of October was constantly on the water in all weathers. The Richmond children were great playmates at picnics, romping tea-parties or as passengers in the canoe, often getting "well ducked" but enjoying it. He had various adventures and upsets (fortunately when he was alone), and the canoe was badly smashed up before he left Rustington. Robin Benson, Spencer Lyttelton, Jenkinson and Miss Ethel Smyth at different times visited Knight's Croft in the autumn; and Agnes Garrett was frequently down at her cottage, to the great satisfaction of the Parrys. A concert arrangement of the music to the *Birds* was performed at the Crystal Palace but "went badly". His new Symphony was given for the first time by the Cambridge University Musical Society on June 12. "G." contributed an analytical programme, and Stanford conducted an excellent performance. The reception was most cordial, and the *Athenæum* in a highly appreciative notice regarded the new work as a decided advance on Hubert's

first Symphony in the greater beauty of the themes and the clearness of outline.

Christmas was spent at Wilton in " woeful damp and foggy weather ". He did not begin to enjoy himself until the departure of most of the " swell company ", though he makes an exception in favour of the Brownlows. He had two days' hunting, " the first experience of the sort after several years' abstinence ", and was pleased to find himself " all right at the jumps ".

Most of the entries in his diary for 1884 relate to his work at the Royal College—lessons, lectures and examinations. The terminal examinations were a heavy call on his energies ; in these days he was a sort of all-round handy-man at the College, and already speaks of working ten and even twelve hours a day. The preparation of his lectures was always laborious, involving much research at the British Museum and the training of the pupils for the vocal and instrumental illustrations. Nor was his lecturing confined to the College : he was from this onwards in constant request elsewhere, and in 1884 visited Birmingham twice for the purpose, besides giving an address at the Musical Association, " which was not much relished ". He examined for Trinity College, London, and for the musical degrees at both Oxford and Cambridge. It was not always congenial work, owing to the rigid academicism of some of his colleagues—notably Macfarren, who adhered obstinately to Day's Theory of Harmony, and Gore Ouseley, who regarded all experiments in tonality as illegitimate which were not mentioned " in my book ".[1] At the College these divergences were often a sore trial. One illustrious and world-famous queen of song, who for a while was attached to the staff, was capable of behaving " half like a spoiled baby, half like an offended queen because we did not elect a dull singer for her ". Even the great Joachim was far from being a perfect examiner ; he frightened the violin

[1] These experiences, no doubt, helped to confirm him in the resolve never to dispense with the exercise of a judgment formed on direct knowledge. Sir Hugh Allen, who often acted as his colleague, tells me that he would never form an opinion at second hand, or sign a report unless he had himself read the candidate's papers.

candidates and declared that one extremely promising composer had been " subjected to pernicious Wagnerian influences ". Hubert Parry still went on with lessons to his private pupils—in some cases irksome sacrifices on the altar of personal friendship—and to his daughters, but he found more enjoyment in teaching them to ride or to spin tops than to play the piano. Mention is made of further articles for Grove's Dictionary, and he began to contribute a series of studies of the great composers to a magazine for girls edited by his friend Miss Leith.

Hitherto Cambridge had taken the lead in appreciating his work. In 1884 Oxford followed suit by appointing him Choragus to the University, and performing his *Prometheus* in May. He says nothing of the concert, but the rehearsals were not satisfactory. Of his new works we hear most of his opera, *Lancelot* or *Guenever* as it was finally called, his solitary and unpublished excursion into that branch of the art. The libretto was written by Miss Una Taylor, daughter of Sir Henry Taylor (the author of *Philip van Artevelde*). He discussed it with Dannreuther, who liked it " in parts " at the end of May. By June 20 he had finished the first Act; but when Miss Taylor came to spend a week at Rustington in August, drastic revisions were discussed and communicated to Dannreuther.

The sequel and the fate of *Guenever* will be found in a later chapter. Hubert Parry was disappointed by the failure of Stanford and Dannreuther, who both thought highly of his score, to secure its production either in England or in Germany. The initiative, however, was taken by them, not by him, and his acquiescence in its rejection was no doubt influenced by the critical attitude which he adopted in later years towards opera. But no one who views the matter dispassionately in the light of his temperament and the artistic ideals which animated him in the last twenty-five years or more of his life can find an analogy for this attitude in the fable of the fox and the grapes.

Besides the opera he wrote a Quintet in E♭ for strings which was performed at Orme Square and the

College, but not published till 1909, and sundry other minor compositions. He heard a great deal of music of all sorts at the " Pops ", where Madame Schumann was still the great attraction, the Richter Concerts, and the chamber concerts at " Dann.'s " house, where his own compositions were frequently performed. At the opera he heard *Tristan*, *Lohengrin*, *Fidelio*, the *Meistersinger*, and Stanford's *Canterbury Pilgrims* and *Savonarola*. His theatrical experiences ranged from *Othello* (with Salvini), *Much Ado* and *Twelfth Night* to the *Private Secretary* (twice), the Pantomime (*Cinderella*), the *Candidate* and *A Mint of Money*, in which Toole made him " ache with laughter ". The lighter pieces generally prompt a word or two of comment, but he says nothing of Salvini. His visits to Wilton in the early part of the year were clouded by anxiety about Lord Pembroke's serious illness and slow convalescence.

The year 1884 marks a notable advance in his nautical education, for in it his canoe was largely, though not entirely, supplanted by a small yacht, the *Ornis*, built for him by Harvey of Littlehampton. He got out in her for the first time on Easter Sunday, April 15, with the elder Roach, whose son was his skipper in later years, and had some lively and even perilous experiences in squally weather before the *Ornis* was properly ballasted. But early in May he was able to take his daughters out, and for the rest of the summer he sailed a great deal with W. B. Richmond and his children—one of whom is now an Admiral—and their tutor Robert (afterwards Sir Robert) Morant. Morant was helpful as well as perfectly fearless. When the weather was too rough for the ladies and the children he often went out with his host, shared his " duckings ", and on more than one occasion helped to " save the situation ". The Richmonds were again staying at Littlehampton for the summer and the children were again Hubert's chief playmates at picnics to Chanctonbury, kite-flying and other pastimes, and their departure on September 13 " left all of us fearfully doleful ". Robin Benson, F. J. H. Jenkinson and " Nep " Wheatley were also welcome visitors. Of the residents we hear most of Agnes Garrett and her brilliant

nephew Edmund. Henry Fawcett's death in November moved Hubert Parry deeply: "No truer or nobler man lived, and no one could less be spared now". After the third week in September he was constantly up to the College for his lessons and lectures and back again to Rustington, where rides with his children were a new and enjoyable feature of his life. His last bathe was on November 2, and on the next day the family left Rustington for London. Lectures and lessons, rehearsals of *Prometheus* with the Bach Choir and examinations at the College occupied him fully till the end of the term. Christmas was spent at Rustington—"a thorough good Xmas day" with top-spinning for the children, who sat up for late dinner and went to bed "without any reaction"—and the last days of the year were devoted to revising and copying songs, practising, planting and digging. His book list for 1884 as usual illustrates that wide-ranging interest in life and letters which distinguished him from all professional musicians of his generation, including Lessing's *Laocoön*, Tylor's *Anthropology*, Seeley's *Expansion of England*, Sismondi's *Italian Republics*, the *Mabinogion*, translations of Scandinavian Saga, Malory's *Morte D'Arthur*, Leland's *Gypsies*, more novels of Turgeniev and Balzac, *Treasure Island* and, by way of anti-climax, *Called Back* and *The House on the Marsh*. Some omnivorous readers hoard their learning and pass away without diffusing their treasures, but Hubert Parry gave out most of what he took in. His College lectures on musical history were peculiarly stimulating apart from their musical content. Mr. Gustav Holst has told us that he owed his first "vision of History", in the broader sense, to one of the digressions with which Parry enriched a lecture on early composers.

CHAPTER VI

VOYAGE TO SOUTH AMERICA · KENSINGTON SQUARE "BLEST PAIR OF SIRENS", "JUDITH", "JOB"

THE outstanding event in the following year (1885) was Hubert Parry's voyage to South America in company with Sedley Taylor. The ill-health, which led to the trip, and three months' absence and abstention from work severely restricted his creative activity this year. He wrote a few songs, finished his articles for Miss Leith's magazine, and after his return resumed the composition of his opera. At Rustington he was engaged on making a new fruit garden, planting, transplanting and digging, but manual labour for a while failed to give him refreshment and only increased his mental weariness. The drudgery of teaching weighed heavily on him, and there is a curious outburst against the "exercises" of vocal students at an examination for exhibitions :

"Arias without words are thoroughly repulsive. I'm sure it must be bad for their musical intelligence to do things so utterly false and empty. Plain exercises are endurable, but to see them singing elaborate tunes on one syllable, with all sorts of sham points of sentiment which have no basis whatever in the nature of the thing, is revolting. And they look such idiots with their mouths wide open howling nothings!"

Incidentally he notes that Joachim was a good deal put out at the College examinations, because the orchestra played Wagner's "Siegfried Idyll".

Board meetings of the professors led to divergences of view which tried him in his present mood. And the correct-

ing of band parts " drove him crazy "—even affecting the action of his heart. The preparation of his lectures, and the collecting, editing and rehearsal of illustrations added to the strain. He gave a series of four lectures at Cambridge on the Sonata : the first was " a fearful failure—only two or three old women, a few girls and about four undergraduates present ", and though the attendance improved, the result was depressingly disproportionate to the labour involved. *Prometheus* was given by the Bach Choir in February; the rehearsals were most unpromising, but the concert went better than he expected. His friends mustered in force, the audience were " apparently enthusiastic ", but a disparaging notice in the *Pall Mall Gazette* provoked him to an unusual outburst :

" Being very tired and out of sorts I fell into low spirits. I know it is stupid. But it is cruel to struggle vainly on and have to endure these vile sneers."

The " heavy ploughing " of would-be " Mus.Bacs."—12 out of 21—at Oxford gave him no satisfaction, though it lent support to the old gibe against Bachelors of Music as " people not yet wedded to their art ".

To make matters worse, there was bad news from Highnam, where his father was hard hit by agricultural depression, and his soldier brother Ernest was invalided home and seriously ill. Yet his capacity for enjoyment revived in his rides with his children at Rustington or when he took them to their first pantomime ; or in the company of Mrs. Fawcett, whose courage in her bereavement moved him to admiration, or of the Lushington girls, Susan and Kitty (afterwards Mrs. Leo Maxse), with whom he made much music ; or when he sang in the chorus at the performance of Bach's B minor Mass in the Albert Hall. Dinners and parties at the Richmonds' house, where he met the Du Mauriers, Stillmans and Morrises, were mostly enjoyable and festive, and at Easter he had plenty of sailing in the *Ornis* with Morant and Jenkinson, or " Jinks " as he is henceforth called, Kitty Lushington and his children. There is a characteristic entry in his diary for April 23 :

" Went out in a stiff breeze with old Roach and had a severe ducking in a considerable sea. When I came in I met Captain Hills, who said, ' I couldn't conceive you could be such a lunatic as to go out in such weather.' "

For the rest he attended a political meeting at Littlehampton in support of the Liberal candidate and " spoke asininely, having no command of myself ", and paid two visits to Highnam in February and May, where political divergences from his father kept him silent. In London he heard Bottesini, the famous double-bass player, at the " Pops ", when the public were uproarious with delight at his conjuring tricks: Goring Thomas's *Nadeshda*—" thin, vapid and feeble "; the *Mikado*, in which the Japanese business and Grossmith's vivacity pleased him more than the music; Massenet's *Manon*, " an utterly unsound piece with bits of poetry and effective music but full of falsities of character, cynical and inconsistent "; and Mozart's *Figaro*, done by the Carl Rosa Company, which he thoroughly enjoyed. In this musical context I may mention his friendly reference to Norman Grosvenor, whose acquaintance he made this summer and whom he describes as " a sincere and un-selfconscious creature, full of genuine enthusiasm, and possessed with the idea of regenerating mankind by teaching them to sing in choral classes ". Earlier in the year there is an entry noting a visit from William de Morgan, who gave Hubert an account of his experience with a spiritualist " slate-writer ". De Morgan was satisfied that he had discovered how it was done, but declared that it was no use exposing the fraud. " If people will offer themselves to be taken in by such impostures, nothing will cure them. Perhaps he is right." *Populus vult decipi, decipiatur.* Hubert Parry remained sceptical about spiritualism to the end of the chapter. De Morgan's final view is to be found in *Joseph Vance*: " I want the word spiritualist to describe myself, and can't use it because of Mrs. Guppy and the Davenport Brothers."

The " extraordinary misbehaviour " of Hubert's heart reached a climax early in June, when Dr. Black took a serious view of his condition and ordered him to knock off

all exercise, even riding, and smoking. At this juncture Hugh Montgomery and Sedley Taylor opportunely arrived with the proposal that he should go on a sea voyage with Sedley Taylor, who was in much the same condition. Hubert went off at once to find a ship for the west coast of South America, and after two failures secured passages in one of the Pacific Mail Company's liners which was sailing direct to Valparaiso. Throughout the whole business Robin Benson was invaluable in procuring information and introductions—he was indeed the good genius of the trip and its sequel. The next week was spent in a rush of preparations, shopping, etc., and Hubert nearly collapsed from a heart attack at his last lecture at the College. A few days at Rustington, which was looking lovely, and a last sail made the wrench of parting all the greater. On the 13th Robin Benson gave a farewell dinner in his honour, attended by the Burne-Joneses, Spencer Lyttelton, Alfred Lyttelton and his wife, and Lady Lonsdale—all very kind and friendly. More rushing and good-byes at the College followed, and on the 16th, after a final "play at Bach" with the Lushingtons he saw Lady Maud off at Victoria :

"It was grievous. I watched the train till it disappeared with a horrid ache in my throat and a miserable morbid dread in my mind ; though it is not so much for myself getting back to her as for anything happening to her at home."

In the evening "the good Rob" came to see the last of him at Euston and he arrived at Liverpool soon after midnight.

He liked the *Aconcagua*—"a beauty to look at"—but began his trip in a depressed mood, feeling miserable and seedy, while his cabin was about the worst and noisiest in the ship. But he was an observant voyager, an indefatigable sightseer, and a fearless experimenter in foreign diet and drink. He found Pauillac at the mouth of the Gironde amusingly un-English, Lisbon "ravishingly beautiful" ; the vastness of the Atlantic gave him a curious sensation, and its wonderful cobalt blue seemed bluer than

any sea he had ever seen. Portuguese emigrants " dancing to the mandolin under the blazing moon ", deck quoits, the perusal of *Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné* and *L'Affaire Lerouge*, and watching porpoises, flying fish and passing vessels occupied him pleasantly. He was disappointed with the Southern Cross, but does not speak disrespectfully of the Equator, which they crossed in a deliciously cool breeze. He landed at Pernambuco—full of colour, fruit and parrots—but found Bahia much more exciting. The rest of the party played billiards at the hotel and thought it a beastly place. Hubert Parry explored the upper town, sallied forth into the country and found it enchanting. Rio satisfied all his expectations : the view from the peak of Corcovado " is probably one of the finest in the world " and the prospect as they left the harbour was just as perfect as it possibly could be—" a series of enchanting sights, the sun blazing, the water blue with great rollers crashing on the shore ".

There were few passengers when they started, but at Rio they took on the U.S.A. Minister for Buenos Ayres and the Brazilian Minister for Chile, who were specially charged to arbitrate the differences still remaining between Chile and Peru. The latter could speak neither French nor English, and his wife and family were devoid of attraction, manners or restraint. Hubert Parry consoled himself by reading Tylor's *Primitive Culture*, and enjoying yams, huge mullet and gigantic prawns. The " Pampero " on July 13 strengthened to a strong gale, which he watched from the deck : " a rough time, but it felt healthy ". The mollyhawks, whale-birds and Cape pigeons, " the dearest, neatest little little birds ", compensated him for the company of the sea-sick Brazilians on the way to Montevideo, where he was hospitably entertained by Mr. Lafone, heard the President deliver his message under the protection of a battalion of infantry, and explored the principal buildings of what was then a " large, modern, unkempt, dirty and shabby town ", corruptly administered by fraudulent officials, and held down by a small military force. Mr. Lafone introduced him to *maté*, and he heard the " first

musical sounds after a month's abstinence " in the form of some very poor operatic music on an ill-tuned organ in the cathedral.

Leaving Montevideo without any regret, he has little to note before they entered the Straits of Magellan. Over the wild savage grandeur of the scenery—" one magnificent view succeeding another for hours and hours " and culminating in the " Crooked Reach " and Desolation Island, aptly named and " magnificently defiant of man "—he becomes almost rhapsodical. His and Sedley Taylor's enthusiasm, however, was quite unshared by a young Scot who marched up and down the deck with his eyes fixed on the planks. Rallied by them on his apathy he replied : " I didn't come to South America to see mountains. I've got plenty of that sort of thing in my own country."

They steamed into Coronel " in splendid midnight ", and Hubert, with two Germans and a Frenchman, chartered horses and rode by fearful roads to Lota, a mining village, and famous for the private garden of a resident, " a wonderful site disfigured by a great deal of gimcrackery, sham caves and stalactites, coloured glass and sham kiosks ". Valparaiso was reached on the 28th, his heart again troublesomely reminding him of " the uselessness of their voyage ", but he greatly enjoyed looking out of his bedroom in the hotel straight on to the highest peak in America—Aconcagua. Here they were entertained with the utmost hospitality by Mr. John Compton, and set off next day by train for Los Andes, 65 miles off at the base of the Uspallata Pass—a splendid journey through wild country, deserted plains, and deep gorges with snow mountains on either hand. At Los Andes they hired mules for an excursion into the mountains, and though Sedley Taylor's mule was impervious to appeals and execrations and they never got into touch with the great peaks, the weather was marvellous, the country gloriously wild and broad, and the fruit and fish and cooking of the country extremely palatable. They spent a night at the house of a hospitable woman farmer, and returned to Los Andes along the Rio Aconcagua—a roaring mountain torrent clear as glass, sometimes green,

sometimes blue in the pools, with cactuses, acacias and evergreen trees abounding all the way. At Los Andes they explored the sights, heard some astonishing music of the debased operatic type, and some amazing intoning in the church, sampled the local beverage of " chicha "—a sort of mild but intoxicating cider—and moved on to Santiago by train on August 3. The journey was magnificent, but the rocks were already disfigured by the advertisements of an enterprising Santiago firm.

Santiago itself was " fearfully dirty ", and the cloudy weather obscured the views, but it supplied Hubert Parry with some more musical experiences—notably an excruciating performance in a big church in honour of some saint, with much singing by monks behind the blazing high altar and an orchestra in the western gallery :

" The organist accompanied the plain-song with chromatic scales, arpeggios and all the most frivolous tricks of the operatic style. No instrument in the band was in tune with any other, while the singers howled more or less independently of one another."

Aïda at the Opera House was quite fairly done before a large and fashionably-dressed audience. Hubert Parry and Sedley Taylor also visited the cemetery, where the rich Chileans spent huge sums on monuments and little houses built of pale red sandstone in which the coffins were stored on shelves. They also attended a sitting of the Chamber—a curious sight, with the deputies enthroned in elaborately carved armchairs, smoking, and, the day being cold, tucked up in rugs with their feet in foot-muffs.

Returning to Valparaiso he had a day's fox-hunting at Salinas, where an Englishman kept a small pack of hounds. The hunt was in wild hilly country in heavy rain, but he was well mounted on a little Chilean horse lent him by Mr. Young, one of the many hospitable English residents, and was presented with the brush by the M.F.H. On his last day at Valparaiso he rode with the Comptons and visited the *Huascar*, examining all the memorials of the historic fight—the spots where Pratt and Thompson were killed, etc. He went on board on the afternoon of the 8th,

"glad to have his face turned home". This time he landed at Talcahuano with its magnificent, but as yet ill-equipped harbour and imposing but useless relics of extravagant expenditure, and went by train to Concepcion.

Here they hired a buggy with three horses — one a free-running outsider—from the remarkably enterprising and energetic German who ran the coaching establishment and the mails and built all manner of vehicles on his premises. The journey to Coronel was exciting and amusing, over execrable roads, with pits three feet deep, and for a while over a grass track across the open park-like country, strewn with shrubs, wild myrtle and cinnamon, and the bones of dead cattle and horses. Hubert Parry sat beside the native driver, who "stank diabolically of onions". At a wayside *posada* they refreshed themselves with bread and *mosto*—the wine of the country—and discovered an old square Broadwood pianoforte which the owner had won in a raffle. They rejoined the steamer at Coronel, bade good-bye to the "kind Mr. Compton" who had accompanied them on this excursion, and sailed on the 11th.

The passage of the Straits was made safely but in unfavourable weather for views. The sky brightened after they got through the Narrows, and on emerging past Cape Virgin Hubert at once noted the different look of the Atlantic, "bracing and fresh, while the Pacific has an oily appearance as if the water was of a different consistency". He read Prescott's *Mexico* and *Diana of the Crossways* on the way to Montevideo, which impressed him even more unfavourably than at his former landing: "Uruguay is the smallest place we have been to, and it makes most fuss and gives itself the most airs". It appeared to him "the Paradise of vulgarity, with its exasperatingly idiotic imitation by the women of the worst extravagances of Parisian fashions". Once more he left Montevideo without the least regret, and his antipathy was increased by the cruelty with which Pampas sheep and cattle were hauled on board.

His impressions of his fellow-passengers were not complimentary. They included (1) the survivors of the

unfortunate *Italia*, the pioneer steamer of a new Italian line wrecked on the west coast. All the crew had been saved, but many passengers had been drowned ; hence many ugly imputations. (2) A melancholy Swede, an ex-employé of the Chilean Government, against whom they were warned. (3) Two old Chilean ladies so demoralized by the sea that they never washed or brushed their hair. (4) A commonplace French family with four noisy children. (5) A German and four very second-rate Englishmen. At Montevideo they picked up a young Etonian who improved on acquaintance, but Hubert was most interested in two Spanish Jesuit priests, in full fig, big hats and all, dirty and smelly, with whom he had long but hardly ever harmonious talks on all manner of subjects, their point of view being irritatingly obscurantist. One, a professor at a college in South America, was amusingly indignant with Sedley Taylor for having a Christian name which wasn't a Christian name at all. " He knew there was no saint named Sedley, and it was necessary that a man's Christian name should be that of some saint." Yet though shallow and complacent, he played chess and draughts well. Hubert Parry tried, but vainly, to engage the younger priest in a discussion on Spanish dialects, but he seemed to have never thought of the subject before :

" The faculty of spontaneous observation seems to be eradicated from these creatures. They seem to be taught to use their minds only in dialectic and fence and memory, and to take their inferences and theories at the bidding of their superiors."

Later on they grew less and less sociable ; the younger priest was in constant resentment against the behaviour of the elements, the elder more or less arrogantly complacent, " affecting a mock humility as if he was the meekest of the chosen ones, and abasing himself with the direct aim of adding fuel to the prospective hot torments of heretics ". More instructive was Hubert's talk with the old quarter-deck man Williams, about his experiences in the merchant marine thirty years back. It was a brutal regime, in which the captain was an irresponsible despot and the

stronger men tyrannized over the weaker. Williams saw a man flogged so cruelly that he died a couple of days later, and "that was the case which led to the first attempt to moderate the frequency and severity of the punishment".

At Rio he cruised about the harbour in a sailing-boat and inspected all the principal ships in the bay. The music made on board was most distressing—comic and sentimental songs from the captain and his lady friends. The captain, however, is given a good mark for his reading of the service on Sundays. Hubert Parry was a great lover of children, so it is a sign of his temporary irritability to find him inveighing against the "horde of brats" who made the first-class quarters unendurable by their screeching, whimpering and uproar almost all the day. He found solace in devouring *The Virginians*, "terribly cynical in parts and even spiteful against aristocrats, courtly humbugs and worldlings. But the nice people this time are most lovable and the pictures of famous characters admirable." He also read and carefully annotated Sullivan's *New Ireland*, recognizing the author's evident desire to be fair, but reprobating his Hibernian weakness for personal chatter, sentimentality, and for blaming the Saxon for things done most frequently by Irishmen themselves. Hyndman's *History of Socialism* impressed him more favourably by its fullness, its comparative freedom from vituperation, and the cogency with which the case was stated against Cobden and the middle-class capitalists in connexion with the Free Trade movement.

At St. Vincent the "fussy quarantine arrangements of the Portuguese" and the discomforts of coaling tried his temper sorely. Hubert Parry was a law-abiding citizen, but impatient of delay and officialism. Their homeward progress was hampered by a persistent head wind, and, though the weather was fine and bracing from Teneriffe onwards, "nothing compensates for feeling our arrival home has been pushed further and further away". On September 11 Portugal was sighted, and "everybody, passengers as well as crew, were gazing eagerly to lose

no atom of the joy it seemed to them to see Europe again". At Lisbon he was again fretted by the quarantine regulations, but regained his spirits as they coasted along Spain in glorious weather. He was amused, too, by his conversation with the Portuguese military attaché at Berlin, who pronounced the Germans quite inartistic. They certainly cultivated music but in their own fashion, far too seriously: "They went to the opera as if it were the Mass". In a similar strain an old Brazilian had said to Sedley Taylor on the way out: "Music is a frivolous art—better left to Italians". Sedley Taylor, Hubert Parry notes, was lucky in hearing observations of this sort. A commonplace plutocrat had once said to him: "Oh, you like music, do you? Well, it's a nice amusement for people who can't afford to hunt."

After rolling in the Bay, and reading under difficulties, interrupted by inconsiderate foreigners and noisy children, he welcomed the sight of the French coast looking deliciously green and prosperous in gorgeous sunshine, "a country to be fond of as a home". He did not land at Pauillac, and the last stage of the journey was delayed by thick fog. They sighted England at 2.30 P.M. on the 17th and landed at Liverpool early on the 18th: "The whole scene took a strong hold of me. It felt like waking out of a dream for a very commonplace and grimy reality." He felt melancholy at leaving the ship, which looked very fine as they left in the tug, exchanged farewells with Sedley Taylor on the platform, and reached Littlehampton in the afternoon.

His wife and children, who made a mock of the beard which he had grown, met him at the station. "Our greeting could not be gloriously joyful or affectionate as the platform was crowded", but it was a happy home-coming, and the Richmonds came a good way out to meet them on the road to Rustington. The signs of passing summer were very apparent—change and decay, and damp in the air:

"But the strange feeling is present all the while since landing that everything is so exactly the same as when I

went away. The people just on their ordinary course; places just as if I had left them yesterday. More and more it is as if I had squeezed a long queer dream in between yesterday and to-day, and yet the inner being is not quite the same. The experience makes some effect, though it cannot alter constitutional indolence, hastiness and irritability."

He resumed his rides with the children and his sailing at once. The Richmonds' departure again left Knight's Croft desolate, but Miss Garrett and Mrs. Fawcett were at the Firs facing the world with "determined cheerfulness", and there was the usual apple-picking and storing to be done. He went up to town to be overhauled by Dr. Black, who reported some slight progress, and to attend the opening of the College, but did not resume lessons till the 30th of September. On October 2 he was operated on for a cyst and laid up for a week, reading *The Four Georges* and *Mrs. Keith's Crime* — a curious choice for a convalescent. The visits from his friends and relatives were not very comforting, as they led to wrangles over the Stead-Armstrong case, British foreign policy, Chamberlain and Gladstone. "Conservatives", he severely remarks, "have neither the mental energy nor the moral courage to form an independent judgment. They readily adopt the opinions of their class and society, and seem to be baser and more dishonest and frivolous than they really are." He spent a week recruiting at Rustington, sailing, giving music lessons to his elder daughter, arranging a set of national tunes for four hands, dedicated to his daughters, and making the acquaintance of the artist Mrs. Swynnerton, who was then engaged on a portrait of Miss Agnes Garrett. A visit to the beautiful country-house of the Rates near Dorking, where he rode and explored the country to his great satisfaction, was followed by a bout of examining for degrees at Oxford. He had not helped in setting the papers, which were on the old-fashioned pattern approved by Ouseley, "all right in regard to canons, fugue and counterpoint" but full of futile questions in musical history, while orchestration was approached from the pre-Mozartian

standpoint. The Mus.Bac. candidates were all " miserable duffers ", the would-be Mus.Docs. poor but strong in acoustics, whereupon Hubert comments :

" The duller they are musically, the better they do the acoustics paper : and I have almost always noticed it to be the same."

His visit, however, was redeemed by the hospitality of the Arthur Butlers and the pleasure of meeting Henry Pelham, with whose enlightened educational views he was in warm sympathy.

Resuming work at the College he gave his first lecture on October 28, and was uproariously welcomed by his pupils, getting through without collapse. He had his last sail at Rustington on November 2 and on the 4th the family reluctantly returned to town for the winter : " They would like to stop there all the year round, wet or fine, in sloppy autumn or in roasting summer. Knight's Croft seems to them now the best place in the world."

Hubert Parry now resumed his concert-going and work on his opera, and saw a good deal of his friends. Apropos of the production of Mackenzie's *Rose of Sharon* he notices that oratorio audiences are a totally different class from those at instrumental concerts, and have quite different views of art. It seems a commonplace to-day, but it was almost an original remark forty years ago. Nearly eight weeks had elapsed since his return home and he was still " desperately discouraged " by the continuance of his heart trouble. The voyage, as we have seen, had not been altogether a success. He had felt the severance from his wife and family keenly, and though stimulated by contact with a new world, with its strange flora and fauna, majestic scenery and unfamiliar types of humanity, he was often depressed by the continuance of distressing symptoms, and doubtful of his recovery. It was not until November 13 that the clouds began to lift. On that day he saw Sir Andrew Clark, whose diagnosis was not only reassuring but borne out in the most remarkable fashion by the events of the next thirty years :

"He was extremely kind, sounded and examined a lot and said my heart was strong and that its peculiar behaviour arose from my excitable temperament. He said he did not think the voyage was likely to have done me much good, except as keeping me from worrying myself about arrears, etc. That work is good for me, and that I should not keep well without it. He actually recommended tea and allowed moderate smoking, but condemned beer absolutely and put me under a regular rule of life which he wrote out for me. I went away feeling a different man; his talk was so encouraging and bracing. That good Rob [Robin Benson] had paid my fee beforehand."

Not that Hubert always acted on the excellent advice he then received. But it gave him a confidence in his physique, and in the tonic quality and even necessity of work, which had an immediate and stimulating result on his spirits and creative powers.

Honest indignation, not irritability, is the note of the violent explosion on his hearing Gounod's *Mors et Vita* on the following day. When Richter was asked what he thought of it at Birmingham, he held up his hands and said "*Horrendum est!*"—the first words of the text. Hubert Parry might have added Sir Charles Hallé's more caustic comment on the orchestral section headed *Tubae ad ultimum Judicium*: "If they play that music at the Resurrection I shall refuse to rise". The Albert Hall was crammed—not a seat vacant:

"The British public are incomprehensible. I didn't know there were so many people in England who cared for music at all, let alone such sentimental, dawdling, pointless stuff as this of Gounod. The colour is often good, but one did not suppose English people cared at all for colour—certainly their prophets and teachers the critics don't, except in this case. It makes me mad to think of ——, who has no words too fiercely contemptuous of Wagner for his formlessness and extravagance, writing in his guide to *Mors et Vita* of its beauty, when Gounod is just as 'formless' as Wagner without the excuse of having any noble ideas, and makes hideous noises with the gong and introduces extravagant chords without any dramatic excuse."

In the last two months of the year Hubert Parry finished the new sketch of the First Act of his opera and revised the Second Act, worked at his setting of national tunes for four hands and at the old Shakespearean sonnets which he originally set to the German version but was " overpersuaded to finish to the English text which is most unmusical at times ". He went to Cambridge for the *Eumenides*, admired Stanford's music and the admirable mounting, and welcomed the innovation of a woman in the cast—Miss Cave of Girton—who greatly distinguished herself as *Athene*. He delighted in Dvořák's Quartet with Variations at one of " Dann.'s " concerts, and in the playing of the Heckmann Quartet. " It was full of liberties and tricks, but so delicious that I couldn't see any harm in it." He speaks of a new trio by a German composer—the name is illegible—as " a mixture of moonshine and vulgarity ", but his severest criticism was reserved for his own 'cello sonata, played at " Dann.'s " house, for, though it went down pretty well, " it all sprawls about and is too long and indefinite ". Mention is also made of a merry dinner at the Burne-Joneses, who greeted him affectionately on his return, where the talk was frivolous and art was hardly alluded to ; of visits to Madame Tussaud's, the Natural History Museum and Hengler's Circus with his children. Early in December he went down to Littlehampton for the election and found it swarming with Conservatives and with ducal equipages. All the working men were wearing the Tory yellow, " probably because they did not dare to sport the Liberal colours ". The usual examination agony began on the 12th and lasted till the 21st, and as he was examining in half a dozen subjects, the strain on his nerves was severe : " my temper is like a Jack-in-the-box with a weak catch, and any jolt sets it going ".

Christmas was spent at Rustington, and the " vile nuisance and imposture " of the carol-singers comes in for the usual abuse. But Christmas Day went off happily, and after tea he read Dickens's *Christmas Carol* to the children ; on the 27th there was a display of fireworks, and the visit of Kitty Lushington prompts an enthusiastic tribute to her

gifts and character: "She is a wonderful girl, not only blessed with singular musical gifts, but with a good memory, good reasoning powers and generous sympathies". For the last three days of the year he was "absolutely absorbed" in Froude's account of Elizabeth's reign and read it all day and every day. The scheme of pianoforte practice formulated on January 1, 1885, had collapsed owing to ill-health, his voyage, and an accident by which he cut the forefinger of his right hand so badly as to put an end to all playing for several months. His book list includes, besides the works already mentioned, *Don Quixote*, *Piers Plowman*, Andrew Lang's *Custom and Myth*, Tennyson's *Becket*, Stevenson's *Virginibus Puerisque*, Carlyle's *John Sterling*, and a varied assortment of novels by Daudet, de Boisgobey, Gaboriau, George Sand, Charlotte Brontë and Rider Haggard.

When Hubert Parry re-read his diaries in later years he singled out several entries in 1886 as of especial interest. They comprise his favourable impression of Stanford's *Revenge*, which C. V. S. played at Robin Benson's house on January 11: the first mention of 17 Kensington Square, which he and his wife inspected on February 3 and moved into on December 2; the "utter disgust" of one of his most intimate friends at *Pickwick* owing to the "horrid vulgarity" of the characters—"very typical of the modern plutocrat": the attack made on him at a Board of Examiners at the R.C.M. by an external examiner on the ground of the influence Parry exerted on his pupils: the account of a select country-house party at the Rayleighs in June, at which he found himself entirely out of sympathy with the uncompromising Conservative champions of society and aristocracy, but delighted in the informing and brilliant conversation of Robertson Smith: the performance of Mackenzie's *Troubadour* on June 8, handicapped by Hueffer's unsurpassably bad libretto: the first R.C.M. opera on June 24—Cherubini's *Water Carrier*, well acted but badly sung; and the first mention on December 30 of *Blest Pair of Sirens*.

His own selection of *ἀξιόλογα* is interesting, but far

from complete. For example, he passes over his principal musical preoccupation on the creative side during at least half the year—his opera *Guenever*, which Dannreuther welcomed as "the real English opera for which we have waited so long". His German teacher, Dr. Althaus, undertook the translation of the libretto into German, and in August Dannreuther wrote from Muggendorf, in Franconian Switzerland, to report that the opera was in the hands of Emil Neckel, president of the Mannheim Theatre Committee, with a good chance of acceptance. Neckel, who brought out Goetz's *Taming of the Shrew*, "liked" the score. The only practical difficulties were concerned with the scene at the stake—owing to the stringent regulations enforced since the burning of the Ring Theatre at Vienna. Again, Hubert Parry does not attach any importance to the production of his *Suite Moderne*, the completion of which entailed a good deal of hard work, at the Gloucester Festival in September, and later on at Bristol and at a Henschel Concert in London. The performance at Gloucester was "fearfully rough", after an inadequate and disorganized rehearsal; but "people seemed to like it", and his friends were more than usually sympathetic. To his biographer none of the musical entries is more interesting than his comment on the performance of a *Tristan* and *Siegfried* selection at one of the Richter concerts in June:

"After this I feel as if it was no good to try to do anything more in music. It is the most mighty and comprehensive expression of dramatic music possible."

Richter himself was the best antidote to this mood, for as the result of a direct invitation, they went through the Symphony in F together on June 23:

"He read it amazingly, always seeing where the instruments were that were prominent, and never making a mistake in transposition, but reading it right off—horns, clarinets, etc.; and all I had to do was to fill in and play the bass, which I did abominably. He offered to try it in the autumn and thinks he will play it next season. Of course I know it won't come off. But he was pleasant."

Richter was, in the long run, as good as his word, though the Symphony in its remodelled form was not given till the following year. The visit was also memorable for Richter's views on Eugène d'Albert. D'Albert in Richter's view was not on the right road in composition: "What does he want with writing such melancholy music at his age? It is all Schopenhauer. I like Schopenhauer well enough, and read him often, but I don't like him in music." Joachim, to whom, at Stanford's suggestion, Hubert Parry had submitted his string Quintet, was friendly enough personally, but showed himself utterly out of sympathy with the composer's musical aims: "As I have long felt, I have no hope of any help from him ever. I should never have sent him the Quintet but for Stanford."

Stanford had now taken over the conductorship of the Bach Choir and Hubert applauds his energy in "routing up the choir, getting friends to co-operate, and securing Joachim to give the Society a shove by playing at the concert in March". Stanford, who shared Dannreuther's high opinion of *Guenever*, gave further proof of his goodwill by giving Hubert's Pianoforte Duo at the Bach Choir concert in June, and by producing the Shirley Ode at the C.U.M.S. in March and the concert arrangement of the *Birds* in June. The B minor trio was given at Oxford in November: "The Hall was filled, but people seemed to be thoroughly bored". It may be added that he never says that his audiences were bored, pleased or delighted with his music, but that they "seemed" or "appeared" to be. Of the new music he heard during the year, Brahms's Fourth Symphony in E minor impressed him most by its nobility, though he was not "convinced" by the Finale in Passacaglia form, finding much of it harsh, abstruse and altogether experimental: "If it were not Brahms, no audience would listen to it". Dvořák's *Stabat Mater*, given at the Gloucester Festival, he pronounces "too preponderantly sad in mood and slow in *tempi*, but very beautiful, if unequal and mixed in style". Richard Strauss swam into his ken, at one of Dannreuther's concerts in December, with his early pianoforte Quartet, but

Hubert Parry was disappointed, finding it " jerky, dry and noisy rather than sonorous ". He heard Rubinstein at the last but one of his visits to England in May—" occasionally amazingly fine but, on the whole, inferior to his former self, more slap-dash and untidy " ; and on April 8 attended the reception to Liszt at the Grosvenor Gallery, only a few months before his death at Bayreuth. Liszt, who was fatigued by the hospitalities of his admirers, had aged greatly since Hubert had seen him in Bayreuth at the production of *Parsifal*, and his playing was only " a dim reflection of his grand past ". The collection of musical essays which he had contributed to Miss Leith's magazine appeared in book form in November. When the first copies arrived he pronounced, not without good grounds, that the cover and portraits were vile. The " get-up " certainly left much to be desired, but the contents were of high quality, though some of the reviews were hostile.

Work at the College continued to be arduous and incessant. His teaching was already beginning to bear fruit ; and some of his pupils—Charles Wood, Waddington and MacCunn—were emerging from discipledom. MacCunn, whose talent he had recognized from the first, had an overture performed at the Crystal Palace. Emily Daymond was now entrusted with the instruction of his daughters in the pianoforte, and friendly references to Arthur Somervell frequently occur. His relations with his pupils were mostly pleasant ; and he speaks with evident pleasure of their gift of flowers on his birthday. The singers—whom he never taught—impressed him far less favourably than the instrumentalists and composers, and are described as mostly " (musically) empty fools ". The terminal and scholarship examinations, at which he assisted as a sort of man-of-all-work, tried him heavily at times. He writes in April of the dreadful muddle and consequent pressure of an examination in theory which made him " rabid " and set his nerves " bristling ". For a while his relations with the Director were lacking in the old cordiality, owing to " ' G.'s ' casual and ill-considered methods as an organizer ". There was some friction, too, over Hubert's articles, and he speaks in

May of spending a whole morning analysing eighty movements of various kinds to convince "G." of the accuracy of views to which he had demurred. Rightly or wrongly he suspected "G." of dissatisfaction, and things reached a climax in May when Dannreuther informed him of an attack made on him at the Board of Annual Examiners, at which one of this body dwelt on Parry's "bad influence" on the pupils, and plainly indicated the desirability of getting rid of him. It is enough to say that the attack collapsed, when evidence was demanded, and nothing more was heard of it. Its insincerity was sufficiently proved by the fact that the self-constituted censor subsequently professed fulsome admiration of the man he wished to remove, and to Hubert's great disgust used to address him by his Christian name.

Examining for the Musical Degrees at Oxford was a mixed experience. This year he stayed on both occasions with the Pelhams, who were "supremely kind and looked after me unlimitedly". Socially these visits were delightful; musically there was little pleasure in ploughing candidates most of whom were "arrant duffers", while none showed any outstanding talent. Of his colleagues old Sir Frederick Ouseley, who said that he "composed a canon every day of his life", was a fine old gentleman, though a pedant: the narrow-minded pedantry of Dr. Varley Roberts, a good-natured man, was not redeemed by any elegance or polish of manners, and Hubert, for all his democratic leanings, was sensitive in recognizing good breeding and never divested himself of the traditions in which he had been brought up. He was "enervated" by the luxury of Wilton, and he was repelled by its political and social exclusiveness, but could not resist, and frankly acknowledged, the charm of personality which the Pembrokes all possessed. "Swell society" bored him, but he never cut himself entirely adrift from it. He seldom obtruded his own views, and though he did not disavow them when challenged, for the most part listened in silent disapproval or amazement to the expression of opinions which he considered arrogant, illiberal or reactionary. This year at any rate there are no violent

explosions against clericalism, though the description of one bishop is by no means flattering, and there is an amusing account of a Liberal stalwart, whom he met in the train and who almost persuaded him to be a Tory :

" On the way back to London [from Cambridge] I fell in with a curious, dry, dissenting-minister-looking parson . . . who drove us distracted with his oratorical power, and finished by giving me such a long prosy and detailed account of Conservative enormities that I wished ardent Liberalism at the bottom of the sea."

In spite of this trial he remained unshaken in his sympathy with Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule policy. Socialism as " practical politics " did not appeal to him, and though he admired William Morris as an artist and a man, he shared Burne-Jones's inability to follow the lead of Morris as a reorganizer of the social fabric. That there was much that was wrong in it Hubert did not deny, and his resentment with the indifference of his own class explodes in the *obiter dictum* : " Aristocrats [he uses the term in the limited sense of " high-born "] think a pain in their big toe of more consequence than a famine, which only starves thousands of their fellow-countrymen ". There was much distress this year, and he attended a meeting of the unemployed in Hyde Park, at which Hyndman spoke moderately and on the whole sensibly, but the crowd was mainly composed of small boys or hooligans out for a lark. In the scrimmage, which arose from a misunderstanding by an inspector, the police kept their temper admirably. On the next day one of the Morris circle told him a good story of Mrs. Morris and Hyndman :

" Hyndman had been holding forth on the necessity of taking children away from their mothers and educating them in state institutions, and appealed to Mrs. Morris who observed : ' I don't know what ought or ought not to be done ; but if you took my children away from me, you would be turning loose a mad woman upon society.' "

He continued to see a good deal of the Burne-Joneses. Writing of a dinner at their house, at which " B.-J."

was in great form and full of amusing stories of animals, he observes, " he seems particularly fond of elephants ". But it was Rossetti who once said he thought of hiring an elephant to clean his windows and so attract possible purchasers of his pictures. There was some talk of a *rapprochement* with the Academy this year—Burne-Jones had been elected an Associate in 1885—or, as Hubert puts it, " a prospect of his appearing among the Philistines and Prosers for the first time, and queer he will look ". The Millais Exhibition in February delighted him by the freshness, superb strength and surprising advance of the artist, after his bad period of " vulgar portraits of plutocrats ". G. F. Watts, whose studio he visited in April, was " very amiable but almost childish in his views and their expression ", but they were quite at one in their rejection of the doctrine of " art for art's sake ". There were many merry gatherings at the Richmonds with games and dumb crambo, and at Rustington he made the acquaintance of Miss Evelyn Pickering, whom William de Morgan married in the following year. It was on the same day that he heard with dismay of the death of Laura Lyttelton :

" It does bewilder one to think of such wonderful vivacity and vigorous life being extinguished. I can't remember a death that seemed more strange and unsuitable—a kind of gratuitous mockery to human ideas of fitness ! "

Earlier in the year another radiant spirit—Miss Mimi von Glehn—had been quenched, to the irreparable grief of the Sydenham circle, of which she had been the brightest adornment. The death of Mrs. Hamilton, widow of the Bishop of Salisbury, first cousin of Hubert's mother and sister of his stepmother, moved him to keen regret for one of the saintliest of beings, and brought back vividly the happy days he spent at Salisbury as a small schoolboy.

The premature death of the " blesséd young " always moved him deeply ; but of the unrestrained exuberance of youth he could be critical. Of one of these " excitably overwrought " natures with whom he was brought into contact this year he writes—in a strain curiously appropriate to

post-War times—" to talk to her is often too like standing before the door of a smelting furnace ":

" It is humiliating to look back at one's own youthful enthusiasm in the light of the excitability of such young people. Their cultivation of ecstatic receptiveness to impressions, and headlong rush at conclusions, vehement indignation at those who differ from them and equally vehement worship of their own prophets is of course only a counterpart of one's own state at the same age. Up to a certain point it is cheery to live with, but even sympathetic agreement can be overdone."

With these rapidly alternating ecstasies of sensibility and indignation he contrasts the tenderness and sentiment hidden behind a brave front to the world shown by Mrs. Fawcett in her recent bereavement. Hubert Parry was absolutely fearless, but he was not a Stoic. When he was interrupted at his work by (1) bagpipes, (2) a barrel-organ, (3) a German band, (4) a penny whistler, and (5) another and more powerful barrel-organ, he confesses that he was fit for Bedlam. So again he writes of the barometer (in September) standing high and motionless amid " gloom and darkness, with rain driving bestially in a high wind ", as if it were a malign and mocking Power—and this, by the way, only two days after a spell of gloriously enjoyable weather spent in bathing, paddling, pottering in the garden and delectable seclusion.

Gardening operations were not so exacting this year, but he was much impressed by the " periodic cruelty of Nature "; the blasting of tender shoots and leaves by bitter wind; flowers torn, plants broken, even trees bent right over. But the kitchen garden and orchard were bursting with fruitfulness in August. On the 13th he notes: " We had our last black-currant pudding and our last globe artichokes ". So on October 25 he religiously chronicles their " last plum tart ". He rode a good deal with his children and gave them swimming lessons from the canoe, with rewards for proficiency.

Yachting had now become his chief recreation and remained so to the end. His brother Sidney was frequently

his companion in the *Ornis* in the spring and early summer, and in July he was negotiating the purchase of a new boat, went to inspect her in September at Southampton, and brought her back to Rustington on October 7. From that date till his return to town on November 1 he was constantly out in the *Hoopoe*, as she was called, with his children and the young Richmonds, when it was fine or reasonably fine, though he mentions one sail to Brighton in a hard wind when all the passengers succumbed. In particular he notes one fine sail with Roach: "a big sea on; the tail end of one of the equinoctials which would have swallowed up the *Ornis*, but the *Hoopoe* hardly took a drop over".

His yachting was intermitted for a week in August, when he was summoned to serve on a jury at Lewes, but he had the satisfaction, as foreman, of winning over one refractory juryman by his diplomacy, for on occasion he could be very diplomatic. Visitors and guests at Knight's Croft include new as well as familiar names—Henry Holiday and his family, Margaret Llewelyn Davies, "a fine creature who does great things", as well as Eddie Hamilton, Robin Benson, Kitty Lushington and Margie Rate, one of three sisters who were all his pupils. Of the residents he saw most of Agnes Garrett—"delightful and as dear as possible"—with whom her nephew Edmund and her sister Mrs. Fawcett were staying in the autumn. Another name that now appears for the first time is that of "W. H. Hadow of Oxford", who had already given evidences of remarkable musical gifts, and with whom he was for so many years intimately associated in the development of the musical life of Oxford.

On November 29 he gave his first lesson at 17 Kensington Square to Emily Daymond. The final move was not effected till December 2. In the morning he played the "old beloved Fantasia Chromatica" as the last music in the old house at Phillimore Place, just before the pianoforte was removed. The scramble at the new house—"getting things into place, reducing chaos to order"—went on every day and all day for a week or more, to

his great exasperation, as everything was shot into his library, as if he had nothing to do but to sort it, whereas he had " lessons to give, Board meetings to attend, lectures to prepare, and half a hundred other things to do ". The " good Rob " took Hubert and Lady Maud into his house for a whole week, which was a great help; on December 8 they all slept for the first time in the new house; and on the 10th, with the aid of Hugh Montgomery, " we christened the drawing-room with a Brahms song and my Shakespeare sonnets ". From the 15th to the 22nd he was working all day at the College Examinations, at which Charles Wood and MacCunn distinguished themselves by their compositions; he went in the evenings to hear music or plays—Stanford's very successful *Revenge*, Cellier's " bright and refined " *Dorothy*; and *Faust* at the Lyceum, " a good spectacle but not fair to Goethe ". Christmas was spent at Wilton, where he arrived " very fagged " on Christmas Eve, but at once took an active part in getting the Christmas Tree ready for Lady Pembroke. On December 30 there is a brief entry in his diary, " worked at *Blest Pair of Sirens* in my bedroom ". The suggestion appears to have come from Grove. But Miss Daymond has unearthed an early sketch of the opening in a MS. notebook of 1867; so the choice was originally his own, though it was laid aside for nearly twenty years.

Of the books which he specially mentions in his diary for 1886, Olive Schreiner's *Story of an African Farm* made the deepest impression. After speaking of the admirable picture of Waldo's early mental struggles, agonies over theology, and aspirations after high ideals, he observes:

" It is the first time I have come across in print a true and vivid picture of these early mental wrestlings and bewilderments by a person sufficiently near the scene of action to express them sincerely and with the traces of the conflict still unhealed."

George MacDonald's *Phantastes* also gave him great pleasure; he was enthralled by *The Cloister and the Hearth* and he read *Pickwick* aloud to his children. In those days superior persons could not afford to avow an admiration

for Dickens ; but Hubert was never awed by fashion, and when a rather precious critic declaimed in his presence against both Dickens and Thackeray he was astonished but unshaken. His omnivorous appetite for solid information as well as fiction is shown in his book list, which included the last six volumes of Froude's History, Prescott's *Peru*, J. R. Green's *Short History*, works by Huxley, Maine, Herbert Spencer and John Morley ; Defoe's *Moll Flanders*, Pepys's Diary, Browning's *Blot on the Scutcheon* and *A Soul's Tragedy*, Stevenson's *Prince Otto*, *Kidnapped*, *Travels with a Donkey*, and *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, and Dostoievsky's *Crime and Punishment*.

He made rapid progress, in spite of constant interruptions and the strain of his lessons—eight, nine or ten pupils " in a row "—and lectures at the College, with the score of *Blest Pair of Sirens*. Only once does he speak of getting stuck fast and that was in the last line of the text. The work was actually in rehearsal by the Bach Choir on the 1st of March, though the full score was not completed till April 2. The omens were favourable ; at the rehearsal on March 29 the band and chorus were " vociferous ", and at the end " G." jumped up and " wrung my hand with tears in his eyes ". Joachim was also present, but no mention is made of his opinion. At the full rehearsal on May 16, " everything sounded abominable ", and Hubert Parry was much depressed, but the concert on the following evening was a great success. The *Sirens* " went pretty well ", and the work was " uproariously received, especially by the Choir. It is delightful to please one's friends." It was doubly delightful for the friends, who sang in the choir or listened in the audience, to feel that Hubert had come into his own. *Blest Pair of Sirens* remains the best known and the most widely admired of his choral works. The secret of this vitality is well explained by Mr. Brent Smith in an article written thirty-seven years later :

" During the past fifty years this country has produced a vast amount of music, much of which will never die, some because it has the germ of immortality, some (a greater

part) because it has never lived. Of those works which still sound fresh and strong to-day, a few were rudely mocked at by the gaping crowd of novelty-mongers of the period. In fact when Parry's Ode *At a solemn Music* was produced, there must have been a whole army of young men exploiting the tricks of Wagner, Berlioz and Liszt. Yet of those contemporary works, so much more daring and advanced than the Ode, where shall we find a single one that still endures ? In every way the Ode was out of date —it was not morbid, it was undramatic ; it was hopelessly orchestrated ; in fact, any of these contemporary moderns could have knocked it into a cocked hat, and no doubt they did. But somehow, when they had done it, they found that the cocked hat had settled upon their own heads, making them feel quite painfully conscious of their duncery."

It is right to add, however, that on this occasion Hubert Parry had no ground to complain of the press, which was decidedly " good ".

Simultaneously with his work on the Ode he was busily engaged in revising his Symphony in F, which Richter, in somewhat tardy fulfilment of an old promise, produced on June 6. Richter played it through at his rooms as a duet with the composer a fortnight earlier, and read the score in a " perfectly miraculous " manner :

" He played the upper part and I the lower, and even at Presto pace in the Scherzo he was hardly ever at a loss, always picking out the particular part of the score that would be prominent at the moment, and playing fiddles, clarinets and horns with equal success. It is an astounding gift."

The week before the concert was a long and agonizing wrestle over the band parts, culminating on the day before the concert, when he was at work off and on till 2 A.M. aided by Dannreuther, Kitty Lushington and Robin Benson. Next morning he was up at 7, for the final rehearsal was held at 9 A.M. He was very anxious, but on the night the Symphony, though placed at the end of the programme, was " astonishingly received ", the band being specially loud in rattling their bows. This expert approval was always welcome to Hubert Parry. There was a large gathering

of friends and " they all seemed mightily pleased, which is delightful ".

The success of the *Sirens* was, no doubt, largely responsible for the commission which he received from Birmingham early in September to compose a large choral work for the Festival to be held in 1888. He welcomed the invitation, but despaired of completing the task in time owing to the difficulty of finding a subject. A fortnight later, however, we find him making plans for an oratorio on " The Regeneration of Manasseh ", as he first thought of calling it, but in a few weeks the title *Judith* was adopted. When he re-read his diary several years later, he omits the oratorio from his summary of the most important entries for 1887. He certainly came in time to regard it as " old-fashioned stuff ", and it is clear that its composition was attended with a more than usual amount of dissatisfaction. In November he writes of being stuck fast in a chorus, making half a dozen beginnings and liking none of them; again, later on, of grinding at a chorus when out of humour and " having to smite it out bit by bit " ; and, just before Christmas, when he was feeling " awfully done up " with overwork at examinations he remarks, " It's poor stuff, sugary and thin. I'm too done up to do better."

In the Easter holidays he wrote some little pieces for his daughter Gwendolen, who had begun to study the violin, and in September, before settling down to *Judith*, finished the first movement of the " Symphonic suite " or " Suite Moderne ". He always had several irons in the fire; throughout this year he attributes his frequent weariness to having too many, a trouble which henceforth became chronic. For in addition to his College work and lessons, which made him " ache all over, specially in the back of his neck ", he was lecturing at Oxford, besides examining for degrees, examining for the Lucas scholarship at the R.A.M., and serving on the Committee of the newly formed Gallery Club, which he found rather irksome. He still continued to give private lessons, and suffered not a little from the exactions of composers who insisted on showing him their compositions. The fact that they were his friends—even

dear friends—made it all the harder for him to refuse. But it was a trait that he did not possess or approve of :

" I cannot understand this typical musician's nature : always burning to show everybody his productions, in season and out of season ; —— himself writes artistically and thoroughly, but it is Mendelssohny and not interesting."

The preparation of his lectures on musical history involved frequent visits to the British Museum, and brought him into close contact with Mr. Barclay Squire, to whose wide knowledge and accurate scholarship he was immensely indebted as the years passed. There is a characteristic entry in his diary in March in which he writes : " At B.M. Feasted with old dainty music by W. B. S. Lunched at Italian restaurant off ambrosial macaroni and Italian wine." But the results were disheartening, for, at the beginning of the Michaelmas term, he was much upset by " G.'s " wishing to " cut out " his history lecture altogether as a " failure and unprofitable ", an intention which was happily unfulfilled. Hubert Parry, on his side, though devoted to the College, was not uncritical of its working, especially in regard to the claims of singing professors. Above all, he doubted whether the system of awarding scholarships effected the desired result :

" We give the scholars a good education while they are with us, and then they are cast upon the world to fight their way, and are tempted by hard experiences to debase their art and belie their real powers and taste in order to get a necessary livelihood. We should do better to reduce the number of scholarships and have a reserve fund to help the really first-class pupils in their first entry into the world."

The year 1887 was for Hubert Parry a year of recognition ; but that did not impair his interest in the achievements of others. He makes generous mention of C. H. Lloyd's music to *Alcestis* at Oxford and that of Stanford to *Oedipus* at Cambridge. He welcomed Dvořák's fine Symphonic Variations, when they were introduced by Richter, and when Mr. Corder's opera of *Nordisa* was produced

by Carl Rosa in May, found a great deal to admire both in the libretto and the music: "He writes like a master in many respects". Hubert Parry records an interesting talk he had on the following day with Carl Rosa, who bitterly resented the attitude of musical critics who condemned new works without judgment, discretion or conscience. Indeed, Rosa was so much discouraged that he thought of giving up his London season altogether, as it was almost impossible to produce novelties. Hubert briefly records the failure of his own operatic venture. Dannreuther gave him back the MS., which had been returned from Germany soon after the New Year. There was no chance of its being tried, but he adds "I knew that before it went". He has, however, a good deal to say about Dannreuther's exhaustive investigations into the history of musical ornamentation—mordents, appoggiaturas, grace notes, etc., embodied in the treatise which is the standard work on the subject. They had many talks together on the subject of these "twirligigs" and the amusing differences of opinion between the ancient authorities, as the work progressed.

He heard *Don Giovanni* in the spring and was "more than usually struck with the fineness of the music", while finding "the silly conclusion less preposterous than usual". The libretti of Mozart's operas always offended him; but he omits to make it clear that the conclusion, as always played at Covent Garden until recent years, was neither that of Mozart nor of the librettist. *The Huguenots*, wonderfully mounted by Augustus Harris in July, he positively enjoyed, in spite of its meretriciousness and artifice: "of its kind it is first rate". Wagner's early and only Symphony, given by Henschel in November, was a pleasant surprise with its excellent and mature scoring and touches of Wagner's genuine manner.

The move to 17 Kensington Square had been accomplished at the close of the previous year. Early in February the Parrys gave a house-warming dinner party on a small scale, the guests including "3 B.-J.'s," Arthur Balfour, Eddie Hamilton and Lady Elcho, whom Hubert had recently met at Wilton. In June he was able to write, "so

far the new house and garden are an indescribable blessing and make our lives quite different. We seem to have cause to bless the change many times every day." The visit to Wilton, where the New Year's party was " as nice as they could have ", and where he skated and gave his daughters their first lessons in the art, tobogganed, and " had to play for the Philistines to listen or dance to ", prompts a characteristic comment. He felt rather sad to leave them, but regret is tempered with criticism :

" They were all kind and affectionate. How easily one may drop one's sense of the luxurious and self-indulgent lives they lead under the influence of one's personal feeling for them ! "

A few weeks later, while dining with the Pembrokes in town, he heard with dismay that his brother-in-law had declined, on the score of health, the offer of the Under-Secretaryship for the Colonies, regarding it as nothing short of a calamity that he should have thrown away his best chance of office for such a reason. But Hubert Parry was hardly a fair judge in such a matter. Himself in the prime of life and vigour, and habitually disregardful of all risks, he was impatient of others who, like his brother-in-law, had good reason to be careful of themselves.

Strong gales kept him on shore and rather marred the pleasure of his Easter holidays at Rustington. He caught a bad chill which provokes the admission, " it is incredible what the human animal can suffer from a mere cold ". Robin Benson was a welcome guest, and Mrs. Fawcett, who was staying with her sister, was in such great form at the expense of Mr. Gladstone that Hubert Parry " agreed to differ " with her on Home Rule. On the other hand, he was in entire accord with Agnes Garrett when she compared Bach's Prelude and Fugues to the Book of Psalms.

His summer holiday was largely devoted to yachting. The day after he got down — July 22 — he went in the *Hoopoe* with his brother Sidney to the great Naval Review, joining Lord Pembroke in his big yacht *Black Pearl* at Ryde. In the evening he rowed about the Solent to see the fire-

works and illuminations, and found the fleet of yachts as interesting as the warships. A few days later Lord Pembroke called for him at Littlehampton and took him to Cowes for the racing week. Hubert never went ashore the whole time, as Cowes was full of "unutterably fashionable people" such as his soul abhorred, but enjoyed himself greatly watching the races and sailing about in his brother-in-law's cutter. *Irex* was the yacht of the season: *Genesta* a good second.

Life at Rustington was not indolent, to judge from an entry giving the record of "a day at Rusty":

"Lessons—violin to Gwen, pf. to Dolly; bathing with children and Richmonds. Reading French History; gardening; correcting proofs of 2nd edition of *Studies of Great Composers*; letter writing; visit to Littlehampton about *Hoopoe* and business; more proof correcting and work at new pieces for violin and pf.; Patience with Maud after dinner; scoring and writing; more French History; bed at 11.30."

The frequent and tumultuous invasions of his child friends proved at times a serious hindrance to his work. He complains of "being fearfully worried", but he had not the arts of self-protection, and after exploding (in his diary) would immediately proceed to invite the intruders to picnics or mushroom-gathering. And when the offenders departed in September he writes: "After all, though I have often been put out by their interruptions I was very sorry to part with them". The last week in August was brightened by a visitor whose presence was both welcome and stimulating —Lady Carmarthen (now the Duchess of Leeds). She made an immediate conquest of Lady Maud and the children, and proved "one of the nicest people to have in the house I ever came across", being interested in the telescope and microscope and a most sympathetic listener to music, which she had studied at Trinity College. (Hubert Parry was entertained by her telling him that while she was there her pianoforte master only taught her his own compositions; "so trade is lively there".) Lady Carmarthen also "rowed very well" and proved an expert in

handling his canoe, accomplishments that specially appealed to him, so that it is natural to hear that her departure was regretted by all the household. That the friendship was not one-sided may be gathered from the reminiscences of the visitor written after his death :

" I shall never forget my first visit to Rustington, when I was very young, ignorant, and mad about music, books and so on, and what a revelation it was to hear him talk on these subjects. I can honestly say he gave me my first glimpses into real music, real art and real poetry. He had a wonderful unusual gift of putting order into the chaos of one's enthusiasms, without knocking out the enthusiasm itself, and it was all done without any condescension. Every night the first time I stayed at Rustington he played Bach and Beethoven to teach me something about form in music, about which I had told him I was puzzled, and I put that experience amongst the best I ever had. . . . I well remember rowing from Arundel to Littlehampton when he was so carried away by telling us the story of *Burnt Njal* that he forgot time and tides and we were stranded on the mud. He dined with us one night early in the War, and I was amused to see my daughters falling just as much under the spell as I had done more than twenty-five years before."

Another invasion, but of a nature acutely distasteful to Hubert, was that of sundry spiritualists and esoteric Buddhists, whose goings-on in the neighbourhood were reported by Miss De Morgan. His comments are bitterly contemptuous — especially of " the idiotic rubbish they talked about reincarnation ". Bathing, though the sea was getting cold, and yachting went on through September and October ; but the weather was unpropitious, and he luckily escaped being out in a violent gale on October 29, having made all preparations for a sail but just failing to get over the bar. Apple picking and storing began on September 12, and at the end of the month a new puppy arrived and was pronounced a " great duck " : unfortunately he soon justified his name of " Scamp " and developed rapidly into a great nuisance. College work began on September 28, but the family did not bid farewell to Rustington till December 5. The end of their stay was

enlivened by visits from Kitty Lushington and Margaret Llewelyn Davies. The former, whom he describes as "boiling over with generous idealism", read aloud to Hubert and Lady Maud a good deal of Tolstoi's *Christ's Christianity*. With what is perhaps unconscious humour he observes that, after they had gone to bed, he "returned to Moloch"—*i.e.* the "Moloch" choruses in *Judith*.

In one of the miscellaneous reflections, which Hubert was in the habit of jotting down on the blank pages at the end of his diaries, he observes :

"Little things control the courses of men's lives. Men are rarely moved consistently by great and broad motives, but by the trivial currents of daily life and the adaptation of their existence to conditions which leave them most free from worries and discomforts."

The latter part of this observation can be freely illustrated by his minor diversions in the year of Jubilee —by his romps with children, visits to the Hippodrome, the pantomime and Buffalo Bill's Show; by his skating at Wilton in January and at Highnam in December; by his pleasure in the performance of a dancing bear to a lively tune sung by some Pyrenean peasants at Highnam, and duly noted down. Some of these maxims may be traced to La Rochefoucauld, whose name appears in his book list, but the following is probably entirely Hubertian:

"Men who begin with complete contempt for luxury and the advantage of wealth end by falling slowly into complete dependence upon them."

The process does not apply to his own development: he was a reluctant and critical participant in luxurious entertainments, and was genuinely bored by the sumptuous or "swell" dinners, of which he attended a good many this year, and where he was irritated by the aggressive Conservatism of most of the guests. "The criterions of fashionable society are the criterions of the majority of fools", and "Fashionable people go to fashionable concerts not to hear music, but because the company is fashionable",

are two more of these maxims. The latter reminds us of Coleridge's " Lines composed in a Concert-room " :

> " Nor cold nor stern my soul! yet I detest
> These scented rooms, where, to a gaudy throng,
> Heaves the proud harlot her distended breast
> In intricacies of laborious song."

Yet even in these surroundings he generally managed to establish sympathetic relations. For example he records with approval the sagacious remarks of one lady *à propos* of the amount of work done by some men, and how differently different men " wear ", and why :

" She said men's wives may help their husbands to do a lot without wear if they keep them free from domestic worries and trifling home annoyance. She instanced one woman who carried every trifling household vexation to her husband, and, of course, he is worn out."

Again, at a luxurious country house, where he was staying in December, he found the chief attraction in " a vigorous, plucky and attractive girl, but quite fit to be quarrelled with as well as loved " ; a pleasing variant on the *odi et amo* of Catullus. The small dinner parties at his own house, in the preparation of which, apart from the actual cooking, he invariably took an active part, were mostly gatherings of intimates and thoroughly enjoyable. There is a most affectionate reference to Alfred Lyttelton, who was one of his guests in June, as " a most splendid, genial and straightforward fellow " ; and the earliest of many tributes to the vivacity of Miss Margot Tennant occurs in the previous month. The dinners and parties at the houses of the Burne-Joneses and Richmonds were mostly merry or even uproarious. It was at the Richmonds' table that William Morris indulged in a wonderful tirade against Americans, which Hubert reports as follows :

" I hate Americans. They're the idlest lot of scoundrels in the world. They never do anything. It's too much trouble for them to walk across the road. America's the most hideous country on the globe. There is not a tree in it from one end to the other."

Hubert Parry adds, however, that on the same evening Morris was "most luminous and learned on all sorts of other subjects—mainly art, decoration and building". His own interest in art of all sorts was a lifelong preoccupation, and in November he went to see Verestchagin's pictures at the Grosvenor—"horribly realistic" but not so fine as those he had seen several years before at the Crystal Palace. In the same month he went to see Coquelin, who was "supremely amusing" in *Don César de Bazan*, and elicited one of his rare tributes to the French artistic temperament:

"These Frenchmen have such neatness of handling; and after all they have delicacy of perception and a certain generosity of sentiment which we rather lack."

He spent a "quiet domestic Christmas" at Kensington Square followed by a short visit to Highnam, where he was affectionately welcomed and skated till he was too tired to do any work. The weather was seasonable, and did not provoke any hostile comments. On May 31 he had written: "This year's March was the worst March I can remember, April was equally bad and May the worst May in the memory of man". To his biographer, writing on May 24, 1924, these complaints of the vagaries of the climate are quite consoling.

His book list for 1887 includes several works on history—English and French—by Lecky and Gardiner, Kitchin and Fleury; Mazzini on the *Duties of Man*, Joyce's *Celtic Romances* and Hapgood's *Epic Song of Russia*. He continued his study of Russian fiction, which had begun with Turgeniev and now extended to Gogol and Tolstoi, *Dead Souls* and *Anna Karenina* appearing in conjunction with Jane Austen and R. L. Stevenson, Rhoda Broughton, Baring Gould and W. D. Howells. He copied out a number of extracts from Morley's *On Compromise* dealing with moral principles, the position of the clergy, the dependence of ruling convictions on sympathy, usage, traditions and imagination rather than ratiocination—the influence of most of which can be traced in his own posthumous work on *Instinct and Character*.

In 1888 Hubert Parry closed his eighth lustre, and completed his oratorio *Judith*, produced at Birmingham in the autumn with a success which secured him thenceforth a continuous series of commissions for choral works at the Provincial Festivals. The record of the conditions under which he wrote *Judith* is the familiar tale of dogged work in the face of constant interruptions, fatigue, self-sacrifice to domestic duties, to say nothing of the discharge of his obligations to pupils, the preparation and delivery of lectures, examinations at the R.C.M. and at Oxford for musical degrees. In spite of his multifarious activities, social engagements and a great deal of miscellaneous reading, his working day almost invariably exceeded eight hours. Except in the holidays he got little physical recreation, and speaks of refraining from skating, of which he was passionately fond. More often than not the composition of *Judith* was against the grain. He often speaks of being stuck fast in a number, of having to begin it over again; of "whacking it out" by sheer determination; and there is never any expression of complete satisfaction with the results. Such an entry as that of January 7, "after dinner wrote an aria for Manasseh complete, 'God breaketh the battle'", is quite exceptional. The record also makes it clear that the work was done in successive stages, with constant rewriting and revision, copying and recopying before the final and worst agony of correcting the parts when sent back by the copyist. Thus, though *Judith* was complete in a sense on March 5, he was still having "fearful bouts" over the band parts up to a fortnight before the first performance on August 29. At all stages of composition he submitted the results to Dannreuther, whose sympathy, advice and generous encouragement and admiration were of incalculable value. A curious light is thrown on the finance of his compositions by his recording that this year he was paid by Novello the sum of £15, the largest he had ever received from a music publisher. Some fifteen years later he told me that he had made roughly £25 from his compositions in about twenty years. Composition was not a lucrative pursuit

THOMAS GAMBIER-PARRY, 1886.
From a Photograph by Thomas Fall.

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for Hubert Parry, and it was fortunate that he had independent means, and was not exposed to the temptation, to which some serious musicians have been driven to succumb, of keeping the pot boiling by hack work or writing down to the level of the ballad-concert audience.

The year 1888 brought him success and sealed his popularity with the festival chorus singers, whose enthusiasm gave him the keenest delight, but it brought him also a great sorrow in the death of his father. For, in spite of divergence on religion and politics, the tie of personal affection was never relaxed. Hubert Parry was proud of his father, as he had good reason to be, and he never went to Highnam without falling under the spell of the place and the beauties which Mr. Gambier-Parry had done so much to enhance. His death was sudden, and the severance moved his son acutely. He describes the funeral as a most agonizing experience: "It was as much as I could do to prevent breaking out into loud cries":

(*To E. Dannreuther*)

"RUSTINGTON, *October* 26, 1888.

"The death of that dear old father of mine hit me rather hard. I scarcely realised how fond I was of him till he departed, and it seems to me now as if the attraction he had for me was different from that of any other person in the world. Though we disagreed, as you know, about many things, the last year drew us together more than ever before. I never was more drawn to him, nor was he ever more loving to me than in the last few months; and his going made me feel strangely lonely. However, we were better off than many people, for his death was singularly painless and quiet. I wasn't at home, unluckily, but they tell me he just passed quietly away in his chair, where he always sat reading of an evening, and there was nothing to aggravate the sadness of it, either for him or the rest of the family—and they seem to have been better prepared for the parting than I was."

Judith occupied all the time he could spare from his engagements as professor, examiner and teacher for eight solid months. But on November 9 he made a start on

Pope's *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day*, which he had chosen as the subject for his work for Leeds in 1889.

Allowing for occasional lapses, due to stress of work, his diary this year is unusually full, and tragi-comic in the instances which it affords of the unceasing scramble of a life lived at high pressure, and constantly sacrificed to trivialities. Diaries are often deceptive, because they reflect the mood of the moment, and his irritation, which he recognized and deplored, must not blind us to the fact that all through his life he wore himself out by unnecessary drudgery and his constitutional inability to delegate details. He liked to have a finger in every pie, but he never spared himself. He was in fine a strange mixture of the autocrat and the factotum, the single-minded artist and the victim of his versatility.

His diary was a safety-valve : it is also a monument of self-criticism, for if he was at times severe in castigating the inconsiderateness of his friends, the egotism of musicians and the arrogance of aristocrats, he was, to adapt Byron's saying of Crabbe, his own sternest painter ; the crowning joy he took in his successes was the fact that he had pleased or delighted his friends ; and he seldom listened to a masterpiece without a depressing consciousness of his own inferiority. The drudgery of teaching pupils who were often " incompetent duffers " was in these years an inevitable burden and part of the day's work. Lessons to eight or nine or more pupils on end left him usually in a state of exhaustion or collapse. But to judge from one thoroughly typical entry, he suffered even more from his gratuitous exertions :

" *June* 9, 1888.—Truly infernal day for me. —— came to breakfast to adore Miss ——, and the meal accordingly lasted an hour instead of our usual ten minutes [Hubert did not despise good things, but at home he always got through his meals at a prodigious rate]. Then they both came into my room and stood about for another three-quarters of an hour. The rest of the morning was a constant succession of bothers for telegrams—of which Miss —— sent off seven —and inquiries for Bradshaw and general fuss. The afternoon was occupied by the children's party, for which the

house had to be cleared. All my papers had to be removed from the available tables in my room and lobby. All chairs had to be taken into the drawing-room. Then came a cram with which our small staff of servants was quite unfit to cope, and the work of several footmen fell to my lot—carrying chairs up and down stairs, fetching things for the children, playing the piano for 'musical chairs', seeing people in and off, carrying Miss ——'s luggage downstairs, starting games and stirring up generally, and being polite to the full-growns, and such violent effort as made me positively ill, and did me more harm than the whole 7 months of strain I have gone through lately. I spent an awful night, tossing like a madman with palpitations, neuralgia and general agitation and got in a state fit for Bedlam or suicide, and totally worn out."

Happily these moods seldom lasted long; his power of recuperation was extraordinary, and his wide range of interests provided a never-failing distraction. At the time when he was most dissatisfied with the progress of *Judith*, finding the results "beastly" or "miserable", and only pushing on by desperate determination, he notes how, after a heavy bout of work, he cooked an omelette with success. Dannreuther's unfailing enthusiasm lifted him again and again from the depths of despondency, and the reception of his Suite and songs at one of "Dann.'s" chamber concerts put him in good heart. In February and March he gave a series of four lectures with illustrations on early secular Choral Music at the Royal Institution, involving a great deal of research. In June *Blest Pair of Sirens* was performed and well received at Cambridge in a programme which also included Sullivan's *Golden Legend*, but he was under no illusions as to which work was the more popular with the audience. July was a month of considerable anxiety. The Birmingham Festival Committee took fright over the formidable length of *Judith*, and an ominous letter from Mr. Charles Beale, the chairman, led to a series of interviews, proposals for its reduction and counter proposals from the composer. The discussions, in which Richter, then conductor of the Festival, took part, were conducted in a friendly spirit,

Richter pronouncing *Judith* to be " a splendid work ", and ultimately the committee gave way and agreed to produce the work in its complete form. Hubert still could not dismiss misgivings that something would upset the arrangement in the end, and was immensely relieved by his welcome at Birmingham on August 3, on the occasion of the choral rehearsal. The chorus applauded every number vociferously, and bore out Mr. Beale's statement that they had never been known to be more enthusiastic about any work. Hubert Parry contented himself with his habitual formula : " They certainly seemed to like it ". The London orchestral rehearsal at St.George's Hall on the 22nd was less agreeable, but in the final stages at Birmingham the chorus were more enthusiastic than ever, though the full rehearsal on the 25th was far from satisfactory ; Richter seeming fagged, irritable and anxious, and inclined to drag the *tempi*. But on the morning of the production they went through them together, Richter " took hold ", and after all the performance was excellent :

" The chorus was, of course, splendid. Band ditto. Anna [Williams] threw herself into the part in a way that threatened to extinguish her before she got to the end. Lloyd was perfect, and the boys extremely good. People seemed to take to it very soon, and all the friends I saw after the first half were evidently much pleased. The scene of the children seems to have affected people most, and the last chorus of the 1st Act came off splendidly. The rule that no applause is allowed after separate numbers is rather trying, as it is hard to tell whether people are liking it or not. But there was a good row after each half, and my dear chorus shouted and waved their pocket-handkerchiefs like mad.

"*August* 30.—I went in for a bit of *The Messiah* and saw many friends, all of whom seemed pleased with the performance yesterday, and I hear that the critics have been more polite than I expected. The members of the chorus were overwhelmingly affectionate when I met them, and I had constantly to be writing my name in autograph books and scores. Dined with the Beales before the evening concert, which was very pleasant. When Maud and I came in, the tireless Richter was playing the slow

movement of Beethoven's B♭ symphony to all the assembled guests, and playing it uncommonly well. Grieg turned up to conduct his Suite—a most characteristic little object, with about the sweetest expression I ever saw on a man's face. And he is altogether of a piece with his music—on a tiny scale, so tiny that a big stool had to be brought for him to stand on. His conducting is very funny to look at, but it is very good all the same.

"*August* 31.—Bach's *Magnificat* not very good. Beethoven's C minor symphony first rate. Berlioz's *Messe des Morts* the work of a huge big man, but mostly big charlatan in this case. The musical material mostly *nil*, though there are some amazing great strokes of effect. Lunched with the Beales and said farewell to many friends in the afternoon, and came away by the 7 o'clock train very sadly. Felt particularly sad at leaving my dear friends of the chorus, with some of whom I had become very friendly."

Returning to Rustington he soon fell into the "usual quiet domestic ways", bathing and giving music lessons to the children, pottering about in the garden, playing to his guests, or organizing excursions on land, river and sea. "Quiet" was always a relative term where his recreations were concerned, and his boating or yachting was seldom free from excitements. At Hereford in September the *Sirens* went well both at rehearsal and the performance; "everybody expressed themselves delighted with it. I enjoyed the conducting and found band and chorus obeyed my experimental variations of *tempi* to perfection". This was not always the case, as his invincible tendency to hurry was often most disconcerting. He stayed at Malvern for the festival, which enabled him to revive "many sweet old memories" of his early boyhood when he was at school there, though most of the old landmarks had been obliterated by the building of new houses. At Hereford there was a large family party, and the presence of his father, whom he was so soon to lose, added greatly to his enjoyment. "Lots of old county friends", Cliffords, Fosters and others, were also there. At Highnam, after the performance, he visited an old family servant, Mrs. Welfare, who used to look after him when he was a small boy.

On his return to Rustington he resumed the quiet life, pottering and fruit picking, enlivened by a cruise to Cowes and round the Isle of Wight, in broken weather, with adverse winds and high seas.

A few days later he started off with three friends to row up the Arun from Arundel to Pulborough, and then through the locks into the Rother. Four miles from Midhurst, after much wading and hauling and carrying the boat over several locks, they had to give it up, and were hospitably entertained by a "dear delightful old farmer's wife", who gave them refreshment. Thence they walked on to Midhurst, put up at the inn, returning next morning to the farm, where they had a long talk with the owner and his wife:

"They welcomed us as warmly as ever and we found two charming girls in addition to the old couple, and their name turned out to be the eminently suitable one of Duck! I shall always remember with delight the jolly, round, ruddy face of Mrs. Duck, and her charming way of saying 'Oh don't name it, don't name it!' whenever I apologized for the trouble we gave them. The farm, too, was quite memorable, as a specimen of a clean, neat, well-built, compact little place, standing in pretty irregular fields, with plenty of large trees about, and the river below. It seems a type of the Sussex farms. There are many of them of the same model, stone-built, and wonderfully neat and well kept. There must be a lot of Saxon blood about."

Work at the College was resumed on September 25 and broken off for a fortnight by the sudden death of his father, the funeral and family business. But he was back teaching at the R.C.M. on October 8 and examining at Oxford for musical degrees on the 10th-12th. Until November 12, when his wife returned to town, he was up and down every week between Rustington and London. In the country he refreshed himself with gardening, picking and storing apples, visits to Harvey's boat-building yard, where a large ketch was on the stocks, rides with the children, and excursions to Chichester, to show them the cathedral, and to "New Place", the "restoration" of

which by the Duke of Norfolk incited him to a violent tirade against the " vilest and vulgarest emendations made everywhere by his utterly tasteless architect ". In town the entries in his diary are mainly concerned with the strain of teaching—from nine to twelve pupils in the day, with the almost invariable comment " done up "—and giving lectures. The illness of his elder daughter depressed him terribly and reacted on his work. He speaks of his memory and head quite breaking down at one of his lessons. But there is no lack of vigour in his criticisms of *The Armada*, which he went to see on November 5:

" a wonderful spectacle, notably the sea fight, but the play is too full of British bunkum and clap-trap appeals to bumptious patriotism."

Before he left Rustington his anxiety was relieved and he gives a charming picture of his playing to Miss Amy Stansfield:

" Doll and Gwen sat on either side of me as I played. It was sweet to have them thus taking an intelligent interest in Brahms and Wagner. Gwen's criticisms are very acute, and she is particularly strong in spotting vulgarity anywhere."

Apart from *Judith*, he did little in the way of composition before the end of the year, but on September 21 he notes how, being short of rest, he lay down to sleep in the afternoon, " when suddenly a new version of the Symphony [No. 3 in C] I lately started for Richter came into my head, and I wrote away for about an hour at a good pace. . . . After the family had gone to bed, I wrote several new songs: Herrick, Beaumont and Fletcher ".

Judith was performed for the first time in London by the Novello Oratorio Choir on December 6, Sir Alexander Mackenzie conducting. The present writer was a humble member of the chorus, and well remembers Hubert Parry's attendance at the rehearsals in the dingy hall in Store Street, off the Tottenham Court Road. Hubert was then, as always, very popular with the chorus, but his diary shows that he found us both dull, incorrect and wanting

in go and accent. But the performance was better than he expected. The band was rough, many of the players being tired out after a night journey from Newcastle, but the chorus was good, the reception cordial, and his friends, who mustered in force, " seemed much pleased ". He adds that he came home and " read Coussemaker [the learned French historian of mediæval music]—a good antidote ". The remark is rather cryptic ; there is no doubt as to the satisfaction with which he records a visit from Burne-Jones on the 10th, who " came in the evening and said no end of kind and encouraging things about *Judith* ". The terminal examination agony began on the 12th and culminated in a " fearful bout " on the 22nd, at which they had to decide two exhibitions, two scholarships and the pianoforte gold medal, working, with only half-an-hour's interval, from 10.30 to 6.30 ; and then he had to turn to at history papers and lists. At the College orchestral concert on the 13th " Squire played a concerto by Molique splendidly " ; that on 21st was marked by a curious incident. Sir Charles Stanford, always catholic in his tastes, very properly included a polka and waltz by Johann Strauss (whose music Brahms greatly admired), and one of the professors " made a fool of himself by hissing them ".

On December 23 he joined his wife at Wilton. Lord Charles Beresford was of the party, and was " as rowdy as usual ". This refers back to a previous visit to Wilton at Easter, when Lord Charles impressed Hubert quite as much by his command of facts and figures relating to naval organization as by his exuberant spirits and racy anecdotes. These, however, were highly amusing. " The exuberance of his animal spirits sweeps everything before it." While at Wilton he had three days' hunting, which he thoroughly enjoyed, though they had no sport to speak of, and went over one day to Clouds, where Mrs. Percy Wyndham showed them all over " a lovely and lovable house ", with its pictures and treasures ; and " sweet Miss Pamela [now Lady Grey of Fallodon] showed us her own dear little white room, and showed such simplicity and naturalness about it that I fell much in love with her and the room too ". Otherwise

the visit was not memorable, and he worked in all the spare time he could get at the new Violin Sonata in D major for Dannreuther's concerts, which he had begun on the 13th in London.

Of all the books on his list for 1888, to judge by his comments, Tolstoi's *La Guerre et la Paix* impressed him most. Curiously enough he says nothing about the *Souvenirs*—that exquisite piece of imaginative autobiography. He has a good deal to say, and mainly in praise, of *Robert Elsmere*; admired Cotter Morison's *Service of Man*; was struck by the tragic force of *A Village Tragedy*; and amused by the ingenuity and crude vigour, while recognizing its vulgarity, of *Mr. Barnes of New York*. The year 1888, as we have seen, brought him one great sorrow, many minor worries, and taxed his energies to the utmost, but it also had many shining moments. For one thing, though harassed by the shortcomings of dull or incompetent pupils, he had good reason to be proud of the mark which the best of them were already making in the musical world—notably MacCunn, Charles Wood and Arthur Somervell. MacCunn's orchestral and choral compositions had gained a hearing and success at the Crystal Palace and Henschel concerts, and Arthur Somervell's fine lyrical gift moved him to admiration. MacCunn did not hit it off with all the R.C.M. authorities, but his relations with Parry were friendly, and at the Academy dinner at Greenwich he spoke genially of his debt to his "old pedagogue". Hubert Parry, on his side, very seldom missed a chance of going to hear the works of his pupils performed, even though it cost him considerable inconvenience.

His relations with the leaders of the profession continued to be cordial. He welcomed the accession of Sir Alexander Mackenzie to the principalship of the Royal Academy of Music, and his confidence was justified by the long period of prosperity which that institution has since enjoyed, and the cordial and loyal co-operation with the Royal College which Mackenzie cultivated from the outset. The more Hubert Parry saw of "old Mac." the better he liked him; and the alliance ripened into an affection which

was never clouded or impaired. Close association with Sir Frederick Bridge as an examiner caused him to entertain a high opinion of his geniality and consideration in dealing with candidates, and he fell under the spell of Sullivan's personal charm and social gifts, while unable to approve of his artistic aims, to appreciate all his work, or to sympathize with his luxurious habits, his addiction to smart society and his interest in racing. Hubert Parry's interest in sportsmanship was that of the active athlete, not the onlooker. He had little time from this onward to play games, and concentrated himself in his holidays on yachting. He rode and even hunted occasionally, but until he took to motoring found his chief pastime and refreshment on the sea. His first sail this year was on July 9. On the 13th he tried to get to Spithead to see the fleet, but was defeated by strong winds, and after getting badly "ducked" had to give it up. On August 6, on his way to Cowes in the *Hoopoe* he had great difficulty in getting through the Looe —that narrow passage for small vessels between scattered sandbanks and Selsey Bill, nine miles south of Chichester— as the tide had turned and the boat swirled about fearfully, and the breakers overtopped her stern. But he got through, joined Lord Pembroke between Cowes and Yarmouth, cruised with him in his big yacht round the Isle of Wight, got caught in a fog and ran aground for four hours, returning to Rustington next day. He was twice beaten by head winds and calms in his effort to get to Rottingdean, but succeeded at the third attempt on the 17th, called on the Burne-Joneses, and had a glorious sail home, though narrowly escaping disaster entering the harbour. Hubert Parry, as his yachting companions testify, did not exaggerate his escapes : he was not a *nauta gloriosus*; whether canoeing, or in small boats or large, he always took risks and nearly always imposed his will on his crew.

His allegiance to the sea predominated, but his favourite walks to Angmering Park and Highdown Hill were not given up. In town, hard driven though he was, he found time to visit the Academy more than once and vent his spleen on its inanities, to go to the Anglo-Danish and Italian

Exhibitions—for this was the decade of exhibitions, which began with serious aims and degenerated into side-shows and fireworks—and to inspect the experiments in coloured glass at Powell's factory. He heard *Lohengrin* twice at the opera, but was rather disappointed in Jean de Reszke, who happened to be out of form ; and found *Il Trovatore* insipid and unsatisfying. He went to a good many " dull swell dinner parties ", but thoroughly enjoyed the less formal hospitality of the Richmonds, and the ornate but artistic entertainments given by Leighton.

When he stayed at Wilton at Easter, Matthew Arnold, Edmund Gurney and Mr. Goschen, as he then was, were among the guests, but they left soon and the situation was afterwards dominated by the high spirits and exuberance of Lord Charles Beresford, tempered by the eccentricities of Auberon Herbert. The splendid old masters at Longford and his rides with Lady Pembroke gave him most pleasure during his visit. Another visit, brief but entirely pleasant, was that which he paid with his wife and children in June to his pupil Miss Emily Daymond, now installed as directress of music at Holloway College, Egham, amid surroundings " delicious for working and playing in ". He attended most of the Richter concerts, and generally went round to see Richter in the interval or afterwards ; and he thoroughly enjoyed the performance of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* by the pupils of the R.C.M. on July 11 ; the principals and band were excellent, and Stanford " conducted splendidly ". Stanford's vigorous intervention on his behalf in the dispute over the suggested abridgment of *Judith* by the Birmingham Festival Committee is cordially acknowledged. He was Stanford's guest in June at Cambridge for Bülow's concert, where that great but irritable musician required and received continual smoothing down from his charming wife and his hosts. His tantrums were disconcerting, but he was always witty and could be delightful. Hubert heard some bad new music during the year at the festivals and elsewhere, but he delighted in Dvořák's beautiful *Stabat Mater*. He was still writing articles for Miss Leith's magazine and Grove's

Dictionary, and continuing to give a certain number of private lessons. He records on February 17 that the site for the new buildings of the R.C.M. had been settled—the ground then occupied by the big conservatory of the Horticultural Society.

Discussion of the Kensington Square Improvements Bill with other residents took up a good deal of time, and among other miscellaneous events of the year may be mentioned his election in April to the Athenæum. He paid his first visit to the club on May 1 with George Grove, met " sundry sage and worthy men ", and had tea with Ainger and " G.". Of the friendly personal references in the diary few are more engaging than the description of Mary Anderson. He admired her as an actress, while recognizing her limitations, but thought she shone even more in private life. He met her at a dinner party on January 15, and found her " very simple and responsive, and looking that night more wonderfully lovely than ever I saw her look before. As I said good-bye to her she said quite simply : ' Don't work too hard ' ". It was excellent advice in a year of continued overstrain, " fierce " bouts of work followed by invariable exhaustion, exasperation with pupils who " fagged him to pieces ", and with exacting friends whose invasions and intrusions he found unendurable and yet endured them. But on a man of Hubert Parry's temperament even the angelic persuasiveness of Mary Anderson was exerted in vain.

CHAPTER VII

FESTIVAL WORK · SYMPHONIES · PROFESSOR, LECTURER AND EXAMINER

CHRISTMAS 1888 found him again at Wilton, but the diary broke down for a whole month, and was only resumed at rare intervals and in a scrappy manner until August. Towards the end of January he was at work on his Philharmonic Symphony—the C major or "English"—and on the 24th scrambled through the whole of it with Dannreuther, who expressed his approval, especially of the slow movement and the variations. On the same evening he heard and was much amused by *The Yeomen of the Guard* —especially by Denny as the jailer. "The funny music capital: the sentimental bad." Afterwards they went up to Grossmith's room:

"He was very pleasant, and, though tired, laid himself out to amuse us with stories and parodies. There was something tragic about it. His fun and gaiety were so evidently a self-sacrifice, though done with a good heart. I felt much annoyed with the ladies, who stuck to their chairs and stayed much too long."

On January 29 he took the rehearsal of the Bach Choir in place of Stanford, who was laid up with a bad throat, and enjoyed a capital grind at Bach's great motet, "Singet dem Herrn". After the practice he rushed off to Oxford to examine for degrees, stayed with the Bartholomew Prices, met the Max Müllers, and had a long talk with M. M. about Bismarck and his son and the Empress Frederick. Out of twenty-five candidates sixteen were ploughed, and "they thoroughly deserved it". He got

back in time for Dannreuther's concert, " hideously fagged and worn out ", and heard his old Trio, which " went very well and didn't sound at all bad ". February found him working like fury at his Leeds cantata—*St. Cecilia's Day*—and rehearsing his new violin sonata, which sounded " rather mild " when it was performed at Dannreuther's concert on the 14th. On the 11th he went to the Pantomime at Drury Lane with his children, but it was " not so funny as in previous years ". Lessons and lectures were in full swing; more than once the familiar phrase occurs, " working against time as usual ". Mention is made of a flying visit to the Sidney Herberts at Hillingdon and of hearing Mancinelli's *Isaiah* at the Albert Hall, a work which he tersely describes as containing " a good deal of bunkum well put ". On the 28th he began sitting, or more correctly standing, for his portrait to Herman Herkomer. There was considerable difficulty about the choice of a position. The artist insisted on his being painted in the Doctor of Music's gown, and Hubert observes " I don't like it, but submit ". The progress of the portrait was not very rapid, and Hubert thought it was a " very comic version " of his physiognomy. The fatigues of sitting, however, were alleviated by musical interludes, for Mr. Herkomer was very musical and an excellent singer of Brahms's songs.

By March 2 he was able to show Dannreuther a short score of the *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day*, of which " Dann." approved, especially the descent to Erebus and the Eurydice solo. But " in whacking out the last chorus I smashed one of the hammers of the pianoforte ", a disaster which Dannreuther took " with marvellous coolness ". On the 3rd he worked for three hours at his symphony and " stood " for two and a half to Herkomer. On the 7th he dined at the House of Commons with Sidney Herbert, Walrond and Charles Stuart Wortley, and was rather amused at their sporting way of looking at party questions. Next day he took some of the symphony to Dannreuther, who was pleased with the scherzo, but for nearly a month his work was too pressing to keep up his diary beyond the bare

mention of pupils' engagements, a visit to Cambridge for the Joachim dinner, the performance of a musical comedy by his pupil Munkittrick (Howard Talbot), the fatigues of examining for scholarships at the R.C.M., and a dreary and depressing evening spent at the Working Men's College in Great Ormonde Street. Here is a typical entry on March 19:

" 9.30 to 1. Pupils.
2-3.45. Symphony.
3.45-4.45. Pupils.
5-7. Symphony.
Dinner and cards.
9.15-12. Revising score and parts of *Judith*."

On April 3 he sent off his C major Symphony to the copyist and went to hear the Flemish composer Benoît's *Lucifer* at the Albert Hall, " a big work done with power and a big brush ". The College examinations elicit the usual reference to " high pressure ", but he has a word of discriminating praise for Mr. S. P. Waddington's concerto —" dignified and free from triviality "—performed at a College concert on the 4th. Next day the family went down to Rustington, where they found the garden in the loveliest order, with crowds of primroses and violets, and a few anemones coming out. Hopkins was building him a new sailing-boat at Littlehampton, and Hubert Parry went over to inspect her in Harvey's yard—" truly a picturesque place, with all the old masts and capstan-heads and chains and gear of all sorts lying about ". His first attempt at boating this year, on the 7th, was not successful. Though it was very breezy, he tried to get out for a row in the *Kitta* with his children:

" Unluckily the sea broke into her before I could clear out, and I had to put them ashore for fear of their catching cold. Then I unfortunately turned her head out, and jumped in without taking care of the seas. One wave swung her head round, the next turned her over on her side and pitched me out head foremost into the water, and a third filled her as she righted. We had an awkward job to empty and haul her up, helped by some of the village people."

The diary ceases for more than a fortnight, during which he was busy finishing the score of the symphony for Richter and revising the old Gloucester Suite for Stockley of Birmingham. April ended with three divinely lovely days and three delightful rides with his children; the first through the by-ways of Poling, past snug little cottages and flowery gardens; on the second they explored some new wonderful grassy lanes in the neighbourhood of Angmering and Highdown, with glorious views to the north of Highdown Hill, among woods carpeted with primroses and celandine; the third, and best, took them through Patching to the down beyond the clock tower and round to the cutting through the hill above Findon, from which they could see the sea all blue and the dim outline of the Isle of Wight. The record of May is practically blank save for lessons and the revision of the *St. Cecilia* Ode. The Handel Society were rehearsing the *Sirens*, and on May 27 he attended a meeting of the directors at the Royal Academy of Music, "at which Mackenzie spoke out boldly and well as to the duties of the place". After the meeting he dined with the Balfours, "where, being overdone, I made an idiot of myself", and then went on to the Richter concert. On June 2 he finished reading Browning's *Sordello*, which he had begun years ago: "When one gets to the end and looks back one begins to understand it a little. But all the while I read it I seemed to be in a strange misty dream, with people doing incomprehensible things, and no clue as to who they were."

At Whitsuntide he was down at Rustington, finding it "delightfully green and bowery", and had a long and successful sail in his new boat. Whit Tuesday saw him at Cambridge, the guest of F. J. H. Jenkinson, for the performance—good on the whole—of *Judith*, and enjoying the genialities of Cambridge society at the bumping races. He had found *Sordello* a hard nut to crack, but reading Meredith was not to him "wading through glue", as it was to Tennyson. He took up *Vittoria* on the 12th, "unluckily" (for his work), and got so interested that he could not put it down. All through the month of June he

gave what time he could to the scoring and revision of *St. Cecilia*, taking it from time to time to Dannreuther, and deriving comfort from his approval. He found refreshment also in his garden, and in rides with Miss Susan Lushington. With the Lushingtons he went to hear *Figaro* at Covent Garden on the 14th, and on the 15th he heard Melba and the de Reszkes in *Roméo et Juliette*. Melba did not please him at first, but she got better as the opera went on: "Voice very flexible, good range and very fine high notes but thin in parts, and showing no signs of any fine emotion whatever. Also not true in intonation." The last criticism is surprising: his other impressions pretty faithfully represent the judgment of serious musicians.

A visit to Richter, with whom he was to go through his Symphony again, was rendered abortive by the importunity of a lady pianist from Vienna, who wanted to secure an engagement at one of Richter's concerts, and wouldn't take a refusal. Richter's patience triumphed in the end, but he was left in no fit state to tackle the Symphony, and Hubert had to go away and make another engagement. Of happier augury was the meeting of the sub-committee on the combined examination scheme of the R.C.M. and R.A.M. on the 17th, which bore fruit in the establishment of the Associated Board, whose activities have now for many years been extended, with admirable results, from the Home country to the Dominions. The entry for the 19th opens with the somewhat surprising statement: "Lesson to Munkittrick on his comic opera". But Hubert was not a musical prig. Did he not appreciate John Parry, Grossmith and Corney Grain? And as for good musical fooling, there is no lack of it in his own setting of the plays of Aristophanes. The next day is equally illustrative of his wide range of interests. The morning and afternoon were spent in scoring his Ode, and business connected with the examinations at Holloway College. Late in the afternoon he rushed off to see a cricket match between the R.C.M. and the R.A.M. at a ground in the north of London. It was just over when he arrived, but he was rewarded by meeting Mackenzie and Sarasate. The latter disputed

with some heat the usefulness of performing Beethoven's Ninth Symphony at such a place as Leeds, and said that everything ought to be new at such festivals. He did not profess to understand cricket, and declared that they played much more dangerous games with a ball in Spain—no doubt alluding to Pelota, which is certainly an exhausting as well as a splendidly spectacular pastime. Mention is made of dull dinner parties—one a sumptuous repast with eminent guests, which even the presence of his friend Spencer Lyttelton failed to make amusing; but the garden party given by his children in lovely weather on June 22 was a great success, though a fatiguing experience. The children were delightful, and "the lovely Katie Thynne" (afterwards Lady Cromer) "came and was most amiable".

The postponed visit to Richter, to go through the symphony, was duly paid on the 26th, but C. A. Barry was there and seemed to put Richter off, for he did not read the score as well as usual. On the 27th, after a long spell of scoring and correcting band parts, Hubert Parry went to see Ibsen's *Doll's House*—"the most interesting modern play I ever saw, and supremely true to human nature, whatever it may be in the truth of the special application of its social and moral principles". He demurs to the popular criticisms levelled against the play:

"People seem inclined to over-estimate the direct purpose of the dramatist, as if he meant that directly one of a couple find him- or herself unsuited, he or she ought to cut and run. While the larger problem and thesis that it is everybody's duty to clear their truths for themselves is thoroughly acceptable. If Ibsen has a moral and didactic purpose, at all events it made him true to human nature and human situations in this case."

The rehearsal of his symphony at St. James's Hall on the morning of the 29th was not reassuring, and he felt much dissatisfied with his work. "The slow movement does not 'come off' as I hoped. The Scherzo is the only effective movement, and the Finale is quite ragged." The performance on the night of July 1 was better. Parts of the work "came off" pretty well, though most of it failed to

please him. "But it was much better received than I expected, and after the Scherzo I had to go up and make a bow or two." In July he had an enjoyable spell of sailing in his canoe and the new centre-board at Rustington; Knight's Croft was looking "delightful and homey" with the trees much grown. In London he went three times to the opera: to hear *Lohengrin*, which was losing its fascination for him; to the *Meistersinger*, which never lost its spell, with Lady de Grey; and to *Othello* with "G.", but, unfortunately, he has not recorded his impressions of the later Verdi. The performance of Goetz's *Taming of the Shrew* by the R.C.M. pupils was "generally good", but he thought the work quite undramatic, poor in character-drawing and generally lacking in grit. He had several rides, notably "an unexpectedly delightful one" with Miss Susan Lushington to Cobham on the 20th through the more remote parts of Richmond Park overlooking Esher, and characteristic Surrey country, with heathy commons, little dells of birch and the lovely pine woods of Claremont. The terminal exams. kept him busy till the 26th, when he went down to Wilton. There he met, besides representatives of the most frivolous section of the aristocracy and plutocracy, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and his American wife. Mr. Chamberlain was "certainly pleasant and good company", and his wife charming. The party included the Irish judge, Holmes—"very voluble and fanciful, full of theories and enthusiasms"—whose contrast with Chamberlain in discussion was most instructive, Chamberlain sticking to a point while the Irishman kept flying off at a thousand tangents; and Storey, "the sculping son of the American sculptor, and his wife".

Returning joyfully to Rustington on the 29th, he had ten days' sailing in the new centre-board and the *Hoopoe* before his trip to the Continent with Mr. Barclay Squire. On the 2nd of August he started for the great Naval Review in the Solent with his man Collins in the *Hoopoe* in a strong S.W. wind. Off Bognor they carried away the clew of the jib and had to put on a storm jib and two reefs. "The seas for a time were tremendous and we shipped a lot. Some-

times she seemed to jump right off a wall into the depths." However they had the luck to get well in sight of the German squadron off the Owers, and followed them as they steamed slowly past the British fleet, " letting off rumbles and growls by way of a salute ". Then they sailed down the lines of our fleet, threading their way successfully through the crowd of yachts assembled, and got a good anchorage near the pier at Ryde. It blew very hard in the night and next morning they were hung up by the gale and driving rain at their anchorage. As the day wore on the rain ceased and Hubert Parry determined to get out :

"We set reefed foresail and mizen and small jib and tore along merrily through the crowd of yachts, all down the Fleet and backwards and forwards among the German ships. It was as jolly a sail as ever I had, and we had a capital sight of all that there was to see."

The gale fell as if by magic in the night, and they had a fine day of it all round the Isle of Wight to the Needles. Next morning there was a fine breeze, freshening every minute, as they started at 7, and when they got through the crowd of yachts and came up to the fleets in the Solent they were tearing along at a splendid pace :

" I made for the upper line this time, and, the wind just serving right, I skimmed by the sterns of all the huge monsters, where they lay in a line about 5 miles long. It was gloriously exhilarating fun, and we saw them all to perfection. By the time we got to the end of the line near the ' No man ' Fort it was blowing hard, but we kept all our sail set and got the finest bout of sailing I ever had. If we hadn't had new gear this year the boat wouldn't have stood it. The pace was grand for so small a boat. We passed the Fort at 9.30 and were in Littlehampton harbour with all our sails down before 1 o'clock. We had splendid sunshine most of the way, and the foaming light green sea was a thing never to forget."

He was out in the *Hoopoe* next day and in the centre-board on the day after, and on the morning of the 10th left Charing Cross with Mr. Barclay Squire. The crossing was

pleasant (to Hubert), being " rather rough and windy ", and though it rained hard he greatly enjoyed the journey from Basle to Innsbruck, and still more the lovely views through the Brenner to Franzensfest and Botzen, reaching Trent on the evening of the 12th. The landscape was blotted out with remorseless rain next day, but the resourceful Mr. Barclay Squire was equal to the occasion and bribed the Dean with a case of English razors to let them see the precious musical MSS. in the cathedral library—including compositions by Dunstable and Dufay, in excellent condition, written clearly on rough paper and in score. The rain continuing, Hubert gave up his plan of a walking expedition to Campiglio and decided to go south to " longed-for Venice and Verona ". So he left Mr. Squire at Trent and reached Verona at midnight on the 13th. Next day he explored the place with an intelligent guide as thoroughly as time permitted. But five hours—in baking heat—were all too short to see the sights of this " glorious town ". It was " hard work "—and I have no doubt the intelligent guide fully earned his fee—but Hubert's enjoyment was tempered by his disgust at " the hideously coloured banners, drapery and trumpery gilded candles, lamps and tinsel of all sorts " which disfigured the interior of San Zenone, while the beautiful Mantegna was hidden away behind flags and other preparations for an approaching festival. It was dark when he reached Venice, but he went out into the " ravishing neighbourhood " of St. Mark's and the Doge's Palace by moonlight, where he saw crowds of frivolous people using Venice's glories as the background of their gaieties. The next day, August 15, was the Feast of the Assumption. Hubert found the behaviour of the Italian folk during mass at St. Mark's " perfectly repulsive in its irreverence ", and the music " paltry and meretricious ". The Tintorettos in the Doge's Palace did not please him : he liked best the great Bellini in the Frari—transferred in 1903 to S. Tomà. He went out on the lagoons in the afternoon and caught a violent and thoroughly Hubertian cold, which spoiled the rest of his visit. Still it did not prevent him from witnessing the grand serenade and procession of gondolas on the

grand canal, revisiting and "absorbing" St. Mark's, inspecting the glass-blowing work at Murano, dining with the Alwyne Comptons and going out in their gondola at night. He left for Milan next morning, but was too ill to enjoy the lovely views. "They merely remained in my mind as a fact. Most of my time was spent in blowing my nose." From Milan he went by train to Como, and thence by steamer to Cadenabbia to spend three days at the villa of his old Oxford friend and contemporary, Heathcote Long, "in the pink of luxury". His cold was still too bad for him to bathe, but they did a good deal of boating, rowing across to Bellaggio, lying in the shade of the cliffs in the Lecco part of the lake to avoid a ferociously hot sun, and later on visiting some of the loveliest places possible—notably a villa, formerly a convent, but now belonging to a countess (an ex-ballet dancer), standing on a promontory, with views up and down the lake, and a glorious thicket of oleanders stretching right down to the blue waters. On the 19th they explored the Meiningen gardens and inspected the statues and friezes of Thorwaldsen and Canova, Hubert coming to the conclusion that Canova was "a sloppy and characterless creature and not at all in my line". After lunch they went by boat, joined a large party beyond Menaggio for a picnic tea, and then "took a jolly walk along the cliffs". Hubert Parry adds that his host, who had a first-rate Italian man-cook, gave him regular Italian victuals to see how he liked them, and, as we know, he was always open to experiment in the matter of diet. Next morning he started in a little one-horse chaise—a most enjoyable drive in unsophisticated country—took steamer to Lugano, also a pleasant little trip, and thence proceeded by train to Berne. He was met next morning at Montreux station by the "monstrously tall Lascelles"—the late well-known and genial Harrow master—and driven by Mme. Blumenthal up to their beautiful châlet on the heights. Here he spent five most enjoyable days, in spite of the heavy rain which spoiled three of them. Blumenthal and his wife were the kindest of hosts, supplying a sumptuous table but contenting themselves mainly with seeing their guests eat.

With Lascelles, a most entertaining and well-informed companion, he sat and smoked and drank beer till late at night. But the happiest memory of his visit was that of his ascent of the Rochers de Naye: "Blumenthal sent a little Swiss boy with me as guide, and he bustled me up such a steep place at the start that I was almost finished off at once. The rain had made it slippery and heavy going too." The "Rochers" kept clear till they were about an hour from the top, and then down came the clouds, blotting out the splendid panorama. "But we stuck to it and even without views I revelled in the rugged scenery of the lonely heights. . . . We walked right round the back of Jaman and down the Col. Altogether a glorious day. Got back at 7, pretty tired, and so was the Swiss boy. The flowers most noticeable on the heights were a profusion of monkshood, big yellow gentian, blue ditto and Grass of Parnassus." Next day he spent fourteen hours in the train, reaching Paris at midnight, and decided to spend the next day with Lascelles and visit the Exhibition. The pictures attracted him most; and he was struck by the exclusion of everything German, including the translations of directions and notices, which were given in all other languages. They dined sumptuously at the Café Dallas by the Madeleine, and had frogs to eat, and then Lascelles made off to the Nord and Hubert Parry to St. Lazare for the Newhaven route. It was not a pleasant transit, the wretched little steamer being crowded with "'Arrys" returning from the Exhibition:

"The only place I could find on board was next to the bar window and part of it was occupied by the slab on to which the liquors were handed out. And here all night long human swine continued ceaselessly to bawl for brandies and sodas and whiskies and beer. And what with their noise and their booziness and their rolling against me and dropping bottles on the floor in heaps, I spent about as horrid a five hours as ever I went through. Even at 5 A.M. some pigs were still calling for more spirits."

After one day's rest at Rustington, he was off to town for the London rehearsal of the Gloucester Festival on the 29th, and down to Highnam on the 31st for the

Festival week. The performance of *Judith* on September 4 was a great improvement on the rehearsals. But his most enjoyable experience was singing in the second part of the *Messiah*. " Lloyd, Mackenzie and I got leave to go into the Triforium for the second half, where the choruses sounded splendid. Lloyd and I joined the singers in the last few choruses, and I bellowed myself hoarse joyfully." The Leeds Festival rehearsals began on September 23; the intervening fortnight was spent quietly at Rustington in various domesticities. Apples and pears had to be gathered and stored, mildewed jam had to be reboiled: " One might waste all one's life on such quiet trifles without noticing it ". On the 9th he was able to gratify his eldest daughter's desire to know what it felt to be out of sight of land; on the same evening he played whist with the family after dinner for the first time in his life.

All the vessels in his fleet were in active use—the canoe, the *Hoopoe*, and the centre-board, now named the *Scuttler*, and when the family were busy blackberry-gathering he employed himself in tarring the boat-house or doing carpentering jobs. On the 13th he sailed in the *Hoopoe* to Eastbourne to visit the family of his pupil Miss Emily Daymond, spent the night on board and next morning went on to see the Dannreuthers at Hastings. There he found " Dann." at the top of his wonderful garden, and was shown over the place, " which is sumptuous with rows upon rows of greenhouses, full of cactuses, peaches, grapes, hibiscus and all sorts of tropical plants; and the house itself is full of pictures by Watts, Whistler, Burne-Jones and Rossetti ". He could not stay long, but, to make up for it, Dannreuther sailed back with him as far as Eastbourne. Bathing and boating, lawn-tennis and picnics occupied the time pleasantly until the Leeds rehearsals began. The opening London rehearsal on the morning of September 23 was disastrous, " with a horrid crash of discord in the first bar, a signature having been accidentally put to the horn part and overlooked, and so it went on throughout ". Hubert Parry had such a bad throat that Sullivan had to stand by him and act as his spokesman. Next day,

however, he was cheered by his reception at Leeds, where the chorus "made a splendid noise", and was hospitably entertained by Mr. Spark, returning to London by the night express and reaching Kensington just before 4 A.M. The usual misery over the band parts was as bad as ever. The College had reopened, and he was up and down between Rustington and London till October 7, dividing his time between pupils, work at lectures, giving music lessons to his children and an occasional sail in the *Scuttler*. Littlehampton was painfully exercised by the drowning of the captain of the steam tug, and Rustington alarmed by an invasion of tramps. He also mentions a visit to his neighbour Lady Fletcher on the 4th, when she pulled out a "perfectly marvellous collection of contemporary English songs", which gave him "quite an insight into that branch of money-making, as pursued at present". He specially singles out Hope Temple, Augusta Holmès, who was Irish by family, French by residence; Cobb, Ford, etc., "also a few of very much better quality by one Edith Bracken, whom I had never heard of before".

On the 6th he was back in London, working all day at papers for the Oxford examinations, preparing lectures and still revising his *St. Cecilia*. Next day he taught pupils till lunch and got off to Leeds, where Sullivan's "incomparable valet" carried him off to the Judges' Lodgings. Sullivan was extraordinarily hospitable and kind, but Hubert was amused at the way, the moment he got home from the rehearsal, he and Cellier began discussing the race meeting. *St. Cecilia* was rehearsed next morning and "went dully and sounded dull, though the chorus and Miss Macintyre sang heartily. But the public seemed to take to it and I was much welcomed." After the rehearsal he went off to York and spent several hours at the cathedral, going up to the top of the tower—a dizzy place and wildly windy—hearing the organist Naylor play the organ, which sounded splendid, and trying it himself.

The novelties were not memorable and the chorus throughout the Festival failed to do themselves justice. Hubert Parry's "ordeal", as he calls it, came on the

Friday morning. There was a thick fog and things were generally unpromising :

" But by good luck my nerves were right : I soon felt I had hold of both band and chorus, and the performance was so far much the best of the Festival. . . . Miss Macintyre was as good as possible and the chorus were quite glorious. My work had a splendid reception—much too good ; and everybody I saw—friends and strangers—were enthusiastic. I had expected absolutely the reverse, so my surprise added to my pleasure that my friends were so pleased."

Beethoven's Choral Symphony went very well, especially the choral section, though he found Sullivan's interpretation of the music lacking in real appreciation of its meaning. Afterwards at Broughton's (the local choirmaster's) house Sullivan and everybody were very angry at the *Times's* criticism of the chorus. But Hubert Parry admits on the following day that in Brahms's *Requiem* the chorus were more insecure than ever, got fearfully out of tune and also made bad mistakes. " On the whole *Maeldune* [Stanford's new work] was very well spoken of by the critics ; my Ode much *too* well." After a brief but necessary rest he went down on the 15th to examine for degrees at Oxford. This was his first experience of Stainer as a fellow-examiner and they got on very well together. All the would-be Doctors were ploughed—two being very bad and one only fairly good—but they passed a fair lot of Bachelors. He stayed with Charles Lloyd, and had a pleasant evening at the Musical Club, though he was amused by the solemn silence of the undergraduate audience during the performance of " C. V. S.'s " excellent pianoforte quintet. On the 16th he dined pleasantly with the Pelhams—a dinner " plain and plenteous, with plenty of intelligence in the company. There is," he adds, " a special kind of Oxford dinner which is singularly devoid of any amenities of room or talk ". On the 17th Lloyd had the Arthur Butlers and York Powell to dinner :

" We sat up late with York Powell while he poured out Folk lore and Scandinavian lore. He is also an admirer

of the sordid and depraved works of French genius—a trait which I often meet with in men of great intelligence, but cannot myself understand. The spectacle of genius wallowing is not congenial to me."

Hubert Parry lectured in the Sheldonian on the 18th, and, though he had been unable to write out his lecture, "appeared to get through without boring his friendly audience". College work swallowed him up on his return, also affairs of the projected co-operative examining board of the R.C.M. and R.A.M. He gave a second lecture at Oxford on the 31st, staying with the Willerts on Headington Hill, and rejoiced in the election of Pelham to the Camden professorship. "Writing up lectures" is a recurrent entry, referring not only to his College lectures but to those at the London Institution and at Oxford. But they all involved research and visits to the British Museum to copy illustrations. A dinner at the Richmonds on November 4 is specially chronicled for the company—the Burne-Joneses and Bryce—and the music afterwards—"organ fugues rattled out with great enthusiasm on the pianoforte". November 5 is marked a "typical day":

"9-10. Preparation.
10-1. Pupils.
1-2. Lunch, letters and copying parts for lecture.
2.15-3. Pupils.
To College till 4.30 for orchestral class. Home to tea: 5-6.15 with Barnby to look at *St. Cecilia* with me. 6.30 to Savile Club to meet Stanford and Mackenzie to decide Wind Band Society's Prize, which took till 9.30. Then home and copying parts, etc., for lectures till 11.45."

His third Oxford lecture was held on November 7; this time he stayed with Stainer and enjoyed looking at his wonderful musical library, especially rich in old English solo songs. He was dreadfully tired when he began his lecture and found it desperately hard work, but sat up late after dinner "smoking and talking and very jolly too". On the 9th and 10th he was down at Terlings with the Rayleighs. On the way to the station he and his wife were held up by the Lord Mayor's show, and missed the train;

Hubert's remarks on the mob and their grubby experiences in the crowd are decidedly vivacious, but not philo-democratic.

St. Cecilia was given at the Albert Hall on the 13th, but there is no comment on the performance. The lecture at the Royal Institution on the 21st, with singers from the R.C.M., took an unusual amount of preparation. He couldn't discover whether his audience had any musical sense, and consequently thought it wasn't a success. But he gave them a " portentous lot of illustrations " from Caccini, Carissimi, Salvator Rosa, Cavalli, Cesti, Alessandro, Scarlatti, Pergolesi and Lotti. He was ridiculously nervous at the piano and very nearly came to grief. It lasted about an hour and twenty minutes. On the 22nd occurs the entry " worked at libretto of Oratorio ", but no details are given. The diary is very scrappy, with many blanks at the close of the year. He saw *The Middleman* on December 2, " a very good piece and uncommonly well acted ". And on the 4th he went to hear a second performance of Benoît's *Lucifer* at the Albert Hall, and thought the last part " thoroughly rotten " : there were, however, some good dramatic points in the first act. On the 5th he was " utterly worn out and so desperate with the number of things on hand that for my only two clear hours in the morning I simply could do nothing ". On December 6 he writes of spending most of the morning hunting in vain through poetry books in the hopes of finding something that would do for Norwich.

Hubert Parry had already come across Plunket Greene, but there is a pleasant foreshadowing of the more intimate relations that were to unite them in the entry on December 8:

" Visit from Frank [Pownall] and H. P. Greene who sang an Anacreontic Ode [one of Hubert's early songs] and some jolly Irish songs to me. Inspired by his singing I wrote three new songs before I went to bed, and a new piece for Gwen's fiddle."

The only other entries in his diary till the end of the year relate to pupils and rehearsals with the principals for performances of *Judith* at Exeter and Chichester. Hubert's book list for 1889 shows the usual mixture of solid and

recreative reading, varying from Machiavelli's *Prince* to Miss Amélie Rives's *The Witness of the Sun*, from historical works by Freeman, Gairdner and Hodgkin to Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's *That Lass o' Lowrie's*. French and Russian fiction are represented by Pierre Loti's *Mon Frère Yves*, Daudet's *Lettres de mon Moulin*, Zola's *La Curée* and *La Fortune des Rougons*; and Tolstoi's *Sebastopol* and *Les Cosaques*. Of native novelists, Meredith attracted him most—*Vittoria*, *Sandra Belloni*, *Richard Feverel* and *Beauchamp's Career* were all read during this year.

The Pianoforte Trio in G major, which he undertook to write for Dannreuther, was finished early in 1890, and, though at its first trial he found it in parts too sugary, it went well at the concert. He wrote or "tidied up" a number of songs, tunes for his children and part songs, but his chief creative achievement of the year was his setting for chorus, solos and orchestra of Milton's *L'Allegro ed il Penseroso*, which occupied him for the greater part of the first half of the year. In the earlier stages he was not hopeful, finding it "rather a desperate job", owing to the lack of variety in the theme, considered musically, but, as usual, was encouraged by Dannreuther, who, in the long run, pronounced it superior to the *St. Cecilia*. The revise of the score was sent off to Novello by the middle of July, and at the London rehearsal on October 8 there were "not many mistakes in the band parts". But it was a "hateful experience"; Miss Macintyre was first-rate, the baritone soloist inconceivably bad, and the audience—so he thought—grimly unfriendly. The work was produced at Norwich on the 17th, but he says nothing about the performance, or the Festival, though he was delighted by the architectural beauties of the cathedral. A later reference shows that he was "out of heart" about it, though comforted by Dannreuther's verdict. By the end of November he was hard at work on his setting of *De Profundis*, a work on the grand scale, elaborate and intricate in part writing, yet in its outlines broad, dignified and noble, and if less immediate or continuous in its appeal than the *Sirens*, yet ranking high amongst his abiding contributions to English choral music.

The provincial festivals have given birth to a large number of still-born works, and Hubert Parry might have been wiser had he accepted fewer commissions, but the demand for his choral works seldom expired after the first performance. *Judith* was given at York on May 5—a rough but vigorous rendering—the *Sirens* " went capitally " at the opening ceremony of the new R.C.M. building on July 8, and the *St. Cecilia* Ode was introduced at the Worcester Festival in September under the happiest auspices. A contingent had been specially imported from Leeds for the occasion, and gave him unmitigated pleasure. " The chorus was the most delightful thing to conduct I ever felt : elastically responsive and with ideal energy." Yet he felt the work " was not very congenial to the audience ". The Leeds singers, as the present writer can testify, covered themselves with glory, and it should be added that Parry's judgment of the effect of his works on his audiences almost invariably minimized their enthusiasm. This was no doubt occasionally due to the rule against applause at performances in cathedrals ; or during the progress of secular works at Birmingham and Leeds. But one must take into account his inveterate habit of self-criticism, for his nature was singularly free from complacent egotism ; also there remains the fact that the highest appreciation is sometimes silent. When people are moved most deeply they forget to applaud. The *St. Cecilia* Ode was in rehearsal by the Bach Choir in December, and had been given in Dublin in the spring. And his C major, or " English " Symphony was given by a mainly amateur orchestra at Sheffield on April 29, and at Hampstead on May 21. In November an urgent demand for the score of the same work arrived from Riseley of Bristol. The opportunities for hearing his own music were thus steadily multiplied, but he seldom missed a chance of attending the performances of the new works of his contemporaries ; he was very far from being the musical counterpart of the author who is alleged to have said, " Whenever I want to read a new novel I write one ". Indeed he probably enjoyed those concerts most at which not a note of his music was performed. There is

a characteristic entry in his diary on July 14 which may serve as an index of his attitude generally :

" Dined with the Balfours, and after to the last Richter and a very good one, with a remarkable performance of the 9th Symphony. I went down to wish him good-bye in the interval and he was very affectionate and gave me a warm hug. I am sorry they are over, for not only is the music of the best but one always sees the best of one's friends at the concerts."

Besides attending the Richter concerts he went to hear *Israel in Egypt* (March 20) at the Albert Hall : selections from Benoît's *Charlotte Corday* at the Philharmonic, a " most eccentric and empty work " conducted in a " most outrageously demonstrative " manner by the composer on March 27 : the Passion music at St. Paul's (April 1) ; again to the Philharmonic to hear " young Borwick's " successful *début* as solo pianist in the Schumann Concerto in May ; to Cambridge on May 15 to hear Gluck's *Orfeo*—" a very worthy undertaking very imperfectly carried out " ; and to the Madrigal Society's dinner and performance in celebration of their 150th anniversary on May 20. He paid half a dozen visits to the Opera : to *Faust*, on May 26, which he had not heard for twenty years, and " really enjoyed some of it " thanks to Édouard de Reszke as *Mephistopheles* ; to the *Traviata* on May 31, which he then heard for the first time, finding " some of the scoring very effective and clever " but the music " mostly rot and the ballets beastly " ; to *Carmen*, with Miss Macintyre " in first-rate form " as *Micaela*, on June 4, which he " enjoyed very much ", thus apparently revising his earlier and unfavourable verdict ; to *Esmeralda* (Goring Thomas) on July 12—" refined and pretty enough and just the sort of thing for fashionable people to take comfortably after their dinner " ; and to the *Meistersinger*, always a delight to him, on the 22nd. Three weeks earlier at a dinner party given by the Ribblesdales " Arthur Balfour abused the humour of the *Meistersinger* and said he found it very heavy and Teutonic ; George Curzon pleased me by sticking up for it ". The performance of *Norma* which Hubert attended on November 5

during the course of a winter season, was not up to the level of the " grand " or summer season at Covent Garden :

" A more brutal performance I never heard. The lady who took the part of *Adalgisa* never sang four notes in a row in tune and the blatant brass band on the stage was a quarter of a tone sharper than the orchestra. There are some good things in it, but most of it is simply abominable —vulgar, empty and blatant."

In this mood he reminds one of Bludyer, but he was not writing for publication. On November 20 he made one of his rare appearances as a performer, playing the harpsichord part in C. P. Bach's Overture in F at one of the Henschel concerts, but " the harpsichord couldn't be heard in the least, and as I played it very badly, it was a failure ".

As lecturer Hubert Parry was much in demand in 1890. At Oxford he gave three lectures in the spring and another in November. He was disappointed with the scanty response of the amateurs who volunteered to give vocal illustrations : " Oxford seems to take these things very casually " ; he was even more disappointed with himself and his inability to keep his thoughts in order. But these visits always had their compensations in the society of the Arthur Butlers, the Prices, Lloyd and Stainer. At Birmingham, however, where he lectured on Madrigals on February 7, though the attendance was very small, " I was in good fettle, and thought it about the best lecture I ever gave "—a rare and exceptional instance of satisfaction. He was seldom an effective public speaker, and no one realized it better than himself. He took the chair at the annual meeting of the People's Concert Society on June 3, and plays the recording demon in his diary :

" I said lots I didn't want to say, and missed a lot that I did, and came away in a depressed frame of mind with the conviction that speaking is a thing I never shall tackle. I get no better and never have proper control of what I want to say."

At Leeds he was always at his happiest, and November 4, 1890, was a red-letter day. He lectured at the Philosophical

Institute with a most efficient contingent of seventeen singers from his " dear chorus ", who sang illustrations by Palestrina, Marenzio, Wilbye, Dowland, Monteverde and Caldara " most brilliantly ". The lecture went " pretty smoothly ", but the story must be told in his own words :

" The public were much amused at my having to vault over the horse-shoe table every time I had to get to my conducting stand. It finally broke under me, and fairly destroyed the decorum of the proceedings. But they took my serious remarks quite sagely all the same. My ideas came easily and I think they were interested."

He also lectured at the Royal Institution on February 28 on the Evolution of Music—a subject which he began to develop in book form later on in the year—and besides these extraneous activities there were the constant lectures to his pupils at the College, involving a great deal of preparation in the way of research, the copying and editing and scoring of extracts for illustrations, and rehearsals. Here he was seldom satisfied, and often fidgety and miserable, except when he was listening to the music, such as Schütz's setting of the scene of the rolling away of the stone from the sepulchre (March 5) or the performances on old instruments—lute, viol, viola d' amore, viol da gamba, chitarrone and harpsichord—at his lecture on June 18, when they had " no end of a show ", and Miss Dolmetsch (*æt.* 11) " played Christopher Sympson's variations admirably to the delight of the students ". The College opera this year, given on July 16, was Mozart's *Così fan tutte* : " about the most successful we have had, Stanford's conducting and accompaniment of the recitatives being most remarkably good ", and there was a " triumphantly successful " orchestral concert in St. James's Hall on December 10 : " The orchestra under C. V. S. played superbly in *Euryanthe* and Berlioz's *Harold*, and Miss Elieson gave a miraculous display of virtuosity in a show piece by Vieuxtemps. Everything was thoroughly business-like and complete."

Apart from the usual routine of lessons and examinations at the College his labours were considerably increased

by constant meetings of the Associated Board, while in April he went with the late Mr. Randegger to Jersey to hold an examination of candidates for certificates. He was barely two days in Jersey, but fitted in a delightful excursion across the island to Plémont, exploring the caves and reviving old memories of his scrambles during an earlier visit with Ranald McDonell. For Hubert Parry was an insatiable sightseer and explorer. When he went to Sheffield in April for the performance of his Symphony in C he inspected Ruskin's Museum, explored the Nunnery colliery and descended a coal mine—an experiment which made a gruesome impression on him—and then went over Cammell, Laird & Co.'s great steel works, to say nothing of a drive in the environs of Sheffield—and all in a visit which lasted from 6.40 P.M. on Monday till breakfast on Wednesday.

He continued to take a certain number of private pupils; of their quality and progress he says next to nothing in his diary with one notable exception—a boy of remarkable precocity and memory, whose temperament and personality were so antagonistic to him as to be a constant source of exasperation. A man of more self-protective character would have turned such a pupil down at once. But where work was concerned, Hubert Parry seldom could say no, and was always ready to find time, which he could not really spare, to exhaust himself even in uncongenial effort. Here the pupil's industry was prodigious, but the results gave his master no pleasure or satisfaction. He brought "sheets and sheets of dull and respectably correct twaddle, which he seems to turn out with as much ease as water out of a jug", and his "self-satisfied complacency with his idiotic compositions" was more than Hubert Parry could bear. Yet the lessons went on. For all his irritability he had a great deal of kindness; the helplessness of his pupil—outside of music—may have appealed to his compassion, and these spasms of annoyance were probably compatible with a genuine appreciation of the boy's real talent, though of that there is little trace in the diary.

At times of high pressure I find repeated mention of his working nine and ten hours a day. But the record of his recreations during the year shows that he managed to squeeze a good deal of refreshment into the twenty-four hours even when he was working at the College. On January 31 he was one of a party at *The Dead Heart*, a " play vulgarly effective with the most obviously contrived plot and the most prosy, heavy and stupid dialogue I ever heard ". Frank Benson's *Hamlet* on March 7 was a most agreeable surprise : " his performance was very good, and the whole thing went quite admirably ". He went to see *A Man's Shadow* at the Haymarket for the second time on March 8, and thought it as " horrid " as on the occasion of his first visit. On March 17 he witnessed *A Pair of Spectacles* in the congenial company of the Robin Bensons, the Alwyne Comptons, Mrs. Arkwright, Lady Antrim and Henry James, and though critical of the artistic side of the play, was much amused by its humours. *Dr. Bill* at the Avenue (on March 30) is pronounced " vulgar and risky " ; but *Dick Venables*, a " convict play " at the Shaftesbury, which he saw on May 6, proved most exciting. He saw *Ruy Blas* at the Gaiety twice (May 14 and May 27) and was captivated by Fred Leslie's untiring vivacity and laughed till he was in such pain that he did not dare look at the stage. The much-praised play *Judah* (June 19) disappointed him, though he thought some of the dialogue brilliant, owing to a weakly contrived and unimpressive *dénoûment* ; but Sarah Bernhardt in *Adrienne Lecouvreur* (July 4) was marvellous, though the divine one " took it very easy and kept her public waiting a huge time between the acts ". The Daly Company were in London this summer and he greatly admired Ada Rehan as *Katharine* in *The Taming of the Shrew* (July 8). Finally he went to see *Ravenswood* at the Lyceum on December 8, " a very second-rate affair altogether, miserably superficial and artificial, and Irving worse than I ever saw him ". His catholic taste in entertainments is further shown by his patronizing Barnum's show on February 1, and rushing off on July 24 with Sir Frederick

Bridge, after a heavy bout of examining, to the Aquarium " to see the young woman who toys with alligators and boa constrictors ". The pantomime was not neglected (February 14), but, apart from a " first-rate impersonation of a cow and a cock ", he thought it not so funny as the previous year's entertainment—the almost invariable experience of adult pantomime-goers. And then the lure of the performing animals at the French Exhibition proved irresistible. It was " a very pretty show. The lions go on a tricycle, draw a chariot and do all sorts of nice things, and the dog, a great boar-hound, strides about with a big smile on his face and every now and then jumps over piles of lions " (July 10). This was also the year of the Military Exhibition, where he was specially attracted by the fine collection of musical instruments arranged with the aim of showing their evolution.

The record of Hubert Parry's dinner engagements in 1890 is long enough to convey the impression that he was a professional diner-out. But these engagements were often fulfilled when he had first done eight hours' work, and on his return home he would sit up till long after midnight over his lectures. For sheer enjoyment none of these entertainments came up to a " most merry dinner on February 11 with Frank Pownall at his Club in the company of Plunket Greene—quite like old College days ". And old College memories were pleasantly revived at the Exeter College dinner on June 30, where he sat with Henry Pelham and Frank Pownall and heard exceptionally good speeches by Chitty the Judge and Ridding the ex-headmaster of Winchester. He was less fortunate in his immediate neighbours at the Academy banquet on May 3, but has left an interesting impression of Lord Salisbury :

" I had been watching him at dinner and noticed that he looked as glum as could be, and never spoke a word to his neighbour ; but directly he began his speech his lumpy face quite changed and he kept the whole company in a roar of laughter. . . . Leighton was thoroughly at home in the chair, and his elaborate mode of oratory was suitable to the occasion."

He was more in his element at the Western Madrigal Society's annual dinner at the Holborn Restaurant on June 11 and at the 150th anniversary dinner of the Madrigal Society on May 20, when Tallis's 40-part song was performed; more still at a quiet dinner with Lionel Benson, at which they read madrigals till midnight, and his host—a great expert in such matters—showed him several interesting things, by people Hubert Parry knew nothing about, from the *Musica Transalpina*. Then there were a good number of dinners to which the epithet "sumptuous" is prefixed, but at which the sumptuousness of the repast was redeemed by the vivacity and interest of the conversation—with Lady Winifred Byng, the Pembrokes and Brownlows, the Carmarthens and Radnors, the Tennants and Balfours and Percy Wyndhams. When Mr. Balfour or Miss Margot Tennant or Alfred Lyttelton was present—as often happened—no "swell" dinner was ever dull. The workings of "Arthur's" mind always fascinated Hubert Parry, and the ways of "Margot" whether as a conversationalist or dancer *à la* Letty Lind, were a source of a good deal of not uncritical amusement. For Alfred Lyttelton he had a sincere and lifelong affection that was fully requited. At the Brownlows on June 6 he met and sat next to the beautiful Duchess of Leinster, and "after thinking her rather ordinary at first ended by being infatuated." But the claims of intellect were never neglected. He renewed his acquaintance with Herbert Spencer at the Athenæum this year, and they had a long talk, leading to a correspondence which may be briefly summarized. In reply to his request for information about the music of primitive peoples, Herbert Spencer sent him two *brochures* recently received from America, and added a curious request in turn for specific information about the *Ut de poitrine*:

"Tamberlik[1] was, I presume, before your time, but possibly you will be able to tell me whether I am right in saying that in *William Tell* he habitually gained great

[1] Enrico Tamberlik (1820–1889), a famous Italian tenor, who according to Larousse owed more of his success to this one high note than to all his talent as a singer.

applause by the *Ut de poitrine* in a scene expressing patriotic ardour. This was, I believe, the name of a note rarely reached in the chest voice."

In a further letter Herbert Spencer enclosed the postscript to his essay on the Evolution of Music about to appear in *Mind*, with an account of "the music of Hungarian gypsies, which perhaps you have not met with". As we have seen, Hubert Parry had been fascinated by the Hungarian gypsy players during his stay with Pierson in the year 1867. But his diary is richer in reminiscence when he dined with his artist friends—the Richmonds, Burne-Joneses or Tademas. At the house of the last named, where he dined on March 20, the entertainment was "sumptuous", the company of the best, and "everybody in the best of humour":

"Joe [Joachim] was reserved with me as usual, but I had a good talk with him about Liszt and Wagner, about whom we agreed better than people would suppose. He also agreed with me that Schumann's influence on Brahms was next to nothing. He thinks the strongest influences upon him were Bach and Schubert and after them Beethoven. Even Chopin, he says, has influenced J. B. To himself Chopin is unsympathetic."

At the Burne-Joneses on March 28, a great part of the conversation centred in the little baby bear owned by Miss Muir, one of the guests, for which "every one expressed wild adoration". Artistic "shop" was evidently at a discount. But he had already been to B.-J.'s studio to see the two nearly finished pictures of the Sleeping Beauty series, "which really seem superb and quite snuff out the heaps of old things round them in the studio. The old king in his curiously rich bower of a green throne is magnificent, and the little sleeping maiden lovely in colour and design." Hubert Parry's appreciation of Burne-Jones's genius, which was lukewarm at the first, progressed rapidly as their personal relations became more intimate.

Large entertainments seldom appealed to him. Of the aristocratic dinner parties the one he enjoyed most was an

" octave " at the Ribblesdales—with Arthur Balfour in great form—and the whole thing " first-rate ", except for one beauty who was not up to the level of the talk. Another that he pronounced " snug and pleasant ", was at the Carmarthens, where he met and liked Lord Robert Cecil. But he was more at ease among his intimates—the Richmonds or Lushingtons—or in his own house, where he dispensed a good deal of informal hospitality. The names of Phil Burne-Jones, Miss Macintyre, the singer, with whom he and his family were on very pleasant terms, and Lady Carmarthen recur frequently in connexion with these gatherings, the liveliest of which was when Miss Margot Tennant, in the wildest of her humours, diverted the company vastly—all but one artist whom she shocked severely by ending one of her dances by whirling on to his knee. The restaurant habit had not developed to its present dimensions, but Hubert Parry and his family were pretty frequent patrons of Previtali's, especially on nights when they were going to the theatre.

The family spent Easter at Wilton, " one of the pleasantest parties I ever remember ". The company included Arthur Balfour, Alfred Lyttelton, the Carmarthens, De Vescis, Lady Ribblesdale, Lord and Lady Wolseley, Professor and Mrs. Poulton, Mrs. Percy Wyndham and her daughter Pamela—" as nice a collection as it would be possible to get together ". The weather was lovely, and he went hunting with Alfred Lyttelton, Lady Ribblesdale and Lady Pembroke on April 5, had some splendid games of lawn-tennis with Arthur Balfour and Alfred Lyttelton, " both of whom were first-rate ", paid two visits to Salisbury, where they attended service in the Cathedral, and had a great deal of conversation on Darwinism and the later developments of evolution with Professor Poulton. Lord Wolseley, though unimpressive to look at, was " much alive and full of talk ". There is a special note of a " huge talk " that he had with Arthur Balfour at dinner on the 7th. " He likes things that one can talk out thoroughly—so unlike the average society talkers." Hubert Parry had to play for the assembled

company every evening, though he was not always in the humour. He played " excruciatingly badly " on the first night, but recovered his form later on and found his efforts were " surprisingly " much liked. Even the revelries of the Primrose League on Easter Monday and Tuesday had their alleviations. The speechifying was an ordeal to him, but Mr. Capper, the thought-reader, was " astoundingly good ", and at the dramatic entertainment on Easter Tuesday in Salisbury, Mr. Coningsby Disraeli, who showed decided talent as a comic policeman, sang some very funny songs and danced a hornpipe, impressed Hubert Parry more favourably than H. B. Irving, who also appeared. Still, young Disraeli's political aspirations struck him as incongruous. Besides his day with the hounds, he enjoyed a " jolly ride " with Mrs. Percy Wyndham in Grovely Wood, " on Pamela's horse ". In London he rode frequently with Miss Susan Lushington, and while at Rustington, if he was not out in the *Hoopoe* or the *Scuttler*, seldom failed to ride with his daughters. The weather was " grand " this summer, and these rides, in which they explored the country and found out all manner of new ways into Angmering Park, were always " glorious " or " splendid ". The climax of enjoyment was reached on May 10 :

" A lovely day : all the more so for the soaking everything got yesterday, which made the green greener and everything sparkle. It was the loveliest ride we ever had—through Angmering Park into the woods beyond, through bridle paths all solid blue with hyacinths, and down by a road through beech woods into the unfrequented hollow beyond the clock tower, a place which we had never explored before, a place that seems quite cut off from the world and unsophisticated by roads or hedges, and all just at the moment of most perfect spring beauty. We enjoyed it wildly."

Another " unsurpassably delightful ride " was through Poling and the woods beyond up to " Jack Upperton's Gibbet " and then through lovely ancient country lanes and primrose-starred woods to the Downs and so home through

Angmering. But now, as for many years, he found his greatest refreshment on the sea. The family after a couple of months in town returned to Rustington on July 1, and his summer holiday began in earnest on the 25th. Until August 16, when he left to join his brother-in-law at Liverpool, the *Hoopoe* was out nearly every day. On August 1 he had a first-rate cruise to Selsey Bill and back, and on the 2nd sailed to Hastings, hoping to get on to Rye, but was checked by contrary winds, and had to anchor under Fairlight. Next morning, after watching the fishermen's auction and paying a visit to the Dannreuthers, he set sail for Rye and explored that most fascinating town for the first time. He was nearly swamped in getting back to the yacht, but escaped with a drenching. Wind failed him on his homeward journey, and he got no further than Hastings by midnight. Off Beachy Head the sun rose—" a glorious sight, with five full rigged ships with every sail set in view. The German Emperor's ship with her big ugly convoy, the *Irene*, passed quite close to us on their way down to Cowes: the gulls whirled about and screamed off the great cliff and brown-sailed barges passed us by." Newhaven was resplendent with flags for its regatta, and Brighton black with people in the full swing of a big summer holiday. The wind and tide had been against them, but now the tide served and they beat up to Rustington in two long stretches, arriving at 8.30, but it was 2 A.M. before Hubert and his man Collins towed the yacht into harbour against the tide and made her fast to the piles—a back-breaking job at the end of a day with hardly anything to eat.

Exertion and privation were generally mixed up with enjoyment in these yachting adventures. On this day even their bread ran out. But he was seldom the worse for physical fatigue on the sea, and on the 7th set off again on a most successful cruise in the Solent. One is tempted to adapt Disraeli's phrase (in a letter to Lady Blessington) and to say of Hubert Parry that he was never well save in action, and then he felt immortal. In these years bathing from the shore was given up, save in bad weather, and his

daughters, now both of them good swimmers, bathed with him from the yacht. More sailing followed—with a good deal of duckings and drenchings—and on the 16th he started to join his brother-in-law Lord Pembroke at Birkenhead for a long cruise in his big steam yacht *Black Pearl*. The party included Lady Pembroke, Eddie Hamilton, " Nep " Wheatley and his wife, and the cruise was enjoyable from start to finish. They landed at Douglas, but he found the Isle of Man too much infested with Liverpudlians and disfigured with advertisements to please him. As they cruised along the coast the island looked delectable, picturesque and prosperous. Hubert Parry enjoyed himself thoroughly at Rathlin Island—where their landing was not devoid of excitement—and the Giant's Causeway. The little harbour of Rathlin Island was a delicious little place, and so took his fancy that he felt as if he should like to live a sort of hermit life there, and tried to picture what the lives of the few inhabitants would be like. Thence they passed up the Sound of Jura in glorious weather, threading the Sound of Lorne amid crowds of rocky islands and racing tides, landing in Loch Bin to visit the ancestral castle of the Macleans and so on to Oban, where they were hung up for a couple of days by a broken cylinder and shortage of coal—owing to the South Wales coal-strike. However, a local magnate came to their rescue and they got off on the 22nd through the Sounds of Jura, Lorne and Mull, reaching Tobermory in the evening. Tobermory was fascinating, but Staffa and Iona, which they visited next day, were more suggestive to the imagination by their beauty, isolation and strange history.

Hubert Parry was now in familiar waters ; he had been in these seas with his father in 1863, and found everything unchanged, and the magic even greater. The sea was glorious as they cruised past the islands of the basaltic group, with Ben More in the distance, to Rum, where they anchored in the evening. Next day he " poked about " in the dinghy and explored the melancholy remains of the crofter settlement expatriated some sixty years before. Skye, which they reached on the 25th, formed the

grand climax of the trip and exhausted his vocabulary of eulogy. They cruised all round the island in glorious weather, caught a great many fish, and Hubert had his fill of climbing on the hills east of Coruisk, where the view was " simply stupendous ". Loch Hourn he pronounces the " most glorious of lochs ", but his greatest enthusiasm was lavished on Raasay and the rugged grandeur of the cliffs. " Another part of this wonderful island is all grass and down ; another is beautifully wooded, and yet another a wild waste of rock." He was deeply interested in the crofters and their hard struggle for life, and in particular with one marvellous specimen of a settlement opposite Uig on the flattish slope above the cliff :

" I counted over 50 little slips of land divided off in parallels with the houses casually perched anywhere. The holdings did not look more than a few acres apiece, of bad land in a villainous climate. How they live is a marvel. George [Lord Pembroke] said he had sailed below and saw the inhabitants sitting in rows on the cliffs, motionless. One of the crew shouted to see if they would move, just as he would have done to a lot of gulls. It sounds desperate ".

He wound up a delightful holiday by climbing Quiraing, " a fearfully steep climb, and part of the way we had to go on all fours. It is a very strange place with pinnacles and points of basalt of great height left by subsidence or weathering." They left Skye early on September 1, and he parted from his hosts at Strome Ferry. Eddie Hamilton went with him as far as Grantown and Wheatley as far as Perth, but for the rest of his twenty-two hours' transit he was without company and mostly without food or drink. Still he enjoyed his journey, especially the night entry into Newcastle where he got a bun and a glass of milk, and on reaching Kensington Square was sufficiently refreshed to tackle his correspondence and have a good practice at the pianoforte, going " right through my scales and arpeggios ". His diary during the trip is remarkably full, but there is not a word about music. But then Hubert Parry never reminded unmusical people that

he was a musician. In between festival rehearsals and festivals he continued to get a good deal of refreshment out of Rustington—bathing, boating and riding—even after the College opened. On September 27 he said good-bye to the *Hoopoe* for the year, and on October 11, at the close of a supremely glorious cloudless day—in the course of which he was out in the canoe, bathed, rode through Angmering over the downs towards Findon and round to the Mill and home over Highdown, walked into Littlehampton and paid visits—he took a melancholy farewell of Rustington for 1890. Few summers had given him so much delight, and there is a conspicuous absence of complaints against the weather. There had been a succession of welcome congenial guests, including Miss Kitty Lushington, Miss Daymond and Miss Macintyre. Miss Macintyre sang a great deal and Hubert got her to try Schubert and Brahms with admirable results. "Scamp", however, did not approve, and one night "insisted on singing with Miss Macintyre". But "Scamp's" iniquities were not confined to the sphere of music:

"*September* 20.—Scamp disappeared just at dinner time and couldn't be found anywhere. I sat up for him till midnight. Ultimately he arrived at 3 A.M. and barked vigorously outside. I let him in, but was in such a rage that I couldn't get to sleep again for several hours."

But as the sequel clearly shows he bore no malice to the offender:

"*September* 21.—Morning spent in trimming lamps, peeling apples and such domestic matters, and writing letters. In the afternoon to Littlehampton to give an order, and picked apples. Also bathed with Harold [Rathbone]. After tea washed "Scamp" and slaughtered a number of fleas. Corrected band parts."

This magnanimity broke down a couple of days later when "Scamp" ran away again and was "severely whacked", to the anguish and wrath of the family. As for Hubert's all-round activities, they are very well illustrated by the time-table of what he calls "a Rusty day":

"*September* 22:

8.30. Breakfast.
9-10. Lamp-trimming and picking apples for puddings.
10-11. Corrected proofs.
11. Man came to make arrangements for purchase of apples.
11.15-1. Rode with Gwen along the sands to Goring.
1-2. Lunch. Up to post, and finished *Peau de Chagrin.*
2-7. Picking apples and putting them in the bushel measures, with interval for tea and a bathe.
7-8. Dinner.
8-9. Read newspapers.
9-10. Corrected rest of proofs of 'cello part of *L' Allegro.*
10-11.15. Wrote two new tunes for Doll and Gwen."

He paid a short visit to Highnam after the Worcester Festival to make the acquaintance of his brother Sidney's intended, to whom he pays a pretty compliment: "She looked so perfectly suitable to the surroundings that I felt as if she had been always there". The marriage took place on November 6 in London. Hubert Parry's first impressions were not always so favourable. For example, at the performance of *Esmeralda* on July 12, he met the Duke of Orleans in Lady de Grey's box between the acts and thought him "a complete ass, both empty and vain". No divinity hedged dukes or royalties from Hubert's criticism, if they were arrogant or stupid. Dullness even in a horse he could not endure.

Another brief visit which he thoroughly enjoyed was that spent with the Rates in November near Dorking, where he had a memorable ride through the delicious country round about Leith Hill. And towards the end of this Rustington sojourn Hubert, with his wife and daughters, made an excursion to the Isle of Wight and explored a good part of the island; seeing Carisbrooke Castle to perfection, and rowing from Alum Bay to the Needles, where they saw the wreck of the *Irex*, standing bolt upright with her mast still intact after nine months' knocking about. In the

autumn he sat for his portrait to Harold Rathbone, an experience which he seemed to find more of an ordeal than a pleasure. On December 14 he saw people skating on the Round Pond, went home for his skates and had a good hour's exercise—the only mention of his indulgence in a pastime which he intensely enjoyed. His book list for 1890 is as usual a faithful index of his wide range of interests. History and biography, science and poetry are all represented. One can imagine with what pleasure he read E. F. Knight's *Cruise of the "Falcon"* and *Cruise of the "Alert"*, though he does not record his impressions of these two books. Pole's *Philosophy of Music* interested him greatly, but his admiration is most clearly expressed for Maupassant's *Fort comme la Mort* and Alphonse Daudet's *Jack*. He also read Bourget's *Le Disciple* and *Cruelle Énigme*, Flaubert's *Madame Bovary*, and Balzac's *Recherche de l'Absolu*, *Eugénie Grandet* and *La Peau de Chagrin*. Tolstoi's *Kreutzer Sonata* also appears in the list, but I can find no trace of what he thought of the strange views of art expressed in that work, or of Mr. Kipling's *Plain Tales from the Hills*.

Hubert Parry's setting of *De Profundis* for soprano solo, 12-part chorus and orchestra, completed early in 1891, was by far the most memorable of his new works produced during that year. Of his *Eton*, a setting for chorus and orchestra of Swinburne's Ode written for the celebration of the 450th anniversary of the foundation of the College in June, no mention is made in his diary beyond the bare record of his correcting the band parts on June 16. For the performance of Handel's *L' Allegro ed il Penseroso* at the Handel Society's concert on June 12, Hubert wrote the organ cadenzas, which "seemed to fit in well". The *De Profundis* was produced at the Hereford Festival in September. He stayed with the late Dr. G. R. Sinclair, who afterwards shared in more than one of his yachting excursions, and the new work, which came at the end of the morning programme on September 10, "appeared to me to go extremely well. Everybody seemed extremely pleased with it, and I received the very pleasantest compliments

from all sorts of people afterwards." Of all these tributes none gratified him more than the congratulation of his old and dear friend Spencer Lyttelton, the most sincere and least demonstrative of men, who said " it was my best work and greatest success ".

If, however, few new works from his pen were brought to a hearing in 1891, it was a year of considerable creative activity. He began *Job*, perhaps his finest oratorio, in August, and by the end of the year had completed his setting, for soprano solo, chorus and orchestra, of the Choric Song from Tennyson's *Lotos-Eaters* and the music to the *Frogs* of Aristophanes. The commission from the O.U.D.S. came in the early summer; and on June 5 he records a meeting at Oxford with H. B. Irving, Lord Warkworth and D. G. Hogarth to discuss the arrangements. It was a labour of love from the very beginning; he set to work at once, and was soon writing " furiously " at the first scene, which " seemed to amuse " Dannreuther, " though for the life of me I couldn't play any of it ". By the middle of October he had completed the first version of the full score and pianoforte score of the *Frogs*, though a great deal of revision and alteration remained to be done. The first rehearsal, " with a very rough lot of singers ", was held in C. H. Lloyd's rooms on December 3. Simultaneously he made such good progress with *The Lotos-Eaters* that on December 10 he was able to go right through the score with Dannreuther. The approval of his master, who said that " most of it was wonderful ", was highly encouraging, but the composer's own estimate was more moderate. " I only hope it may ' come off '. Sometimes I am much out of heart about it; and at others I feel that there are very good points in it for me."

Judith was given three times in the first four months of the year. At Oxford after a scratchy rehearsal—the trombones " went off to have a drink after the arrival of the train ",[1] very few of the chorus stayed to the end, and there was no harp—the performance in the evening was

[1] This reminds one of Richter's historic comment on a bibulous trombonist: " With —— it is always quench, quench, quench ! "

"pretty good". At Liverpool the bass trombone "misbehaved himself at rehearsal, but got wiser after a little repartee, in which the chorus supported me". The next morning (February 24) the soprano soloist failed at the eleventh hour, but Miss Anna Williams came from London at a moment's notice and saved the situation. To that generous and unselfish artist it was merely part of the day's work, but Hubert Parry was deeply grateful. The oratorio went very well and was cordially received, Sir Charles Hallé, who came from Manchester to hear it, being "most amiable". At Worcester on April 14 "the band gave him the best of their powers" and they got a really good performance:

"It was one of those occasions when it was more enjoyable than conducting a first-rate lot of experienced singers and players, for the experienced people are sometimes slack in responding to one's directions, but these good people were so keen that they never spared themselves for a moment and responded to every sign I gave them."

His "Cambridge" Symphony was given at Hampstead on April 20 by a small but competent orchestra which read the work "quite wonderfully well" at rehearsal. Hubert Parry's attitude to his work is quite detached:

"I was rather pleased with it, and it doesn't seem to have many bad places in it, but I shall have to give it a good overhauling. The performance at the Concert went extremely well, but the audience didn't care for it at all."

Blest Pair of Sirens was included in the programmes at the Birmingham and Bristol Festivals in October. He stayed with the Cobhams for the Birmingham Festival, and found a "nice suitable company of people, mostly Lyttletons and Talbots", at Hagley. At the rehearsal he was "delightfully welcomed by his Birmingham friends"; on the next day he had "no end of a jolly ride on one of Alfred Lyttelton's splendid hunters", and on the Wednesday the *Sirens* "went finely and was received in a most friendly manner". He has far more to say of the other works—

especially Stanford's *Eden*, which seemed to him brilliantly effective and admirable in poetry and balance, and Dvořák's *Requiem*. The latter work, however, was badly performed, owing to the insecure beat of the composer, who was a poor conductor. Hubert's verdict was decidedly hostile. " The voice parts are often intolerably badly written. The *Dies Irae* is fine, but much of it is mere savagery and Roman Catholic scene painting." At Bristol he suffered, not for the first or the last time, from the profuse and overwhelming hospitality of his hosts. On arrival in the evening of the 22nd he was stuffed with a very heavy meal, attended a not very promising rehearsal, and then was reduced to " suicidal weariness " by three hours in the company of local musicians and amateurs. The events of the following day are thus recorded in his diary :

" Huge breakfast to start the day. Then a drive round Clifton Downs where the views are really lovely. Then to a huge *déjeuner* at 12 o'clock with the Duke of Edinburgh. Turtle, champagne and tons of varied game, etc. Rehearsal of all sorts till 4.30. Then another heavy meal with oysters and turtle with Santley and Lloyd, who were very genial. Then home to dress and back to the concert. Crowded, especially with complacent idiots of local aristocrats and smart people who had come to support the Duke of Edinburgh. . . . I was put next Lord ——, who behaved with such swinish and stupid rudeness that I went and sat somewhere else. The *Sirens* went superbly well after all, and the friendliness of the chorus was overwhelming. Another heavy meal after the Concert and to bed about 1.30 A.M. A terrible day."

The English Opera House had opened in January with Sullivan's *Ivanhoe*, which he heard twice. On February 2, though he felt " eager to be pleased and inclined to ", he was thoroughly disappointed. " There are some very good things in it—Friar Tuck's song and Ulrica's ballad and a good climax here and there, but much of it is flat, characterless and inadequate." He liked it a little better at the second hearing, but that was all. The *Basoche*, which was put on after the withdrawal of *Ivanhoe*, delighted him. He found Messager's score " refined, musical and bright, and

charmingly scored". But the venture ended in disaster: the English Opera House was closed on November 28 and has ever since been devoted to the service of Variety and the "Pictures". Hubert Parry was curiously irresponsive to the appeal of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, and his estimate of the *Gondoliers*, which he heard in April, is even more unflattering than that of *Ivanhoe*. Nor did he share the uncritical enthusiasm which was lavished on Giulia Ravogli in Gluck's *Orfeo*. The performance, which he attended in July, was

"sometimes extremely untidy and the ballet utterly abominable. The *ballerine* were totally at sea in the slow dances and looked ridiculous and ungainly. Giulia Ravogli was good in poses, but unequal in her singing. In *Che farò* she was extremely good; in the *Euridice, cara sposa*, quite different."

A month earlier, when he heard her at the Albert Hall on June 13, she "screeched like a wild cat": but Van Dyck sang the *Schmiedelieder* from *Siegfried* finely and Édouard de Reszke was splendid—as he always was. He heard *Cavalleria Rusticana* for the first time on October 30: "some of it is extremely clever and theatrically effective; but also much of it is blatantly vulgar and common". Hubert Parry could enjoy and admire the sentiment of the late Mr. Pélissier's "Baked Potatoes": but the Intermezzo from *Cavalleria Rusticana* he could not abide. He gives an amusing account of an excruciatingly bad performance of Wagner's *Flying Dutchman* which he heard in November. The company had been organized by Signor Lago, Miss Macintyre was "quite safe" and acted well as *Senta*, and the *Vanderdecken* was passable. But the rest were execrable:

"It was quite a marvel how Arditi, who was conducting, ever got to the end. The singers were incessantly coming in a bar or two, or even more, too soon or too late. The band was rough, the *tempi* were wrong and the chorus simply horrid. Why are the voices of Italian chorus singers, especially the women, simply *brutal*? It is always so."

His operatic experiences for the year ended much more happily with a capital rendering of Cornelius's "very difficult" *Barber of Bagdad*, given by the R.C.M. pupils on December 9. Throughout the year he was as usual an assiduous but discriminating concert-goer. The concert given in May by the Magpie Madrigal Society directed by his friend Lionel Benson, with Cornelius's *Vätergruft* and other choice *a cappella* music, old and new, in the programme, gave him peculiar satisfaction. He went pretty regularly to the Richter concerts, though their attraction had somewhat waned owing to the repetition of favourite numbers. But the performance of "the inexhaustible C minor in July was about the finest I ever heard"; and when the three "Leonora" overtures were all played on the evening of June 8 he found the comparison of Nos. 2 and 3 most interesting:

"In many places I think Beethoven has spoiled No. 2 in the revision. Notably in mending the terrible silences after the big chords near the end of the introduction by putting in wind chords. And also I think the last part after the trumpet call is too long in No. 3. But the second subject is enormously improved. I had to run away in the middle of the concert to the Prince's Hall as the pianist who was playing my A♭ Quartet wrote to say he 'would take my coming as a great favour'. So I felt obliged to go. They played it very well, all but the last movement; and that is faulty in itself."

His comments on the Handel Society's "rough and amateurish" performance of *King Thamos* in June include the much-needed warning that "Mozart is most dangerous stuff for amateurs to meddle with". He went down with the present writer to Cambridge for the concert given in honour of Dvořák on June 15. The audience was gay and plentiful, though "a *Stabat Mater* is a curious choice for such merry times as the so-called May week". But the programme also included Dvořák's exhilarating Symphony in G (No. 4) "which is most of it delightful—specially the ingenuous bell-like episode of the slow movement, and the boisterous and barbarous Finale". Sgambati, the

Italian composer, had a field day at the R.C.M. on July 7, putting the College orchestra through a symphony of his, and a concerto which he played with them. "They read most of it extremely well. It is very unequal stuff—sometimes extremely good, and sometimes pure rubbish. But even the rubbish is well expressed and made effective."

Work at the College went on upon much the same lines, his lectures involving, as always, a great deal of research, copying and editing of music for performance, and visits to the British Museum, where he relied greatly on the help of Mr. Barclay Squire, and to Christ Church library at Oxford. There was also the usual routine of Board meetings, terminal examinations (at which he generally averaged ten hours a day), scholarship examinations and meetings of the Associated Board, for which he again acted as examiner with Mr. Randegger in Jersey at the end of March. We have seen that the inattention and incompetence of his pupils worried him at times, but there is another side to the picture in his diary for July 24, when after an unusually strenuous day at the end of term he adds: "Though fearfully tired I felt quite sorry to leave the dear pupils. I get so fond of so many of them." To the names of those in whom he was specially interested that of Walford Davies now comes in for frequent and honourable mention. Amongst his private pupils the lessons given to the enormously industrious but exasperating prodigy are recorded without comment until, after many months of reticence, he pronounces him on December 19 to be "a greater ass than ever". His lectures and the examinations for degrees at Oxford were a source of mingled feelings. For example, we read on October 21, "my lecture was a bad one, confused and pointless; my head utterly wearied out". On November 26, when he arrived at the theatre, he was "not fit to say a word, but got through somehow, and Dolmetsch gave the audience a very complete dose of old viol music: too much contrapuntal and too little dance music; but his daughter played Christopher Sympson's last 'division' wonderfully well". On December 3 he lectured on Lulli,

and thought it was a good lecture, " but Stainer shook his head and looked cross at many things I said ". Still, these visits kept him in touch with his Oxford friends, old and new : and though some of the dinner parties in the company of " mature professors, all amiable and solid-minded ", were inclined to be ponderous, he was always happy in the company of the Butlers and Pelhams, of Stainer and Lloyd, and enjoyed reviving old memories with Mrs. Liddell, who was on the point of leaving the Deanery. In June he travelled down with Professor Ingram Bywater and records their conversation at length. Bywater's views on the new order were certainly worth preserving :

" He gave me an excellent instance of the manner in which radical reformers beloved of sentimentalists produce totally unlooked-for results. He said the effect of allowing fellows to marry and retain their fellowships was to sever pupils from their tutors, and put an end to the brisk and vivifying interchange of ideas between men of intellectual ability which used to go on in the halls and common-rooms. Now dons go from their villas in the morning, like Government officials, unwillingly to drudgery ; and hurry back by mid-day, considering their duties done, and thenceforward the new duties of social amusements claim them, and the endless dinner parties and dull after-dinner gatherings which make term like a London season."

As for the degree examinations, Hubert Parry had at any rate the satisfaction of feeling that he was striving to maintain a good standard, even though a certain number of "mild tolerables " scraped through. At the close of the year he also examined the first batch of candidates for musical degrees at the University of London. The results were unsatisfactory, but in his view they were bound to be. " The conditions of the examination—planned by scientists and doctrinaires—make a vast lot of acoustics necessary and consequently the candidates are almost all appalling duffers in Music, and altogether second-rate all round. I never saw such papers—quite appallingly bad." As Hubert had never shirked the study of acoustics himself, this deliberate

opinion cannot be set down to obscurantism or anti-scientific bias. He believed in looking at his art through as many windows as possible; and distrusted an undue preoccupation with scientific research as much as the temper which accepted the promptings of the emotions as the only guidance that counted.

Hubert Parry was no specialist, and the record of his play-going this year illustrates his catholic taste. He saw *The Dancing Girl*, *London Assurance*—" a very well-written play and extremely well acted all round ", *The Idler*, " an amusing triviality, youthful but effective "; *The Last Word*, with Ada Rehan the " star " in a " second-rate and stodgy company ", and liked it better than he expected: " We went round to see her afterwards, and I discovered some of her charm. Very responsive, quick and bright." But the play which interested him most was *Hedda Gabler*, though " the woman is almost too great a fiend to be believed in, and a character hard to piece together; but worth thinking about ". He loved the pantomime and good fooling, but he was not one of those who, in Dr. Johnson's phrase, went to entertainments " because they were afraid to sit at home and think ".

At Rustington he continued his rides, mostly with his younger daughter, but the weather this summer was less favourable and gave rise to a good deal of objurgation. Sailing was now his chief refreshment, and his fleet received an impressive addition in the ketch, built for him by Harvey of Littlehampton, and successfully launched on September 17. " The performance went off finely; Doll and Gwen christened her together and did it very well. It was great fun sliding off in her and she looked fine in the water." The *Dolgwandle*—for such was the portmanteau-name given to the ketch in honour of her sponsors—was built for trading purposes and started on her first cruise on October 3. On November 5 we read that the *Dolgwandle* had made her first voyage successfully, and was at Dartmouth loading timber. But in this summer his sailing was done in the *Hoopoe* and the *Scuttler*. In the first named he went over to inspect the Channel

Squadron and the racing yachts in the Solent on August 12 —with specially honourable mention of the *Iverna*, *Thalia* and a new yawl the *Columbine* — and then joined his brother-in-law in the *Black Pearl* for an extended cruise *viâ* Weymouth, Torquay, Plymouth, round the Land's End to Clovelly, and so into the northern waters covered in the previous year. At Plymouth they visited Lord Mount Edgcumbe and witnessed the havoc wrought in his demesne by an easterly gale in the winter, which had uprooted 4000 trees. From Clovelly they went to Bucks, the fishing hamlet in Bideford Bay, and had an amusing interview with old James Braund, " the King of Bucks " —fisherman, pilot and poet, whose rhymed record in thirty-six stanzas of his exploits Hubert Parry preserved. It concludes with the rescue of two fishermen who had got entangled in their nets in a heavy sea :

> " He haul'd them, caught in their own trap,
> Into his boat with skill ;
> Untangled them upon his lap
> And did their bellies fill."

The run from Holyhead to Islay in a very strong breeze was " the fiercest sailing I ever had ". The cruise in the north confirmed him in the view that " Loch Hourn is the loveliest loch, as Scavaig and Coruisk are the sternest and wildest in Scotland ". At Staffa the sea was so calm that they were able to row into the cave, and he made out its note to be B, starting from water level, and was much puzzled to find it gave E from the platform. " Of course it must vary with the state of the tide. My first test was made at dead low water." On their way to Strome Ferry, whence he came south, in the narrow part of the Sound of Sleat they " came across the two famous old racers, *Egeria* and *Jullanar*, cruising through within a few yards of one another, and obviously competing again though their racing days are over. The ' shoehorn ' stem of the *Jullanar* makes her very ugly." Here it may be added that he paid two visits to the Naval Exhibition this year and found the Panorama of Trafalgar

" supremely interesting, giving a powerful sense of the grandeur and splendour of that one period of naval fighting. The scene is superb, with that immense line of sailing-ships stretching away into the far distance. The beautiful and the terrible is a grand exhibition." That was in June, but when he went again in October he saw heaps of interesting things he had missed before—notably the water map of ocean currents and the series of cannons from Edward III.'s time. But everything relating to the sea and those who go down to it in ships, whether for trade or adventure, war or recreation, was an unfailing source of interest to one who came through his grandmother of a fighting naval stock. Besides the " Frog " people at Oxford a number of new friends appear in the diary—notably Arthur Davies, Sylvia du Maurier and Miss Macintyre. The company of the Burne-Joneses continued to give him increasing pleasure. He speaks of " B.-J. " being in " one of his most luminous and delightful moods " at Lady Betty Balfour's in March ; and records in November " B.-J.'s " observations on what Disraeli once called " that lubber the public ", complaining of their incapacity to appreciate beauties of design :

" They never take any notice of the thing that gives me far the most trouble, and go into ecstasies over a trick of merely reproducing exactly some trifling effect. Artists as a body ignore design altogether."

More interesting were his criticisms, tempered with generous praise, of William Morris at a dinner party at the Richmonds on December 17 :

" B.-J. thought it a pity he so diffused his powers in various lines and brought nothing to the highest perfection he might have been capable of with more concentration and patience. But we disagreed as to whether any other way of work would have been possible to him. B.-J. said his fits lasted about 3 years, and had comprised theology (!!), architecture, folk lore, illuminations, furniture (and carpets) and Socialism, and the worst (for its effects on him) had been Socialism."

There is also a lively account of another dinner at the Richmonds in May in the company of the Bryces,

Prinsep, Andrew Lang and Lord Morris, whom Hubert did not find so amusing as his reputation led him to expect :

" I talked a good deal to him after dinner. He said the reason the Irish had not been rabid with him for his Unionist opinions was because he once said in a speech that no man, whether drunk or sober, could ever mistake him for anything but an Irishman. Which is true as a statement, and explains his position better than his saying it. Andrew Lang was indolently indifferent to the company."

Of these personal impressions, the most characteristic is that of Oscar Wilde, who with his wife joined a large party at Wilton at the end of July—the other guests being George Wyndham and Lady Grosvenor, Michael Herbert and his wife and sister, Miss Peel and her brother, and Lady Katie Thynne, afterwards Lady Cromer.

" Oscar Wilde talked incessantly—mostly blather. In the smoking room a sort of symposium was held with him for centre. . . . On Sunday Oscar took *tête-a-tête* walks with all the ladies in succession. . . . All the days of this week were filled choke-full with the usual wasteful clatter of society. Everybody was always talking hard and the hours were fearfully late. I spent all my spare time in correcting proofs, and looking over history papers. We had a little lawn tennis, but not much, as it mostly rained in torrents.

" As long as Oscar Wilde was at Wilton he was the centre of attraction—always talking either to a solitary lady or a group of entranced listeners. Sometimes I thought him amusing, once or twice brilliant, often fatuous. His great gift is perfect assurance—truly brazen when he is talking nonsense. For when he is quite tired out he trusts to his deliberate manner of slow enunciation to carry off perfectly commonplace remarks. One evening, when he was quite exhausted with successive *tête-à-têtes*, the smoking room symposium formed itself as usual with George Wyndham as leader. G. W. really did all the talking, and all O. W. could do was to reiterate very slowly, when reference was made to somebody or another : ' How old is he ? ' at which the assembly looked uncommonly interested. He was at his best about art and literature, and thoroughly idiotic about politics and social questions.

" By the end of his visit I thoroughly detested him. I thought George Wyndham (who played into his hands to make him talk) talked much better than he did. When G. W. went away one of the Peels played up to O. W. in the same way and made him talk even greater bunkum. I made friends with Mrs. Wilde, who is a very strange person, who has abnegated all balance of mind and all self-control, but is at the same time kind, natural and willing to serve her friends at any moment. . . .

" When the Wyndhams and Wildes and Katie Thynne and the Peels left, another Peel and Margot and Lady Brownlow took their places. Margot was excessively wild, and sometimes quite alarmed me with her demonstrativeness. I found all the Peels delightful to talk to—full of enthusiasm about poetry and art, and if anything too quick and eager and undiscriminating in sympathetic response."

There was a most successful school feast on July 30 with races and games, at which the children seemed wildly happy, and it was " a real delight to see so many human creatures enjoying themselves. George [Lord Pembroke] was capital and his big voice invaluable, and Miss Leiter [afterwards Lady Curzon] threw herself into it capitally too." These simple joys proved a welcome antidote to the carnival of sophisticated chatter which had gone before, and there is a world of relief in the brief entry on the following day : " Came away to dear little Rusty, and were all well content to be established there again." Hubert's dislikes were often vigorously expressed in his diary, but I have encountered no other instance of his recording a cordial detestation. The strange thing about it was that he was apparently in a minority of one. He could put up with a good deal in people who were not dull, but this episode proves that there were limits to his tolerance.

Throughout the year there are intermittent references to his health. His heart still gave him trouble and his nerves are described as " bristling " after overwork. But he seldom paid heed to these warnings. It is characteristic of him that when he was the worse for bathing, he went on bathing until his cold became " atrocious ".

Sittings for his portrait to Herman Herkomer were resumed in the summer, and at the same time Harold Rathbone was engaged on a pastel portrait which, in the sitter's view, he had completely spoiled, " as artists so often do, by trying to work it up to an artistic standard ". Christmas found the family again at Wilton, where he got some skating and spent his time " as usual at Wilton, pottering a good deal and doing some work off and on ". There were no perturbing guests this time, and he had a day's hunting in Grovely, " not bad for wood-hunting ". But the brightest memory of his visit was that of the pictures at Longford, which impressed him even more than when he saw them first, notably Quentin Matsys' Egidius, Holbein's Erasmus and the Paris Bordone. Lady Radnor's enthusiasm for music was a bond between them, but he admired her for the way she put her heart into whatever she did.

His novel reading this year was more than usually varied, varying from Turgeniev to Hall Caine, from *One of our Conquerors* to *Mr. Potter of Texas* (" silly stuff too," he adds in his list). Flaubert, Du Boisgobey, Bourget, Kipling, Henry James, W. E. Norris, Miss Braddon, Rhoda Broughton are also there ; but little comment is found in the diary except on Lucas Malet's *Wages of Sin*, of which he observes that, though brilliant and clever in parts, the sin was not big enough and the wages were feeble. By way of more solid fare there are Lecky's *History of England in the XVIIIth Century*, Browning's *Ring and the Book* and two other volumes of his poetry. From Wilton he went to Freshwater to stay with the Tennysons at the New Year, and has left in his diary a detailed account of his visit, which grew out of his setting of *The Lotos-Eaters* :

" *January* 2.—Tennyson turned up at tea time and immediately fell foul of me for using the slang word ' awfully '. We had a passage of arms and I confessed that I did not put much guard on my tongue, but used the words in familiar use and familiarly understood. He growled out : ' I'd sooner you said bloody ', but was good-humoured in the end, though he often attacked me

laughingly again on the same score. I sat with Hallam in his little snuggery at the top of the house for some time, and when Tennyson took his regulation half-hour's walk up and down the 'ball-room' before dinner, I walked with him. He brightened up considerably and seemed less deaf and decrepit. . . . He talked about Hell, and said he had been telling the new Bishop of —— that he did not believe in it, whereon the Bishop replied in a whisper that he didn't either. He also talked a good deal about the critics and the unfavourable way they had treated him, which seems always on his mind."

Hubert Parry notes that while Tennyson was a precisian in style, he was not mealy-mouthed in his conversation. He did not refrain from quoting unsavoury anecdotes from Brantôme, but at the same time was eloquent in condemning the immorality of the sensual world:

"We were a party of four at dinner, and it was a very plentiful though homely meal—several meats and many wines. Tennyson chiefly drank brandy, of which there were two bottles before him, and he was much exercised as to which he should drink from, as it appeared the quality was very diverse. . . . After dinner I sat in Hallam's room till about 10.30 and then came down to the library, where I found Tennyson with a small candlestick which he was holding close to his nose, while reading a book he held in the other hand. He soon set to work reading, and began with *The Lotos-Eaters*. It struck me at once that it was not a prepared or careful performance, as he frequently ignored stops, and ran phrases into one another, with little apparent regard for the sense, but he evidently greatly enjoyed himself. This manner of reading is most strange—I should think something after the manner of the ancient professional reciters of epics and songs amongst barbarous peoples. He pitched his voice rather high for average intoning and raised or dropped it for special words. Moreover he was much given to a rather commonplace lilt—a sing-song method of enforcing the accents which rather jarred with my sense of the rhythmic variety of the written verse. If I had heard him read before I read his works I never should have thought him capable of such exquisite effects of subtle variety in the treatment of his metres. But it was a most interesting experience. After *The Lotos-Eaters* he began

talking about *Maud* and then read a great deal of that too. Then he got discussing critics again, and the variations of the sense of measure and rhythm in poets generally. Of Browning he said: 'It's strange: Browning was a musical man, and understood music, but there's no music in his verse. Now I am unmusical and I don't understand music, but I know there's music in my verse.' I asked him if he ever deliberately adopted alliteration as an effect. He said that he often found some particular passage sounded specially pleasing and attractive, and that when he came to examine it, he found it was some accidental alliteration, 'but then I often take it out.' He kept talking till quite late and then went off to say good-night to his wife. It is the most old-fashioned house I ever saw, with dim candle lamps in the passages, four-poster beds, hundreds of Mrs. Cameron's photographs, ugly wallpapers and early Victorian furniture. But I slept well all the same!

"*January* 3.—After breakfast Tennyson read to me the Wellington Ode, which he appeared to want me to set. It is a grand poem, but not suitable for music as it stands. I also had to play to him my version of *The Lotos-Eaters*. He did not understand much of it, but was quite amiable, and then we went for a short walk. He went very slowly and talked volubly all the time, constantly stopping to enforce his remarks. After lunch they kindly sent me in a dog-cart to Newport, where I picked up a train, and by very slow degrees got back to Wilton about 10 P.M."

Throughout January he was hard at work on *Job*, and by the 24th took a good deal of it to Dannreuther. "I never saw him so enthusiastic about anything of mine before. He said Job's 'Lamentation' was 'magnificent'." Hubert Parry was also busy with the chapters on Scales and Folk Music for his book on *The Art of Music* and the revision of the proofs of *The Lotos-Eaters*, and attended the rehearsal and performance of *De Profundis* by the Highbury Philharmonic Society under Mr. Betjemann, a much-respected violinist and in his way a first-rate musician:

"Betjemann knows the score thoroughly and can sing any part and correct any instrument that plays a wrong note, but almost all the *tempi* were wrong, the phrasing

rough, and there was a total absence of intelligence in every particular where it was wanted. But they had taken infinite pains with it, and I couldn't help feeling under great obligation to everybody concerned."

To return to *Job*—he got to the end of the "Lamentation" on the 26th, and as a suitable preparation for a month which gave him the most splendid fun he ever had in his life, went to the Gaiety Theatre on the 30th with a merry party: "Fred Leslie as usual marvellously vivacious. He gave me a real good agonizing laugh, for which I was grateful." February began with a ten-hours' day, teaching, writing and revising, which left him "inexpressibly weary". But it turned out one of the happiest months of his life, drawing more closely than ever the ties that bound him to Oxford, and endearing him to all the undergraduates who took part in or attended the performance of the *Frogs*, detailed accounts of which will be found in a later chapter. The series of Oxford Classical Concerts, chiefly due to the enterprise of Sir Henry Hadow, had just completed their first season, and for many years Hubert Parry was a generous promoter of the scheme, the concerts being often provided by the pupils of the R.C.M.

On May 3 his "old Symphonic Suite" was given by the Sheffield Orchestral Society. The score and parts had been mislaid (as so often happened), and he had spent the best part of a day hunting for them in March. The Eton Ode was done by the Handel Society on May 26, a "rough but energetic performance", but his diary is mainly taken up at this time with the bare record of lessons and a variety of engagements from morning till night. "Poor old *Job* doesn't get much chance." In June he attended the first performance of *The Lotos-Eaters* at Cambridge. After a moderate rehearsal the work "went finely" at the concert and the audience "seemed to like it well enough". He notes, however, that some of the critics who were sympathetic as a rule were not pleased. "I suppose they have made up their minds what sort of music I ought to write, and object to my trying to widen my field." A fortnight later he was once more at Oxford for the *Sirens*, which went

splendidly: "the crammed audience welcomed me uproariously, I suppose in memory of the *Frogs*". He had been given the honorary Mus.Doc. by Cambridge in 1883 and by Oxford in 1884. Trinity College, Dublin, followed suit in July 1892:

"*July* 6.—. . . I had to go with Irving in the procession, and he amused me very much. The students made more fuss about him than anybody, and I really think he was a little embarrassed, though well pleased at being the hero of the hour. We had to 'process' in our robes, and he said it was all very well to appear in brilliant garments on the stage, but in the open air it made him feel shy. He jerked out little remarks as he went along. I liked Michael Foster the physiologist. Leighton was there, magnificent and beautiful, and Alma Tadema, stumpy and croaky and ugly, but agreeable and friendly. After the degrees I went to see some of the wonderful Irish MSS. of the 7th and 8th centuries in the Library—most interesting work and a marvel of preservation. I like to gloat over the thought of the many generations of men, surrounded by savages and dwelling in a land of rain and discomfort, carefully tending these little books in some dry and well-kept nook for century after century so that they are as fresh as when they were written."

While in Dublin he stayed at the house of Sir Robert Stewart, and in the words of his host "left charming memories after him, both as artist and gentleman". He returned to London by the night mail, but was prevented from sleeping by "infernal snorers". It would not be true to say that he was a good hater, but he did not suffer gladly people who snored, any more than fools, "asses" or "dull dogs". And though he added to the glory of choral and vocal music, he was not enamoured of solo singers as a rule. In the same month he attended a rehearsal for a memorial concert after a gorgeous lunch given by one of the patrons, and his comments might serve as a motto for that famous satiric sketch of the "Follies," *Everybody's Benefit*:

"The singers were perfectly odious one and all. Their presumption, vanity, back-biting, greediness and levity

were beyond words. I'd sooner be a scavenger than live in their society for a day."

His diary for 1892 ends abruptly on August 18, when for the third year in succession he was cruising on board his brother-in-law's yacht. The diary, therefore, gives no record of the first performance of *Job*, which was given at the Gloucester Festival on September 8. We know, however, from a letter written to Dannreuther a week later, that the rehearsals were anything but encouraging. Mr. Plunket Greene, who sang the arduous bass solos of the name part with conspicuous success, has given me a vivid account of one disastrous day. He was staying at Highnam, and Hubert and he started off in the morning for Gloucester in an open carriage drawn by an ancient horse. On the way the vehicle broke down so completely that they had to complete the journey on foot. But this was only the prelude to a chapter of accidents at the rehearsal, which went badly from beginning to end, and they walked back to Highnam in stony silence, Hubert carrying the full score. For the sequel we may turn to his letter to Dannreuther, dated September 16 :

" I came back [from the cruise with Lord Pembroke] just in time for sundry rehearsals, and got very depressed over them. I thought old master Job would come totally to grief, but somehow he didn't this time, and everybody seemed to take to him very kindly. Plunket Greene sang his part amazingly well, and sent people into floods right and left. He went right through with it without any shade of weariness from first to last. I send you a copy in memory of all the help you gave me over it."

This account of the reception of his work will be borne out by those who were present — including the present writer. The press notices were uniformly laudatory : and the *Athenæum*, which may serve as a representative of the best left-centre criticism of the time, speaks of the plan of the oratorio as unconventional if not unique, the choral writing throughout as picturesque and masterly, and the " Lamentations " as " not only one of the longest declamatory solos in existence, but also one of the finest " :

"That Dr. Parry had written nothing finer than *Job* is generally admitted, and his boldness in dispensing with set airs, fugal choruses, and an elaborate *finale* is abundantly justified by results; indeed he might say with Haydn, that 'the rules are all my obedient, humble servants'."

It may be added that the performance of *Job* in succession by all the three Choir Festivals was unparalleled in their annals since the production of Haydn's *Creation*.

The entries in his diary for 1893 are sparse and scrappy, whole months passing without a note. It is obvious that he felt the continuous strain of giving lessons severely, and such an entry as "Pupils in the morning: very tired afterwards" is typical of his references to his teaching work. Not that his pupils were invariably a source of weariness; but Walford Davies and R. H. Walthew were exceptions. There is a generous reference to the former in a note on a rehearsal at Dannreuther's in January, where he says "Davies's E♭ Quartet sounded very well. . . . My G Trio went very badly and sounded poor after Davies's warm work."

In the same month his incidental music to *Hypatia*, a romantic and ambitious play by Mr. Stuart Ogilvie, was heard at the Haymarket Theatre, under the management of Sir Herbert Tree. The relations between the actor-manager and the composer were not altogether free from friction. At the last moment Tree sprang upon him the suggestion that he should provide music to accompany a scene of considerable length, and Hubert Parry, exasperated by the demand, retorted, "Look here, Tree, what you ought to do is to go out into the street and hire a d——d barrel organ".

Before Easter he was threatened with a break-down unless he took a complete rest, and accordingly he went on a long yachting holiday, from April 28 to June 25, in the *Black Pearl* with Lord Pembroke and the Brownlows, visiting Rome, Naples, Pompeii and Corsica. At the Worcester Festival in September he was represented by his overture "To an Unwritten Tragedy". In spite of the title and the absence of a "programme" he owned to

having *Othello* in his head, as Mr. Herbert Thompson of the *Yorkshire Post* correctly guessed in his notice. *Job* was given at Highbury in January—a performance which was "mostly torture" to the composer, though Plunket Greene "sang finely"—and *Judith* at Norwich and Birmingham. A link that bound him to the past was snapped at the close of the year by the death of his old master, Sir George Elvey; and he writes of the funeral at Windsor, which he attended, on December 14 as "a very sad ceremony, reviving old memories" of his happy Eton days. But "it was a compensation to see something of the Parratts [Sir Walter had succeeded Elvey as organist of St. George's, Windsor, in 1882], and they have such a delightful dog".

To 1894 belong the suite for strings in F, "Lady Radnor's Suite", composed for her orchestra, completed in February, and performed for the first time on June 29, together with an arrangement of a suite by Boyce. The most important of his new works, however, was *King Saul*. On this oratorio he was engaged pretty continuously throughout the spring and summer. By May 13 he was able to take an instalment to Henschel, who went through it, professed approval, and stated that he would certainly undertake the principal part at the Birmingham Festival, for which the work had been commissioned. In September he was busy revising proofs and band parts, and on October 3 *King Saul* was given at Birmingham. There is no comment on the performance in his diary, but the anxiety and strain of first performances often rendered him unable to gauge correctly the impression created on his audiences by his new works. Where he erred, it was invariably on the side of underestimating their appeal. Even with compositions which had established themselves in favour he was seldom satisfied with the results. *The Glories of our Blood and State*, given at Oxford in June, "sounded pretty gloomy". *Job* was performed at Leeds, Liverpool and at the Hereford Festival in September, when it "didn't seem to me to go well at all". His *Unwritten Tragedy* overture was heard at the Philharmonic concert

of April 19, and though "Mackenzie took great pains with it, it was not very well received". *Judith* was given at Chester and Warwick, and the *St. Cecilia* Ode at Dewsbury; but many of these provincial performances he was unable to attend owing to his official engagements as teacher, lecturer and examiner. It was said of a highly strung and indefatigable civil servant that he kept himself from going mad by habitual overwork. Hubert Parry's portion, now and to the end of the chapter, was overwork, but it did not exert a sedative influence, as may be gathered from a typical entry in this year:

"Exam. at Oxford in the morning. Up to town directly afterwards. 6 pupils in the afternoon. Utterly demoralized and nearly crazy."

Such a condition seems hardly to augur well for undertaking a post of larger and more exacting responsibilities, but his power of recovery from exhaustion was extraordinary, and continued to be to the end of his life. His appointment as Director of the Royal College of Music did not relieve him from overwork; it meant overwork in a new form, and the change brought a new stimulus to his energies. It is at least arguable that if he had continued working on the same lines and at the same high pressure as he had done in the 'eighties and early 'nineties, he would have collapsed completely in ten years; in fine, that his promotion gave him a new lease of life. It was precarious, because of his inability to work except at top speed, and his incurable habit of combining recreation with risk; but the fact remains that, in spite of serious illness and break-downs, his bodily and mental vigour remained unimpaired until the last few weeks of his life.

Sir George Grove, who was now in his seventy-fifth year and in failing health, had for some time been exercised about the appointment of his successor. But three years before his resignation he had no doubt as to who it should be. Under date February 1, 1891, there is a memorandum in his note-book: "N.B. to write to the Prince and tell him about the qualifications of C. H. H. P. to succeed me".

This of course did not settle the question, though "G.'s" preference would naturally carry considerable weight, based as it was on long and intimate friendship and association. They met constantly at the Crystal Palace concerts, at "G.'s" house or at the houses of the von Glehns and others of the Sydenham coterie. In 1874, when the prospectus of the *Dictionary of Music and Musicians* was first issued, Hubert Parry was one of the first to enlist under Grove's banner, acting as sub-editor in the early stages of the work, to which he was a voluminous and valued contributor. In 1875, when "G." was still editor of *Macmillan*, he published a group of poems from Hubert's pen. And though their ten years' association at the Royal College had not been entirely free from occasional divergences on matters of musical training and administration, the bond of intimate personal affection was never relaxed. Hubert Parry repeatedly mentions the delight he took in "G.'s" company and conversation. What "G." thought of him may be learned from the appeal which he made to his pupils in the spring of 1893:

"You all of you know that he was very ill before Easter. But you are perhaps not aware how very serious his illness was. His doctors warned me then that unless his work were lightened, the worst consequences would probably follow. Now Dr. Parry's lessons and lectures at College are only a part of his work. He is one of the greatest English musicians of to-day, and as such is constantly being applied to for oratorios or overtures, or other such little compositions: *and he never refuses.* It is a characteristic of his beautiful nature. For instance, he will never say *no* to any one of you who asks him for an extra ten minutes: never scold you or refuse to take you if you bring your work badly done. But I entreat you, don't do it. Those ten minutes—those little extra worries are death to him: they are the things that send hard-worked men to their graves. You must carefully avoid them, or you may be responsible for something *very* serious indeed."

It is a generous and touching appeal, and, to adapt his own words, characteristic of "G.'s" beautiful nature.

But in the stress of his emotion " G." is led into a slight exaggeration; for Hubert Parry, as he himself admits, was capable on occasion of speaking with considerable asperity to his pupils. And the impression conveyed that he never refused a commission is not in accordance with facts, though he would have consulted his reputation better had he said " no " more frequently.

Hubert Parry's appointment to the Directorship of the Royal College of Music did not become known even to his intimate friends till within six weeks of his taking up his duties at the New Year. One of the first of the many letters of congratulation was from Sir Charles Stanford, a friend of twenty years' standing, who had been indefatigable in introducing his compositions to the notice of the public from the early 'seventies, when he played his pianoforte duet in E minor at Cambridge with Mr. McClintock, afterwards Dean of Armagh:

" *November* 23, 1894.

" It is not in my heart to ' congratulate ' you, because I think your music much more important than any office in the world, and I only hope you really won't let it interfere with your private work and that you will make them give you lots of devils to do the grind. You know you may rely on me to help you in any way I can, in and out of season. . . . Dear old man, it is the greatest pleasure I could have to be under your thumb."

The chorus of congratulations was general, though some of the heartiest and most affectionate were tempered by the misgiving that Parry's time for original composition might be still further curtailed. Professor Prout wrote that, in his opinion, " it is the Royal College rather than yourself that is to be congratulated ". The same note emerges in the letters of Mr. Warre Cornish of Eton and of Sir Alexander Mackenzie. The latter owned to a " tinge of selfishness " in his congratulations:

" I must tell you frankly that personally I am delighted with your appointment for the simple reason that there has always been a sympathetic link between us as musicians

and men. And that fact must operate pleasantly and helpfully in our closer connexion as the responsible heads of our Schools."

This anticipation was completely justified in the sequel. It is characteristic of Hubert Parry that among the letters received on his appointment and carefully kept was one from the boy who had sung the part of the Shepherd's boy in *Job* at Liverpool: he invariably treasured these tributes from young people. That he was not unduly elated by his promotion, or deflected from his habitual self-criticism, may be gathered from a letter written to Mr. Robin Benson just after his appointment. Mr. Benson had asked him to make a selection of his (Hubert's) music for a friend, a musical enthusiast at the Cape. Hubert wrote deprecating "too big a dose of me". He had doubts about *Job*, but agreed in recommending the *Sirens*. But he strongly urged Mr. Benson to send his friend Stanford's *Revenge* and *Eden*, Mackenzie's violin pieces, Arthur Somervell's songs, Brahms's *Liebeslieder*, Bülow's edition of Beethoven's later sonatas and Liszt's transcriptions from *Tristan* and the *Ring*. A few days earlier, in acknowledging a letter of congratulation from another old friend, Arthur Coleridge, he writes:

"Such missives as yours encourage me a bit to hope I may contrive to do better than I should presume to expect. But it's a terrible handicap coming after the dear old 'G.'; and I shall go into office in the lowest of spirits to think what a hopeless blank his leaving us will make in the place."

He goes on to speak of the "astonishing generosity" of some people who had more claims on the post and had done more for the College. But he was greatly comforted by the strength of the staff: "At all events there we are undoubtedly strong and well set up".

Sir George Grove, though he felt the wrench of leaving his beloved College terribly, drew his chief consolation at a time of infinite regret from being "perfectly satisfied" with his successor. As he wrote to Miss Florence Coleridge:

" Parry has all my virtues and others that I could never aspire to ". Among the letters which " G." preserved was that which Parry wrote to him from Wilton at Christmas :

" DEAREST OLD G. . . .

" I can't express myself about the situation. . . . I realize too vividly and painfully what it must be to you, with all your energies and sympathies fully alive, to be giving up a thing so engrossing and valuable as the College work. . . . It may be a comfort to you to feel how intensely every one, from the topmost Professor to the smallest boy, feels your going. I hope it is. I feel very strongly that my first efforts will be enveloped in gloom ! It will be a long while before the place regains any of its cheerfulness."

The new term opened on January 7, 1895, and Hubert Parry devoted his first address to " our dear old first Director ". In his diary he says that he missed saying much that he wanted and intended to say, but the address, which stands first in the collection [1] edited by Mr. H. C. Colles, is a fine eulogy of " G.'s " great qualities and his whole-hearted enthusiasm for whatever was really good in art and letters and life :

" When did any of us meet with a man so alive to everything that was honourably delightful, whether as beauty of thought, or grace of language, or noble dignity of sentiment, or vivacity of humour ? What mind so well stocked or cosmopolitan ? But alas ! all human things are transient in a sense—and in a sense we lose him. But it is the happy outcome of an honourable life that things which belong to it are not so transient as they seem. It is true we lose the immediate influence of his personality. But the influence of his work may last long beyond the limited vista of the lives of even the youngest of us. Let our old Director be, as it were, our patron Saint. If we can but live and act as he would have us, truly this College will be an honour to our country, a very beacon set on a hill, and will help to make our art to be held in such honour as has not been paid to it for hundreds of years."

[1] *College Addresses delivered to the Pupils of the Royal College of Music*, by Sir Hubert Parry (Macmillan, 1920).

There was no lack of fitting acknowledgment and commemoration of Grove's services to the College, in the shape of the portrait by Charles Furse, the bust by Alfred Gilbert and the address from 488 pupils past and present; but I imagine few things appealed to him more than the Schubert concert organized as a "special offering" in his honour by his successor, and held in March 1895.

CHAPTER VIII

DIRECTOR OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC

JUDGED by the tests of prominence, of the commanding official position which he now held in the musical world, and the energy and success he displayed and achieved as an administrator, Hubert Parry's directorship of the Royal College may be regarded as the climax of his professional career. In the view of some critics he had done his great creative work before 1895. Others, who speak with at least equal authority, dissent from this view. The majority of his works on a large scale, specially composed for provincial Festivals after that date, as one of his great admirers has said, were marked by a prevailing austerity and a consistent preference for subjects of a deeply serious character. But this is not to say that he did not often rise to the level of *Job* or *Blest Pair of Sirens*, notably in the *Hymn to the Nativity* and, above all, the intensely individual Motets, the ripe fruit of his latest years, to say nothing of many beautiful songs and madrigals and "Jerusalem". The conditions of his life and the demands on his time rendered it harder than ever for him to secure that continued immunity from interruption which is commonly regarded as essential to creative activity. They did not prevent his making three valuable contributions to the critical literature of music in his *Evolution of the Art of Music*, his *Style in Musical Art* and, above all, his fine monograph on Bach—the noblest homage to that great genius in the English language.

Those of Parry's own generation whose admiration of his music remains unimpaired may be confident of its

abiding quality, but they cannot demur to the statement recently made by Dr. Dent, that "whatever the judgment of posterity may be, the opinion that he was a really great composer is not at present universally accepted". But the words that follow are memorable and incontestable:

"What few people outside England realized, and what every one who belonged to the musical community inside England admitted without qualification, was that Parry, quite apart from his compositions and his books, was one of our great men. If England to-day is an incomparably more musical country than it was in 1880, that change is due in the main to the influence of that splendid and inspiring personality.

"Perhaps the best tribute to the memory of Parry is the fact that we have now in England a number of musicians, some of them not yet out of their student days, who, to the incalculable benefit of the country, are all striving clearly, according to their several degrees of ability, to pursue that example of public-spirited and disinterested leadership. The leader of this band of leaders is Parry's successor as Director of the Royal College of Music in London, Sir Hugh Allen."[1]

Of what Dr. Dent happily calls "the statesman's attitude towards music", Sir Hugh Allen, for many years one of Hubert Parry's closest friends, learned from him more than perhaps any one else. In this regard there is no question as to Parry's claim to greatness, when one considers the difficulties and drawbacks of his position. He gave music a leadership, in which it had been wanting; but it was no easy task.

One might easily be led to suppose, because he was the son of a well-to-do and well-born country gentleman, and was never obliged to work for his living, or write musical pot-boilers, that his path was smoothed and freed from the irksome and painful embarrassments which beset the poor musician. But the social traditions of his class were in their way an equally serious handicap. The young artists of to-day cannot be expected to realize what any enter-

[1] *The Music Bulletin*, January 1919.

prising or original spirit had to face in the 'seventies or 'eighties; to understand how much courage and independence was required in any one who ventured to strike out a new line, untrammelled by fashion or custom. Personality and originality were not welcomed in those days, as they are now, when the mere avoidance of the obvious sends people into ecstasies. Even some of his most intimate musical friends were so far bound by tradition as to resent Parry's music as "abstruse". Now the pendulum has swung so far in the opposite direction that a clean cut with *all* tradition is advocated by extreme modernists. Fifty years ago the prejudice against "the d——d fiddler" had not altogether died out. On the other hand, some professional musicians regarded the adoption of that career by one who belonged to "the classes" in the light of an unfair intrusion or competition; and some of the musical critics of his early days never lost an opportunity of rubbing it in. For a man of gentle or even noble birth to take up music nowadays is almost fashionable. Parry had to fight his way to recognition against the twofold antagonism of professional jealousy and social or class prejudice. He proved to the one that the "amateur" might be a master of his craft; and to the other that it was possible to be a distinguished musician without ceasing to be a man of the world, an all-round and intrepid athlete, and a great gentleman. In breaking down these barriers, which no longer exist but were once formidable, Parry played a conspicuous part. Certainly no one could have been better equipped to destroy the old conventional view of the musician as a long-haired, effeminate, sedentary and socially "impossible" being. But the external prosperity and success of his later life ought not to blind us to the arduousness of his early struggles. What they meant for music and for the students at the Royal College in the 'eighties and 'nineties cannot be better expressed than in the words of Mr. S. P. Waddington, for the last twenty-five years attached to the staff of the R.C.M.:

"The best summing up of Parry's personality that I have ever heard came from Sir Hugh Allen, who said: 'He

added dignity to the profession of music'. This is undoubtedly true. Musicians are no longer regarded as queer, amusing creatures to be put into the kitchen to feed, and to wait outside the entertainment they end by providing. Their status has risen so much that what it once was seems incredible. No one who knew Parry can fail to feel the effect upon this aspect of things of the mere fact that he took to music as his life's work. He might have done anything. He had all the gifts: fine appearance, fine manners, great knowledge, a mind great enough for any of the highest human activities. It was no small matter that a man of his type should choose to devote himself to music; not only because he stood as a visible evidence that a musician could be a cultured gentleman, but also because those students who came under his personal influence were persuaded to add general culture to their musical equipment.

"Speaking for myself, I think that his chief attribute was that he caught the imagination. I never had lessons from him. When I was a student, I therefore saw him, as it were, from afar—at examinations, at his inimitable history lectures, or casually when he was passing through the College. But I felt in a dim way, without formulating it, *that I should like to be like that*—to possess that ready urbanity, that kind of sailor-like breeziness (so remote in its physical suggestion from the old effeminate idea of a musician), to have that ease of manner and sympathy in understanding that radiated so unaffectedly from him. I think many of us young students felt in the same way without definitely knowing it. His personality was great enough to set an impulse astir, to engender aspirations vague, perhaps, but beneficent and enduring. That was the best of his influence. It endured. Young people often come under the spell of the mountebank, and wake to find they have been pursuing folly. Nothing more unlike a mountebank than Parry could be imagined. He was solid gold—straight in nature and aim. And everybody felt it."

If he was great in his influence on public opinion, he was also great as a teacher. Here he built better than he knew. Teaching to him, if we are to judge by the majority of the references in his diary, was a weariness of the flesh and the spirit. Yet we have the explicit testimony of two of his most distinguished pupils that his most inspiring influence was exerted before he became Director and the personal

contact with students was inevitably restricted. Dr. Vaughan Williams, in the tribute which he paid to his master's memory in *The Music Student* for November 1918, begins by asserting that it was because " he was a great man that he was a great teacher and a great composer " :

" Many years ago it was my good fortune to be for a short time his pupil. I still often go out of my way to pass his house in Kensington Square in order to experience again the thrill with which I used to approach his door on my lesson day.

" Walt Whitman says : ' Why are there men and women that, while they are nigh me, sunlight expands my blood ? ' Parry was one of these. You could not hear the sound of his voice or feel the touch of his hand without knowing that ' virtue had gone out of him '. It would not have mattered what we went to learn from him—it might have been mathematics or chemistry—his magic touch would have made it glow with life. Half-a-dozen of his enthusiastic eloquent words were worth a hundred learned expositions.

" Parry taught music as a part of life. Was it necessary for life that every part should form an organic whole ? So it must be in music : there must be no mere filling up, every part must have its relation to the whole, so that the whole may live. Can we trace in life a process of evolution from the germ to the complete organism ? So must we read the story of music. Is a nation given over to frivolity and insincere vulgarity ? We shall surely see it reflected in the music of that nation. There was no distinction for him between a moral and an artistic problem. To him it was morally wrong to use musical colour for its own sake, or to cover up weak material with harmonic device. This is what Parry taught, and this is what he practised ; later composers have followed after strange gods : they have gathered new sounds from Germany, bizarre rhythms from Russia and subtle harmonies from France. Into these paths Parry had not followed, not because he could not, but because he would not ; he remained staunchly himself, and amidst all the outpourings of modern English music the work of Parry remains supreme.

" The secret of Parry's greatness as a teacher was his broad-minded sympathy ; his was not that so-called broad-mindedness which comes of want of conviction ; his musical antipathies were very strong, and sometimes, in the opinion

of those who disagreed with them, unreasonable; but in appraising a composer's work he was able to set these on one side and see beyond them. And it was in this spirit that he examined the work of his pupils. A student's compositions are seldom of any intrinsic merit, and a teacher is apt to judge them on their face-value. But Parry looked further than this; he saw what lay behind the faulty utterance and made it his object to clear the obstacles that prevented fulness of musical speech. His watchword was 'characteristic'—that was the thing which mattered.

"When other duties forced Parry to give up his pupils, the younger generations of English musicians suffered an irreparable loss. True, his influence is more widely felt now than it was then; hundreds of students have passed through the College of Music, hundreds have read his books, have heard his lectures, have sung his music—none of these but must to some extent have realised what Parry was and what he stood for; but they are the most fortunate who knew Parry in the earlier days, when *The Glories of our Blood and State* and *Blest Pair of Sirens* were new, the years which saw *De Profundis* and *Job*: those who came under his influence in those times it is who can realise most fully all that Parry did for English music."

We have seen how dissatisfied as a rule Hubert Parry was with the result of his lectures, in spite of all the labour he spent on their preparation. What they meant to Mr. Gustav Holst, the composer of *The Planets* and the *Hymn to Jesus*, forms a surprising and agreeable counterpart to this self-criticism:

"My first impression of Sir Hubert Parry on meeting him in 1892, was that at last I had met a great man who did not terrify me. It was my first term at the Royal College of Music, and I think all raw students, like myself, must have felt grateful for his unfailing geniality and sympathy. Unfortunately, some had not the opportunity of realising what lay beneath. An insight into this was accorded me at the first of his lectures on musical history.

"He began it in quite an ordinary way. He gave names and dates and events, and I settled down to listen to the sort of lecture I had often heard before, only this time far better done.

"Then he looked up from his notes and said: 'I suppose

you all know what was going on in Europe at that time ?' He then stood up, and while walking about, he gave us, so it seemed to me, a Vision rather than a lecture—a Vision of people struggling to express themselves in war, in commerce, in art, in life ; a Vision of the unity that lay under these various forms of human effort : a Vision of the unity of a certain century with those that preceded and followed it : a Vision that I learnt from that moment to call History." [1]

The view expressed by Dr. Vaughan Williams and others as to the maximum influence exerted by Parry, as teacher and composer, before he became Director of the R.C.M., is after all a matter of opinion. One is at any rate on safe ground in asserting that alike by his temperament and training he was finely equipped for the post. "G.'s" generous comparison is substantially correct ; for while they were both many-sided men with a wide range of interests outside music and a firm belief in the value of such interests to the musician, Parry, apart from his distinction as a composer, as an executant and a technician, was an expert where his predecessor had only been an amateur. Outside music, again, he had the great advantage, which "G." never possessed, of his keen enjoyment of, and proficiency in all sorts of athletic exercises and games. Physical prowess always appeals to the young. Hubert Parry made no fetish of athletics, but he held that while it was best for musical students to cultivate an intelligent interest in history or poetry, it was better for them "to play cricket and football and tennis and hockey rather than think there was nothing of importance outside their particular business". Robust, manly and intrepid himself, he encouraged these qualities in his pupils, and nothing gave him greater pleasure than when one of them showed his mettle in an achievement outside their normal activities—as when Mr. Claud Mackness, in November 1911, was honoured by the Royal Humane Society for gallantly saving a man from drowning.

Like "G." again, he was a great lover of "the blesséd

[1] "A Memory of Parry as a Lecturer", *The Music Student*, November 1918.

young ", and his own experiences and early struggles inspired him with a peculiar sympathy with the aspirations, the impatience, even the mutiny of youth.

This feeling runs right through his College addresses. I am not sure whether it is not their key-note. Detached from their context many of his utterances might seem to glorify insubordination. Read aright and with the reserves by which they are accompanied, they amount to a reasoned defence of independence and sincerity. Rebellion is better than slavery, but there must be method even in mutiny, if it is to be effectual :

" There is nothing more essential in the pursuit of art than impulse—except order."

" One of the first objects of life is to get as much into it as you can . . . and the only way to pack life as full as it will hold is to put its contents into some sort of order."

" It is no use only doing what you are told to do. I would much rather you did what you were told not to do than go on repeating what people tell you like a paltry parrot. . . . You can even do what you are told not to do in an orderly manner."

" You have got to understand what your master tells you to do, in order to do it in your own way."

" Every man's order must be his own order in the end, and there are three simple things to keep in mind : first, that what he does is worth doing ; secondly, that when he is doing it he does it with all his might . . . and thirdly, that it is of use to some one besides himself."

" It is better to think wrong than not to think at all—if you think wrong hard enough you will most likely fall over something, and then you'll find it out, and if you have got any sense, you'll see you have been thinking wrong and try another line."

" Every good thing has in itself the roots of badness and barrenness ; too much order merely results in mechanical lifelessness."

" It is essential in art for human beings to express themselves—to see things for themselves—to present their art or their thoughts to their fellow-men in terms of their own personalities. But if while you are trying to think for yourselves you do not keep your eye on what other people are thinking, and what is due to a place like the

College, you will get steering wild, and there will be a smash-up." [1]

" Thirty years ago a man who dared to say he appreciated Wagner was loaded with imprecations by the ultra-classicists, who were then the fashion. Now it is the other way round, and a man who will not go the whole hog in manifesting enthusiasm for orgies of mere reckless extravagance, becomes the butt of all the self-constituted champions of progress in art. Classicism is good—quite good—but it is easy to make it a bore if you don't really understand it ; and poetic fervour is good, but it easily degenerates into hysterics and spluttering incoherence. Somehow we have got to balance the opposite extremes. Classicism wants the infusion of human appreciation, the power to see through the formalities to the thing that appeals as human art. So also with poetic fervour ; one really cannot do without it, but it has got to be kept in touch with realities." (From " The Beauty of Order ", September 1908.)

He returns to the same subject in the address delivered at the opening of term in January 1911. Prefacing his remarks with the statement that orderly routine is good for us if we can get a sufficiently detached view of it, he again confesses to his " secret sympathy with people who sometimes feel driven to break loose and get away from the insistent trammels of law and order ". He welcomes the hopeful changes in theories of education that had taken place since he was a boy. The schoolmaster of half a century ago taught us symbols and technicalities and did not explain what they meant. " Nowadays we go to the other extreme and try to appeal to young people's imaginations and to enlarge their understanding from the first, and are even impelled to extenuate and apologize for reference to formulas at all." He accepts the " newest idea that all processes of education ought to be enjoyable ", but adds the *caveat* that you can neither learn nor enjoy anything much unless you understand it. " The mere knowledge of formulas and technicalities cannot give any decently constituted human being any legitimate pleasure ", and " what people call academicism is for the most part knowledge of

[1] The metaphor is characteristic. Hubert Parry had taken to driving his motor in 1904.

formulas without understanding ". The line of his argument may be followed in the subjoined extracts :

" Every institution like ours has constantly to be on the look-out for and to circumvent this Academicism. But in view of the difficulty of providing for so many different types of human beings, it is impossible for the teacher to cope with individual difficulties. The only absolute solution of such complicated situations is for people to do most of their learning for themselves."

" The best teachers are those who can teach people to think for themselves : the best learners are those who do not expect to learn everything from their teachers."

" There are good ways of breaking rules and bad ways. The good ways are the ways of those who understand something, and have reasons even for breaking rules ; and the bad ways are the ways of those who have never approached the understanding of what the rules mean."

" People generally despise most what is too good for them. There is a familiar French proverb that ' to understand all is to pardon all ' ; and we might give this an English flavour by saying, ' the more a man understands, the less he despises '."

" If the College has any drawback it is that every one who is taking advantage of its inestimable facilities for learning is being specialised. Specialisation has the effect of limiting the range of the judgment. . . . One of the things which caused musicians in this country to be so isolated and put in a back street half a century ago was that they were over-specialised."

" It is not either possible or desirable to have expert knowledge of many different subjects. But it is possible to have a sympathetic insight into many diverse subjects that concern the mind and give an aptitude to judge rightly."

" Technicalities are not ends in themselves but means to ends." (" Routine and Understanding.")

In the address on " Enjoyments ", after the summer holidays of 1909, he emphasizes the peculiar importance, to those who make art the business of their lives, of keeping fresh and capable of enjoying all enjoyable things. Here he joins issue in the most pointed way with those who maintain that the stuff of music is transcendental and detached from the actualities of life and independent of literature :

"Music, of all the arts, touches most widely on things which are humanly interesting; and if you shut out the knowledge of what is interesting in your fellow human beings, how is your art going to grow? Art, like many other things, gets its food from outside, and it is a mistake to suppose that it can feed exclusively on itself. And art is always interwoven with character, and we have even frequently to observe that character counts for more in the end than natural gifts of any kind, whether artistic or literary."

"The people who live for their pleasures altogether generally end by being hopelessly bored. . . . But we come to the College with the intention of doing something; and the people who have made up their minds to do something are in a position of advantage, and are unlikely to choose forms of distraction which lead up to such distressing futilities as the giggling and guzzling which appear to occupy such a wide space in the lives of some aimless people."

Of desirable enjoyments he places reading first, but recognizes the value of games and healthy exercise as an antidote to excessive preoccupation with music and nothing but music. Musicians stood higher and were stronger for enjoying things outside their art—a text upon which "G." never wearied of enlarging. Here he held up Walter Parratt and Walford Davies as shining examples. This is the theme of one of the most illuminating of all his addresses, that delivered in January 1913 on "The Windows of Life", which starts and ends with a cordial approval of the Christmas holiday attitude—"to be cheerful whatever happens. . . . If we had a sort of Christmas every week, that pledged us to find pleasure in whatever there came in our way to do, we should make much more serviceable things of our lives":

"There are many thousands of windows out of which we can look upon life. The great point is to see something out of each window which can best be seen from that particular window. The trouble with the feeble people is that they are always looking at the same things."

The most sensible man can be bored at times, but so long as he is master of himself there are few things, no matter

how trivial or stupid, out of which he cannot extract entertainment or profit. From this he advances to discuss the dangers of a hemmed-in specialism:

"A specialist is liable to see all life out of one window and not to know what it looks like out of another window."

Musical students were destined by the law of their nature to be specialists, but their preoccupation had its compensations in keenness and concentration, which were antidotes to desultoriness and dilettantism. He had often been struck in reading their holiday papers by finding that most of those who came to the front musically were keenest about their experiences outside music. Personality was essential in art, and there was no better way of attaining it than by developing the capacity to take vigorous pleasure in all manner of things:

"People who devote themselves to an art need to see life through as many windows as they can."

The doctrine of "Art for Art's sake" finds no support in his message to the young. "Your musical art is in itself but a detail in the vast infinity of possible forms of mental and spiritual activity", and there was no tendency of the times against which a safeguard was more constantly needed than the tendency to concentrate on mere details and to lose the power and will to see things from the most spacious point of view—to "see them steadily and see them whole".

Hubert Parry's general approval of modern educational methods, tempered with certain reserves, remained with him to the end. We have seen in the passages already quoted how he welcomed, within due limits, the doctrine of self-expression, and some of the cardinal tenets of the Montessorian system. The majority of reformers adopt a more moderate standpoint as they grow older, and Hubert Parry recognized that any theory, however good, might be ridden to death. He would have agreed with the old Greek writer who declared that the discipline of learning was bitter but the fruits were sweet, and that if the sweeten-

ing process were too liberally applied at the outset the results would be reversed. But, as he said in 1908, " nothing is so important as the formation, within the bounds of College decorum, of your personality ", and his sympathy with aspiring youth only grew with advancing years. So we find him, as late as 1916, declaring that " the aspirations which mark more generous natures are always towards things that are not obvious, because all generous dispositions rebel against the liability to be made specialists ". The rebellion of youthful minds against education, he goes on, is generally misunderstood:

" It is not rebellion against education but against the way it is administered. Every human being is bound to protest against being cabined, cribbed, confined to one special subject and being shut off from any understanding of the great world outside it."

The " division of labour ", inevitable for efficient and rapid production, promoted a mechanical and narrow specialization. We all admitted that as the world grew older it became even more indispensable to have a wider and a more sympathetic outlook; yet the ever-increasing call for mere efficiency—with its immersion in detail—worked in a diametrically opposite direction, and sterilized the aspirations which raise a man's normal activities above the range of the purely mechanical. Hence the need for directing aspiration towards things outside special subjects and normal occupations—things which throw light on one another, enhance the range of the mind, minister to the development of personality; finally, and above all, things which minister to the development of character and judgment:

" Education has two very distinct objects which are of pre-eminent urgency. There is on the one hand the urgency of efficiency. Many of you feel it overmuch perhaps in the mechanical practice which is necessary to attain technical mastery. But, on the other hand, there is the absolute need of the development of the understanding which directs and applies the efficiency. So there are efficiency and understanding, these two; and the greater

of these is understanding. The development of understanding is the most appropriate field of aspiration. Aspiration which projects itself towards merely mechanical things almost always dries up. But aspiration which projects itself towards the spiritual things by which the mechanical things are glorified always brings a man fruit at the last."

He illustrates this point by contrasting the concentration of the commonplace musical specialist in execution with the genuine aspiring ardour which sometimes develops a technique far beyond that of the mere technician. But it is clear that the " fruit " does not mean material reward, for " the things which are of the greatest service in life are generally those in which most people do not see any service at all ". One remembers the striking passage in his book on Bach in which he demurs to the view that Bach was a tragic figure because there were only half-a-dozen people in the world who recognized his greatness in his lifetime. Such compassion was quite misplaced, because Bach was happy in the consciousness of achieving the noblest aims. Hubert Parry, as Dr. Vaughan Williams says, taught music as a part of life. He looked forward to the time when " men of action and responsibility will regard it as a genuine factor in the welfare of the nation ". He never regarded it as the predominant factor.

The upheaval of the War wrought changes in everything and everybody, and most of the addresses delivered after its outbreak may be reserved for consideration at a later stage. But the War made little change in his attitude to the young, except to strengthen his sympathy and redouble his efforts as a reconciler of Youth and Age. He had no hesitation in expressing his dissent from those who wished to make a " clean cut " with the past:

" There is no need to agree with what wise men have said or thought. As a matter of fact the wise men always disagreed with one another, and they go on doing so still. That is where our personal share and responsibility come in. What we have got to do is to take interest in their views, and try to understand them sufficiently to choose those that are right and just, and not pick and choose only the things

that seem to favour our own little personal interests. It is on the thought and action of the past that our own judgments have to be formed, and if the old world is to pass away and count as nothing, where shall we find the basis of our own judgment and conduct? The glorious literature of our country will still exist, which is one of the greatest heritages a nation can have, and the noblest music will still be available to inspire us; and the finest qualities of men will still be displayed, as well as a good many of the worst. And it is mainly on the ways in which people maintain the slow but steadfast progress of the past that it depends whether the former increase in number and the latter decrease."

These words were spoken in January 1918. Three months later, when he had already completed his seventieth year, he returned to the same subject in the last and noblest of his addresses, the wisest and most inspiring of all his contributions to the eternal controversy over Past and Present, Youth and Age. He began with a generous tribute to those of his colleagues who took part in guiding the precarious childhood of the College and, after some thirty-five years of constant work in its interests, still showed astonishing vigour and efficiency. And he begged his youthful hearers not to imagine that the days before they came on the scene must have been dull and commonplace because they were not exciting or harrowing:

"I cannot help wishing the younger members of the College could have some idea of the way people worked for it. It was splendid! It would be useful in these days when indiscriminate repudiation is so much in the air, if young people could realize that the old people were not always old and could tackle new developments and new achievements with all the zest of the youngest in the present. It might help them to understand the older people, and give the old a better chance of understanding them."

The difficulties in the way of this mutual understanding were considerable, but not insuperable. The old had the advantage of having been young once; but most of them did not face the facts they ought to know. They rarely took to heart that it was natural that the young, in the

days when they themselves had grown old, should have the same feelings towards them as they had once entertained towards their elders. On the other hand, the young had the disadvantage of never having been old : so they could not know what it felt like. In the eagerness, venturesomeness and receptiveness of youth it was hardly to be expected that they should do much patient thinking, or render justice to the wider knowledge and experience of their elders. At the College, however, they were singularly fortunate, for most of the old people they had to deal with had remained young—because they kept their minds fresh by intimate contact with young people. The old-fashioned pedagogue, who put a brazen barrier between the teacher and the taught, shut out human relations between them and justified rebellion on the part of his pupils, had given place to a wiser and humaner rule. Teachers now recognized their pupils as their equals in many respects, and endeavoured to get into touch with their motives and the springs of their minds. These friendly relations were decried by old-fashioned people as likely to diminish the respect due to age ; but " it is no good forcing respect where it is not fairly earned " but is maintained by a rule of repression and tyranny and punishment. " Order that is only maintained by force is always precarious. It makes people like disorder." Fortunately the College came into being when the old order was yielding to wiser methods and a recognition of the value of the ardour and spirit of youth. Youth was more prone to mischief and adventure, but needed direction rather than repression :

" The inspirations which come to young people keep the world alive and prevent it lapsing into humdrum acceptance of conventional complacency. A world that contained nothing but old people would be very dull and monotonous. . . . When old people are enterprising and adventurous, it is because they got into some streak of adventure or speculative interest when they were young, and have kept on in the same spirit ever since. There are not many old people who could start a new line and face a life of changed energies. Their muscles have got into the way of doing the same things over and over again and will not adapt

themselves to new ways. And then they have learned a great deal more than when they were young, and that tends to make them cautious.

"But the blesséd young are supple and fresh. Their minds are not too much burdened by experiences. They love the stir and bustle of life, which is still inviting and unexplored.

"So in reality it is an enormous advantage to combine the respective qualities of youth and age. They can both learn from each other, and the great change that has come about in their relations is of the greatest advantage to the world in general. One might say that their respective spheres of usefulness are marked out for them. The young have the delightful privilege of pushing the old along and not letting them get into humdrum ways; and the old have an equally delightful privilege of helping the young not to make too many mistakes, or tumble over obstacles which in their eagerness they have not foreseen."

Mutual patience was needed as well as mutual understanding. He was on the whole inclined to think that in these days the old were "more inclined to listen to the young and weigh their eager speculations" than the young were to hearken to the old. But he was not sure it was not a good sign. "Even when initiative goes wild it has life in it, whereas a complacent conformity, even with the established tone of a place like the College, tends towards somnolence." There could not be any initiative without some risks, and the young were readier to take risks than the old. "One might almost venture to suggest that the finer the youthful spirit the more ready it is to venture everything on the cast." Here again the service of the old can come in; for the best of the old have always had a burning desire to love and serve the young. "Even in the old days when they used to whack them indiscriminately they really wanted to serve them by so doing." Nowadays they can show their love in other ways, and perhaps it is therefore not so easily discernible, and is easily flouted:

"The young cannot realise fully that what all the best of men live for is the service of the young and of those who are to come after—that their lives may be better and more profitable than their own. It is the greatest preoccupation

of all the old who have any youthful energy left—and the young in their headlong impetuosity often rebuff it or even destroy the most admirable relations that can exist between them."

This disaster, he continues, might be averted if people could maintain a high sense of courtesy—a virtue which of recent years had been " a good deal discounted by the poisonous influences of competitive commercialism " :

" But there is no better token of real fine quality than that same steadfast spirit of courtesy which yields opportunities first to others before taking them oneself—the courtesy that never lacks consideration for a human being —that gives real generous recognition to other people's interests—the courtesy that refrains from flinging self in the face of every one that comes, and develops the feeling that we are all joined together by the workings of something bigger than ourselves.

" There are few things more charming than the signs of chivalrous courtesy in young people. It becomes more valuable as the world grows older, and in some parts of the world it also grows more scarce. Where it flourishes, the relations of young and old are sure to be fruitful, and the various possible mischances are safeguarded. Chivalrous courtesy is not merely a veneer. It has to come from genuine qualities of nature and attitude of mind. . . . Maybe courtesy would save the older people from too much preoccupation in their memories."

Yet memory, when it affords contentment and ground of self-respect, is one of the greatest blessings of age :

" If the young people have the luck they will some day be old themselves ; and then there will be a new basis of valuation of life. They, too, will find out that cheering and beautiful memories are among the most precious of human possessions. And they may find out another thing too : that though, as the old poet said, ' The good things we have had even the envious gods cannot take away ', there is a disagreeable fact that is not often referred to, that of unpleasant memories even the kindliest gods cannot relieve us. A man's age is happy in proportion to the few things which he can look back to without shame. If he

has been greedy and mean, and self-indulgent and dishonourable, and cowardly and crafty and self-seeking, he is forced to try to forget. . . . But if a man has lived generously and frankly and kindly, it helps his old age to be genial and kindly and happy. . . . So when you begin to think about it, it will be helpful to remember that youth must soon be gone, and to try to provide for the possibility of old age, however keen and eager you may be. Remember that it will be most worth getting to if your memories are plentifully worth cherishing, and never bring you anything but a quiet sense of contentment in having done your best to live a life that was worth recalling."

Hubert Parry's addresses, on the preparation of which, as time went on, he took more and more time and trouble—without any undue preoccupation about niceties of style—are of first-rate importance in enabling us to judge how he construed his duties to his pupils. In his excellent selection, Mr. H. C. Colles has restricted himself mainly to those addresses which appeal to a wider audience than the *alumni* of the R.C.M. Matters of purely domestic interest are thus excluded. But the extracts quoted above justify his statement that the addresses " were not mainly about music, t[h]ough naturally their subject-matter was illustrated largely by references to the work of pupils and professors at the R.C.M.". They are valuable also as a corrective of the impressions derived from entries in Parry's diary, or the *obiter scripta* jotted down in note-books under the impulse of a momentary mood. They are singularly free from the irritability for which his diaries—though less frequently as he grew older—afforded an outlet and a safety-valve. He never sought to impose his views on his young hearers. In other relations he was inclined to be an autocrat, but he was no dictator to his pupils. " The business of a Director was to direct "—I quote again from Mr. Colles—" and that was what these addresses were designed to do ". In form they suggest lay-sermons; but Hubert Parry was governed by the conviction, expressed at the outset of one of them, that " there is nothing so tiresome as preaching ", and neither in his appearance nor his delivery was there any trace of pulpit mannerism:

"I can see him striding into the Hall on the first morning of the College term, a carnation from Highnam in his button-hole, a slip of paper on which a few notes were scribbled in his left hand, and his right hand free to grasp that of any boy or girl who greeted him in its enveloping grip. Sometimes the right hand was used to deliver to some unsuspecting youth that smack on the back which was his favourite token of recognition, and has made many of us still associate a sharp pain between the shoulder-blades with the glow of the Director's presence. Boys and girls were alike included in his ample smile, and then he would get on to the platform, tramp about a little, and jerk out a few remarks hurriedly and sometimes inaudibly. Something like his remark about preaching, or the hope that we had all got over the effects of our Christmas dinner, or his trouble at having to repeat what he had said before, but most often his pleasure at the sight of the good spirits which were a reflection of his own, were his favourite gambits. Their purpose was to get over a moment which was irksome to himself, and which he imagined must be irksome to his boys and girls—the moment of addressing his mind to seriousness."

This is a happy and faithful picture of the "glow" which he diffused. It was not a deliberate or conscious process, but natural. And, as the same writer observes, the Director was not concerned to stimulate the enthusiasms or energies of his pupils: "he always assumed them to be there, as indeed they were, brimming over and eagerly meeting his own".

As Mr. Waddington puts it, writing of the days of Parry's directorship:

"One felt him to be a wise counsellor, but he was more than that—he was a friend. He liked to see you, he liked to hear you. What you said to him was as important as what he said to you. You looked up to him, and he, quite genuinely, not as a calculated act of politeness, made you feel as if he looked up to you."

It was said of a great headmaster that one of the great secrets of his influence over his boys was his habit of talking to them not as they were but as they would be—as potential "grown-ups"—and so of avoiding condescension

and anticipating equality. This spirit also runs through these College addresses.

His devotion to the "blesséd young" has been sufficiently illustrated in the passages quoted earlier in this chapter. As to his general cordiality to his pupils, it would be hard to improve on the testimony of Mr. Colles. It was all of a piece with the man's prevailing attitude to his fellows, whether musical or non-musical. It remains, however, in this context to test how far he made good the precept of his addresses in practice. No director of an institution such as the R.C.M. could be expected to be on terms of close friendship with all his four hundred pupils. Some of the ablest students passed through the College without attaining to a more than official acquaintanceship with their Director. What is one of the best and most discriminating estimates of Parry's work yet written comes from the pen of Mr. R. O. Morris, who tells me that, though he was at the College in Parry's time, he never knew him personally. Parry, moreover, was susceptible to first impressions, to charms of personality, and too human to observe a dispassionate Olympian detachment in judging his fellows. He disliked "dull dogs" and "asses". Furthermore, to quote one of his addresses :

"As a rule, people who are held up as moral examples of exemplary living set up a perverse impulse to rebel and criticise in those to whom they are recommended, especially if the latter have any independent spirit. . . . It is often the drawback of people who are offered to us as examples that we become oppressed by their virtues."

If he was ever inclined to make favourites, it was where talent was reinforced by charm, and few can resist such an appeal. For the rest he found it easier to condone the lapses of vivacious independence than to applaud the diligence of colourless mediocrity. As he says :

"It must be acknowledged that the people who are endowed with mischievous impulses are much more interesting than the people who are colourless ; and when they do come out on the right side they get more out of life than the colourless ones."

Instances of his consideration and courtesy might easily be multiplied, but a few may suffice. When the *Birds* was revived at Cambridge in 1903, Mr. Clive Carey was a scholar at the Royal College, and what happened may best be told in his own words :

" Stanford discovered that I had some voice (I was then working at the College), and this led Parry to set the *Parabasis* to music. At the previous performance it had been declaimed. When he brought it to Cambridge I found that the anapæstic part was set to a sort of ' patter ' low in the voice, and I told him that it was lower than I could effectively manage it, also that I had worked it up in a much more declamatory style. I proposed to try speaking it to the music, and he agreed to hear it. I then sang the first recitative, declaimed the anapæsts and merged the declamation into singing again at the final section. Parry was delighted and decided immediately that it should be done in that way. It has always struck me as characteristic of his broadmindedness that he should without hesitation accept the suggestion of a young and quite inexperienced student. The setting has not been printed, and Parry signed and gave me the MS."

But any one who heard Mr. Clive Carey in the *Parabasis* will not be surprised at Parry's acceptance. Equally characteristic of his magnanimity was his withholding of the score of his version of *The Pied Piper of Hamelin*; and here again my authority is first hand. Both Parry and his pupil, Mr. Richard H. Walthew, were engaged at the same time on the same poem. Mr. Walthew thus describes the sequel :

" I was twenty years old when my setting was completed and Parry took the trouble of journeying up to the Highbury Philharmonic Society's Hall for the first performance. My version had its little day of success and Parry kept his own setting back for many years so that it should not interfere with mine.[1] This kindness and consideration on his part touched me very much when I heard of it (he said nothing to me about it at the time except quite casually once that we were working on the same job). I happened to meet him shortly after the first performance

[1] Parry's setting was produced at the Norwich Festival in October 1905.

of his work and he, half-jokingly perhaps, excused himself (!) for bringing out his setting on the score of the long time that had elapsed since my work was produced !

"My visits to Kensington Square are among the treasured recollections of my student days, and, no doubt, all Parry's pupils will say the same about theirs."

Along with this magnanimity and courtesy there went a remarkable *flair* in recognizing exceptional talent, and an unfailing but unobtrusive generosity in providing the means for its development. And if it be observed that he could afford to do it, how few of those who can afford to do things of this sort actually do them, as he did, by stealth ! Mr. Harold Samuel, who came to the R.C.M. in the late 'nineties, was "spotted" by Parry when standing for a scholarship, but the Board of Professors, with whom the decision rested, did not award it to him, then or later on, much to the Director's disappointment, as I have good reason to know. For the sequel I am indebted to Mr. Samuel himself, who is not only willing but anxious that the facts should be known. The funds for his musical education were for a while supplied by some well-to-do friends, but when the source dried up, the deficiency was made good out of the pocket of the Director, who gave Mr. Samuel to understand that the money came from College funds available for such purposes—a statement the real meaning of which Mr. Samuel did not discover for many years after. So he was "saved for the R.C.M." by Parry's generosity and continued his studies under Dannreuther and Stanford. But he owed far more to the Director than pecuniary aid at a critical time. It was Parry, he tells me, who first opened his eyes to the majesty and virility of Bach not only by lending him scores, and introducing him to the music of Bach's forerunners and contemporaries, but by impressing on his pupil how Bach should be best interpreted. Later on he frequently played for Parry at his lectures in London and Oxford. At one of these he played some Couperin very faultily and afterwards apologized for playing so many wrong notes. Parry's only reply, after a grunt, was to say : "I wouldn't give a

damn for a man who never plays wrong notes". On another occasion, in a lecture in the Sheldonian, Parry was enlarging on legitimate as opposed to meretricious effects in pianoforte music, and by way of illustration Mr. Samuel played Brahms's Intermezzo in B flat minor and Liszt's "Campanella" from the Paganini Études. The former was greeted by the Oxford audience with frigid silence, the latter with enthusiastic applause, whereon Parry grimly observed: "I thought you'd like that best".

On the much-discussed point whether it was a mistake for Hubert Parry to take the Directorship of the R.C.M., Mr. Samuel, like Mr. Eugene Goossens, has not the slightest doubt whatever that it was a great and desirable thing not merely for the College but for the entire younger generation of musicians that he did. As for his general influence as Director, Mr. Samuel specially notes his geniality, kindness and dignity. With all his heartiness of manner he remained a great gentleman, and exerted a refining influence on raw and rough students by his example. "I should like to add here", Mr. Samuel writes, "that Parry did as much for me and many others by his broad vision and general bigness, as evidenced by his everyday bearing, as by the concrete instances I have cited above". He could be severe on occasion, but did not resent the exuberance of youth. It once happened that an athletic singing pupil managed to kick a football on to the skylight of the room where an orchestral practice was going on, broke some glass and created a diversion which the conductor much resented. The question of paying for the damage was serious, as the offender was impecunious. But when he was haled before the Director, Parry was much more impressed by the vigour of the kick than the enormity of the offence and, of course, paid the cost out of his own pocket. And with this robust geniality he combined an exquisite thoughtfulness. Mr. Samuel said that I must get from Herbert Howells the story of the spectacles, and I acted on his injunction. Mr. Howells wrote for the memorial number of the R.C.M. Magazine a most moving tribute to the greatness and genius

of his Director; in proof of Parry's goodness of heart the following narrative speaks for itself:

"It was Sir Hubert's way with many of us, when we were students at the R.C.M., to give as much attention to our physical as to our mental condition. He was keen to observe signs of fatigue: so keen, that on one occasion—it was on a Saturday morning at the R.C.M.—he pounced on me with a demand to know why my eyes looked so tired and strained. I told him the simple truth—that I had smashed the only pair of eye-glasses I had in the world. With many a 'God's truth!' and gold coin (which last he stuffed into my hand with a helpful sort of bluster), he ordered me off to Bateman's shop in Kensington High Street to get a new pair. 'No prescription here', I confessed. 'Where is it?' 'Somewhere in a shop in Gloucester', I told him. And he dismissed me with an apparently irrelevant invitation to come and see him on Monday afternoon. It was only when Monday came and I obeyed the invitation that I discovered what reference it had to my dilemma. For he promptly produced a brand-new pair of spectacles and bubbled over with pleasure as he put them on my nose with a 'There now! go and finish that blesséd piano concerto!' Later from another source I learned of his extraordinary kindness. He had changed his plans for the week-end, had gone down to Gloucester, had called on the optician who possessed the prescription, and by threat or entreaty had prevailed on the good man to have the new glasses ready by Monday morning. He had collected them and brought them up to London. All this to save time and to spare an obscure student a few extra hours' discomfort."

Hubert Parry, as we have seen, did not as a rule think all the world of singers, but when (as with Miss Agnes Nicholls, now Lady Harty) they united sound musicianship to great natural gifts, came from his own county of Gloucestershire and loved flowers, his benevolence was assured at the outset. Miss Nicholls tells me that he soon noted her favourably for her ability as a sight-reader in the choral class, which he took when Sir Walter Parratt was away, but their friendship began, oddly enough, by her bursting into the Director's room to announce her intention of going home in consequence of the harsh

criticism of one of the Professors. Whereupon he gravely reminded her that he, too, knew what it was to have to put up with people. The friendly remonstrance had its effect; Miss Nicholls was soon reconciled to, and learned to appreciate, the great qualities of the critical Professor, and found in the Director in her student days and afterwards a true friend and benefactor. Her scholarship was continued at his expense; she was the first of his honorary god-children; and when she sang for the first time at the Gloucester Festival and stayed at the Dog Inn on his estate, was liberally supplied with fruit and flowers from Highnam. In the course of her distinguished career Miss Nicholls sang in many of his choral works under his baton, and this association was not devoid of adventure—as when after a performance at Belfast, at which a Welsh tenor had to be prompted all through the performance, they returned together on a cattle boat, an experience which was only made endurable by his companionship.

The Duchess of Atholl, who, as Miss Katharine Ramsay, studied in the middle 'nineties at the Royal College, where she held an Honorary Scholarship for distinction as a pianoforte player, has sent me the following record of her debt to Hubert Parry as a teacher:

"I consider it a great privilege to have been a pupil of his. I never could have imagined that any one could have crowded so much as he did into lessons of only a quarter of an hour in length, especially on a subject such as composition. I look back on those brief periods I spent in his study as the most stimulating hours of my life. I used to come away from his house in Kensington Square feeling as if I was walking on air, and literally bursting with new ideas.

"I think his, without exception, was the most vivid personality I have ever met; so extraordinarily full of vitality, of energy, and of enjoyment of every phase of life. One felt that nobody and nothing was without interest to him, a quality which made him the most inspiring and lovable of masters. I can hardly imagine any one who must have exercised a more living or lasting influence on the many young people with whom his work brought him in contact."

Another fine singer and adopted god-child, Miss Gladys Honey, has sent me the following reminiscences of her College days a few years later:

"The first time I came across Sir Hubert Parry as a friend rather than merely the Director of the Royal College of Music was in the year 1905, when I first competed for an open scholarship in singing. The Board of Examiners placed me 'proxime accessit' as they considered I did not need three years' tuition. I was penniless and terribly distressed and informed Sir Hubert that I could not possibly continue to study. He, in his delightful breezy way, thumped me on the back and told me to cheer up as things would be all right. 'There are ways of managing these things in College', he said—and it was not until two years later that I discovered that these 'ways' were entirely due to his own generosity and that he became responsible for my fees to the College.

"After this I grew to know and love him much more than merely with the respect and veneration of a pupil for her master. He went out of his way to help me and I learnt to take any trouble to him, however small. He gave me the name of 'Buddlea' [the Honey-ball tree—*Buddlea globosa*], but as neither he nor I could ever agree on the spelling it degenerated into 'Buddley', and to that name I answered all the time I knew him. I was lucky enough in 1907 to be sent for to take Agnes Nicholls' place at the Leeds Festival. On arriving at the Hall, I was met by Sir Hubert who guessed what I felt like, took me under his wing and generally tried to put me at my ease. As I went into the artists' room to get ready, he drew me aside and said: 'Buddley, remember you are here from the College', a reminder which he intuitively knew would inspire me to do my best, and at the same time showed me, from the way he said it, that he was more than anxious for me to be a success for the honour and glory of the College of which he was so proud, and which he loved so whole-heartedly.

"Towards the end of my College days I had many happy and exciting—not to say hair-raising—car excursions with him, chiefly to Oxford for lectures. On one occasion we charged an unexpected flock of sheep, and on another a very comic incident occurred. Sir Hubert had been singing and shouting while he was driving, and was rounding a corner on one wheel when the water-cap came unscrewed on

the radiator and we were deluged with hot water! Absolutely undismayed he shouted to the faithful George beside him, 'Can't stop! screw him up!!' and George had to crawl round the wind-screen and face the deluge while Sir Hubert tore along to get to Oxford in time for the lecture.

"I was fortunate enough to be at College when he was writing the book of songs [1] containing 'Armida's Garden'. Many times I went with him to his downstairs room to try bits for him which didn't quite please him, and which he gave me to read in a very much blotted and erased manuscript. I noticed then, when he was playing them for me, that not only could he not read his own manuscript, but that he never played the accompaniments in the same way twice running, and many times complained that they were too hard for him to play. I received one or two wonderful letters from him—unhappily lost—but the greatest honour I feel I have ever had paid to me by anybody came from him. After I had sung for him one day he said, 'Buddley, I am going to make you my third god-daughter—you will be in company with Agnes Nicholls and Muriel Foster. I feel I should like you there too.' After that he was always Godpapa to me, and never could I have found anywhere any one whose kind and generous criticisms and advice helped me more than this. No one can know how much he did for me all the time I was associated with him. I never asked advice in vain, and when I look back and think of the attention and thought he gave to any question however small, I realise how generous a nature he had and how truly he made it his business to help on the young students in his charge—not only musically but in character-development as well."

The stimulus of his mere presence is well exemplified in the tribute of another brilliant old College pupil, Dr. George Dyson, successively Musical Director at Marlborough, Rugby, Wellington and Winchester, who says: "One did not have to know Parry. He had only to sit in the Director's room, and it was impossible for slack or superficial work to feel at home there. How could an institution be aimless that had Parry at its head?" And again:

"My own feeling is that above and beyond all the personal touches which were so consistent and so generous,

[1] *English Lyrics*, ninth set, to words by Mary Coleridge (Novello, 1909).

there was something in the actual background of living yet encyclopædic scholarship, which Parry above all his contemporaries may be said to have embodied, which made the College in my days a place of vivid and intimate artistic ideals. There could not be, in his environment, either careless or undiscriminating work."

The same note is struck by Mr. Hamilton Law, now Principal of the Bournemouth Conservatoire of Music :

" Geniality and happiness radiated from him : one seemed to know instinctively when he was in College—the atmosphere became charged with a kind of cheerful animation which removed all petty vexations of the soul. There has been much discussion as to whether his position at the head of an institution was detrimental to his work. In my opinion emphatically no : for, indeed, I feel with almost the force of a conviction that the most splendid of his many ideals was realised when and where he yielded himself up to the duty of guiding the young musician along the right road. Speaking personally, I can honestly say that I have felt his influence, acting upon me as an inspiration, all my life ; and therefore I can never forget what he did for me."

More than one of his old pupils lay stress on his paternal benevolence. " We felt it an honour and pleasure to be under his guidance, as he seemed a father to all at the College " (Mr. W. R. Allen of Aberystwyth). So too Mr. Kenneth Skeaping, in summing up his impressions of the qualities which made him " the most loved and respected of men and the ideal Director ", after dwelling on his radiant personality, which warmly permeated the whole fabric of College life, and his singularly happy blend of jollity and dignity, ends by noting " a kindness almost indulgent, coupled with a strict discipline in all matters touching the honour and credit of the College, and a fatherly yet always youthful spirit ".

" He had ", writes Dr. Harold Darke, " a genius for summing up our work in cogent terms, though he erred on the side of generosity. This was very characteristic. He always saw the best side of people and often seemed to close his eyes to their faults." But, as another old pupil, Mr.

Ronald Timberley, points out, " one was always encouraged to do one's very best, and never one's second best ".

These testimonies from College students, early and late, may be concluded with some reminiscences kindly furnished by Mr. Eugene Goossens, who went to the College with a scholarship in 1907, before he was fourteen. In view of the prominence achieved by Mr. Goossens as a representative of the modern school of composers and as a conductor, I have reserved his criticisms on Hubert Parry's original creative work for mention elsewhere. Here it is pleasant to be able to record his unbounded admiration and veneration of the man and the Director, and his firm belief that it was a good thing both for the College and the younger generation that Parry took on the Directorship. Personally he met with nothing but kindness, appreciation and encouragement, whether it was shown in such little acts as recognizing him in the street to give him a lift in his car, or in a resounding thump on the back after the performance of Mr. Goossens's " Chinese Variations " at a College concert.

Parry's broadmindedness showed itself in his catholic appreciation of modern music even when it followed lines of which he disapproved. He was liberal in praise of others, relentlessly hypercritical of his own works. Mr. Goossens vividly recalls his characteristic expression of countenance when any of his compositions were being read at the orchestral practices—wondering whether it was exactly what he meant or had " come off ". In fine Mr. Goossens thought and still thinks that Parry was a great man, lovable in himself and unique in the musical profession just because he was so much more than a mere musician.

The interest that he took in the students did not cease when they went out into the world, nor was he content with chronicling their achievements in his periodical addresses. He kept touch with them by correspondence, and was not sparing of advice as well as encouragement. One of the most brilliant of the College pupils, now for several years resident in America, writing soon after Parry's death, bears eloquent witness to this continued interest :

" I knew, reckoning by years, that he was an old man ; I had never been able to think of him as being so—and I can't believe that he ever was, in reality. There can be few men whose going will cause a sense of loss to so many, and I don't need to tell you how special and personal was my own debt, over and above what all of us, who loved and reverenced him for what he stood for and had achieved, owed to him. I have in front of me a letter which he wrote nearly four years ago, soon after I had come to America, in which he told me in the kindest possible way of the things that he considered (quite rightly) to be dangerously lacking in my playing, recalling performances that I might easily have supposed he would not have noticed so particularly, and that had taken place years ago, to bear out what he said. Whatever the value of anything that I can do now or in the future may be, I shall always like to remember that he cared enough to think it worth troubling about—and probably that remembrance may go a long way towards making it worthier. It is hard to think of the College without him—he always seemed a Director whom no one could succeed."

The letter to which reference is made begins by expressing the hope that his pupil will find his new sphere attractive and the Americans sympathetic, and that he will " expand joyfully with new opportunities ", and then turns to advice and criticism :

" You must write a lot—and really make yourself try your gifts in the orchestral direction, and at the risk of displeasing you and possibly annoying you I must say a word about your playing. You know without my saying it what great expectations I had of it. But I confess I grew unhappy ! I wish I could have heard Opus 106 as it might have affected my growing feeling. But I had watched your doings pretty closely, and grew more and more alarmed at the signs that you were concentrating your mind too much on the written letter of what you played, and were not sufficiently striving to get at what the letter meant. This struck me most vividly in the variations of Opus 111, where you seemed to have missed what Beethoven was driving at. Your performances of the Goldberg Variations and the said Sonata were wonderfully perfect as regards the reproduction of what was on the paper, but you seemed to have hardly faced the solution

of what they were all about. Every variation in Opus 111 has its place in the expression of the inner man of Beethoven himself. Each variation hangs by the others. When you play, the Beethoven inner moods ought to be present to you—and that feeling is not suggested by playing the notes of even value either in tone or length. It's not sentimentalising that it wants but spiritualising in every bar. There sometimes needs to be difference in value and prominence even between one semi-quaver and another, and if they are played at an equal level the interpretation is never approached. Please don't resent my criticism. But try to see the possibility of conveying more spiritual vitality in all you deal with.—Your affectionate old friend,

"C. Hubert H. Parry."

As Director, Parry never made the mistake of praising the present at the expense of the past. On the contrary, he never failed to remind the students that when the College was quite small it had some of the finest pupils it ever turned out :

" Did not we find Dr. Charles Wood, Dr. Emily Daymond and Messrs. W. H. Squire, Barton, Bent, Inwards, Kreuz, Dan Price, Sutcliffe and Waddington in the very first lap of all, in the days when we were but a scanty hundred? And it was the fine standard of character of the earliest pupils which materially helped to establish what has become characteristic of the place—that atmosphere of singleness of aim and enthusiastic fellowship, among professors as well as pupils, which is almost of more importance than single ability and genius " (May 1908).

When King Edward, then Prince of Wales, presided at the opening of the College on May 7, 1883, he claimed for music an influence greater than that wielded by any other art in promoting the fusion of classes :

" The time has come when class can no longer stand aloof from class ; and that man does his duty best who works most earnestly in bridging the gulf between different classes which it is the tendency of increased wealth and increased civilisation to widen."

Addressing the pupils twenty-seven years later, Parry observed that the foresight of their Founder had been

verified and his wide-mindedness justified. The equalizing power of music had been constantly shown at the College:

"If a scion of the aristocracy plays a violin in the orchestra and is not specially distinguished as a performer, he or she does not lead the orchestra by right of social position, but takes his or her place at a back desk and contentedly submits to be led by anyone of whatever rank who plays the violin well enough. . . . And it is the same in all other departments of musical activity . . . . The mere chance of so-called advantages of birth counts for nothing at all."

This result, he added, was all the more gratifying because it had come about spontaneously. The Prince's words were not noticed at the time: but now (in 1910) they might be "gladly taken as one of the College mottoes".

Turning from pupils to professors, it may be stated that Parry's relations to his staff, while he was singularly appreciative of their services and never slack in impressing that fact on the students, were not those of a *primus inter pares*. He was, as one of the most loyal of his colleagues frankly admitted, a despot, though an eminently benevolent despot. Again and again in his addresses he refers to the splendid talents and devotion of his professors; and reviewing the progress of the College in 1915 he declares that in every branch they could "discern past and present teachers who have stood almost unapproachable in their particular spheres". His recognition of the services of his staff erred, if it erred at all, on the side of overestimating their abilities. For the rest, there was probably as little friction as has ever existed in a similar institution; but while the personal relations were considerate, cordial and in many cases affectionate, he was no figure-head, but a Director in fact as well as name.

Parry was all on the side of "youthful exuberance" when it revolted against arid conventions, pedantry or useless routine. Indeed his bias in this direction was so obvious that, as Mr. Colles points out, people were often "puzzled that he did not hasten to adopt policies which had for others the attractions of daring enterprise and

'up-to-dateness' ". The answer and explanation are to be found in his inflexible adhesion to the principles laid down early in his Directorship :

" We do not want to be a popular institution. We do not want to play down to the public outside who would like to advise us as to what will pay. . . . We want to train ourselves to make sure of what is really first-rate in every line of art."

Short-cuts, the pursuit of notoriety, and, above all, commercialism, were his pet aversions. In this frame of mind—

" he would sometimes reject too hastily a course of action desirable in itself which had happened to be recommended by a false argument, the worst being that he and the College should do something because some other individual or institution was doing it. Such a suggestion was simply to shew a red rag to a bull. . . . It follows that he did not always do justice to the legitimate desire for success and recognition of his more struggling colleagues and pupils. While he believed the workman to be worthy of his hire, circumstances having relieved him of the necessity of exacting it himself, he was apt to misjudge the importance which others were compelled to attach to the 'hire'." [1]

When all deductions have been made on the score of the Director's temperament and the almost proverbial irritability of musicians, the atmosphere of the College, if not invariably serene, was in the main singularly healthy and pleasant, and he was the first to admit his good fortune in retaining the loyal services of so many who had taken part in launching the ship in 1883. With some of his colleagues his friendship dated further back, notably with Sir Charles Stanford, who from the middle 'seventies onward had been indefatigable in bringing Parry's work to a public hearing at Cambridge, and later on in endeavouring to secure the acceptance of his opera for performance in England and Germany.

In 1887 the Bach Choir, then conducted by Stanford, were going to perform Hubert's early work, " The Glories of our Blood and State ", but the Committee objected on

[1] *College Addresses*, Introduction, pp. 22-25.

the ground that the sentiment of Shirley's words " Sceptre and crown must tumble down " would be inappropriate and unsuitable in the year of Jubilee, and expressed the hope that Parry would write something else. Sir Charles Stanford told me that he accordingly consulted Sir George Grove, who suggested Milton's " Blest Pair of Sirens ", which, as we have seen, had already attracted Parry's notice many years before and which he now set to music for the Bach Choir in 1887. The interchange of loyalties, between two men who in later years were for a while estranged, was happily illustrated on Parry's side when he was approached, after Sullivan's death in 1900, by the Leeds Festival Committee, and recommended Stanford for the conductorship. And in 1901 (at the first Festival conducted by Stanford) Parry's " Song of Darkness and Light " was done at Stanford's suggestion. " From the time of his coming ", one of the oldest members of the Festival Committee assures me, " it was easier to get the Committee to do justice to Parry's genius, as Stanford always had great influence in settling the programmes ". Of the original Board of Professors—" the men who bore the burden and heat of the day ", as Parry described them twenty-five years after the opening of the College—the majority were " very much alive and ready for plenty more work " in 1908, and three, Sir Walter Parratt, Sir Charles Stanford and Sir Frederick Bridge, remained on the list until they all died, within a few weeks of each other, in the spring of 1924. Mr. Franklin Taylor, for whom Parry had a most cordial affection and respect, passed away in 1919. Of the other first professors of 1883, Mr. Visetti, Mr. Sharpe and Mr. Frederick Cliffe are still at their posts. The continuity of the College tradition has thus been preserved for forty years, and by no one more loyally and faithfully than by Sir Walter Parratt. Parry hardly knew him before 1883, but their acquaintance soon ripened into a lifelong and unclouded friendship. As early as 1886 we find Parry consulting him about problems connected with the notation of Bach, and begging him to " try to spare your precious self ". In 1892, when the directorship of Musical Studies at

Eton was offered to Sir Walter, Parry was torn in two between his devotion to Eton and his duty to the Royal College. If nothing was to be considered but the prosperity of music at Eton they might all hail the appointment with delight. But there were other things to be thought of. If Parratt went to Eton, he would no doubt raise the standard of a certain section of society and of the governing classes :

" But that would be a very small result in comparison to what will come of the work you are doing now. The people you are dealing with now are going to make Music the work of their lives and to exercise a considerable influence on their neighbours. The Organists are on the whole the solid backbone of artistic music throughout the country, and an immense deal depends upon their standard of taste and general proficiency. Hitherto there has been no place where aspiring organists could make sure of a first-rate training ; and you are the first person to whom the responsibility of forming a large body of such representative musicians has been entrusted ; and none could be more worthy of that responsibility. You are turning out year after year young organists who are thoroughly well trained, thoroughly infused with healthy enthusiasm for good Music of all sorts, and fit to exercise a healthy influence wherever they go. I think you cannot abandon or shirk that responsibility without doing a great wrong to your art. We know of no one who could take your place. Men with such aptitudes are not to be had for the asking. There is no branch of the College work which is more thoroughly first-rate than your Organ department, and there is no department in which good work can be so sure of fruitful result. And the loss of your influence there would be quite irreparable. There may be men who could do the work at Eton well enough for general purposes ; at all events the School's loss at not gaining your services would be nothing like so great as ours and that of the interests of Music in general in the country through your abandoning the work at the College. Much as I love my old School and wish it heartily well in those things which are of first importance to it, I do earnestly plead that for you to take up their music to the neglect of the teaching of practical musicians would be a most serious abandonment of some of your greatest opportunities in life. I don't generally venture to give

advice in this way, but the issues at stake seem to me too great to be ignored."

These arguments proved unanswerable; Sir Walter stayed on at the College, and Parry's letters, after he became Director, show not merely a constant reliance on Parratt's expert advice on technical matters connected with organ music and his recommendations as to the appointments of organists, but a personal affection rare in a man not given as a rule to demonstrative sentiment. Parry addresses him as " most dearly beloved ", " you unutterably kind friend ", " belovedest Walter ", or " best belovedest friend " as in the letter congratulating Parratt on his appointment at Oxford in 1908 :

" The first thing that caught my eye in my newspaper this morning was a paragraph to the effect that you had been elected Professor at Oxford. I have been so out of it of late that I have not known what was going on. And though a glimmer of a hint reached me that you might allow yourself to be nominated, it had never been confirmed to a certainty. But it is most right, proper and in every way a joyful consummation that it should be so. Everybody will rejoice out of affection for you and concern for the University, upon which you will confer distinction. You will have to cut off some of the scraggier and less essential parts of your work, for I don't think the Professorship is a sinecure. Drawing up papers and deciding upon exercises takes it out of one."

The same feeling animates his reference in a College Address in May of the same year to " our dear Sir Walter Parratt, the most inspiring of teachers, who has radiated life-force and wisdom into young people during the whole twenty-five years " since the College was opened. Apart from music there were many bonds between the two friends. Sir Walter's son, Geoffrey, was a sailor ; that in itself was a recommendation, but the whole family were to him " dear and delightful ". And then there was their common love of dogs. Writing from Ireland in 1895 Parry tells his friend that "there's such a nice dog here: one of those yellow Chinese fellows, as wise as ten Mandarins and as amiable as

an angel or whatever is best and nicest". When he was ordered away in May 1913 he assures Sir Walter that "there is no one I shall miss saying good-bye to more or whose company I shall miss more in the coming months".

For twenty years Hubert Parry in his own words had been "getting wisdom on all manner of things" from Dannreuther. His lessons began in 1873, and till Dannreuther's death in 1905 Parry visited him every Sunday afternoon—and often on other days—when they were both in London. Everything that he wrote was submitted to one whom he addresses in his letters as "Beloved master", "most sapient censor", but most often as "most best". So he signs himself "thy devoted disciple" or "ever thine ever so much", and if any confirmation be needed of these acknowledgments it is to be found in the constant and grateful references in his diaries to the unfailing encouragement and generous appreciation he received from his master and friend. On becoming Director of the Royal College he at once invited Dannreuther to join the Staff as Professor of the Pianoforte. Ten years later, writing on June 3, 1905, to Dannreuther's brother Gustav in New York, he gives a moving account of the last illness and death of this great musician and remarkable man, to whom he owed more in instruction, criticism and encouragement, than to any one else. After describing Dannreuther's "fierce refusal to accept the fact of illness" he goes on:

"He kept on with his work almost to the very last, and his perversities did not make any difference in our love for him. For we saw that his wonderful spirit rebelled against the acknowledgment of physical weakness."

To Dannreuther's work and influence at the College he pays a fitting tribute in a further letter to his brother dated September 21, 1909:

"You would be pleased, if it was possible without being in constant touch with our College, to realise what a halo there is round the memory of that dear old brother of yours. I believe it will grow into quite a legend—a tradition of a

mysterious personality which pervaded the life of the College through the few fortunate ones who were under his guidance. He certainly had an extraordinary influence on them. I think the last of them that was left, Miss Ellen Edwards, came to the end of her time last April. He was very fond of her, and predicted she would develop into something special, and she certainly did, for when she left us she was about the most delightful pianist we ever had."

It has already been shown that the affection for and admiration of Edward Dannreuther were fully returned. Mr. Gustav Dannreuther (who died in 1924) knew Parry intimately in the late 'seventies and met him again and again at the studio in Orme Square. Writing to me in November 1919 he says, " We all loved and adored him ", and the letters which Parry kept from his master bear out the statement. He was a friend of the whole family, and one of Edward Dannreuther's sons, named Hubert after him, proved a namesake worth having. Captain Hubert Dannreuther was in the *Invincible* at the action of Heligoland Bight, the battle of the Falkland Islands, and at Jutland, directing the fire-control up to the moment when she was blown up. He was one of the six survivors out of a ship's company of 1032, was awarded the D.S.O. for his gallantry and skill, and reached flag-rank in 1920.

At the Royal College, to return to his colleagues, Parry was surrounded by some of the most representative " Elder Statesmen " of the musical world. But the claims of new blood were not overlooked. The staff was strengthened by several distinguished former College students and pupils : Dr. Emily Daymond, Mr. W. H. Squire, Mr. Inwards, Mr. Waddington and Dr. (now Sir) Walford Davies, while amongst other early recruits may be mentioned the late Mr. Henry Bird and Mr. Walter Ford. One of his earliest appointments was that of the late Miss Anna Williams, the admirable oratorio singer who, in virtue of her long connexion with the West Country Festivals, was once saluted as " Great Anna, whom Three Choirs obey ". Her friendship with Parry dated back to the early years of Dannreuther's concerts at Orme Square, where she had sung

many of his songs. Later on she had taken part in the production of *Prometheus*, *Judith*, *Saul* and the *De Profundis*. Their long association was never clouded by any estrangement, and during the nine years (1895 to 1904) during which she taught singing at the R.C.M., Miss Anna Williams told me she met with nothing but kindness, and never saw him lose his temper. The only time they had a difference of opinion was over her resignation. Miss Williams was as relentlessly self-critical as Parry himself, and she gave up her post from distrust in her musicianship and the conviction that the time had come for younger people to teach the modern music—an act of really heroic self-effacement which she regarded as no more than a plain duty, and in which the Director reluctantly acquiesced. But the memory of his radiant geniality always remained, and when the present writer saw her a couple of years ago she spoke of him as one of the very few people she had ever known whom she really missed.

Mr. Waddington, who has been on the staff of the R.C.M. since 1897, writes that the impressions of his youth (already quoted) remained when he came to know Parry as Director:

"Whether he was a great composer or not, whether he was a great director or not, he was, I think, a great man—great by force of personality. It is difficult to convey an impression of his qualities. He had no mannerisms that one could dwell upon. He was entirely sane and equable, without display, without affectation. He had a sense of the humorous, but was not himself distinctively humorous. He was a good talker, and could illuminate any subject he talked about. But it was not the range of his knowledge that gave an impression of greatness as distinct from cleverness. It must have been, I think, the perfection of his human qualities combined with his erudition. . . . Many people have courtesy, knowledge, charity, insight, sympathy, judgment, neighbourliness—one or more of them. He had them all in full measure."

Sir Walford Davies's critical tribute I have reserved for a later place, for, as he writes: "I loved him too dearly

and feel him still so near me as to make it hard to appraise him as a man".

The College suffered a heavy loss in February 1896 by the death of Mr. Watson, the Registrar. Parry notes in his diary that he hardly slept all night after hearing the news, and writing to Sir Walter Parratt the next day to announce the death of "our good devoted friend", he speaks of the loss as "heavy for us all personally and for the College almost irreparable". Fortunately, an admirable successor was found in Mr. Frank Pownall, an intimate and devoted friend from the days when he and Parry were undergraduates at Exeter College, a fine amateur musician and singer, trained to the law and versed in business, above all a kindly, sagacious and level-headed man, whose equanimity was a great comfort to his more mercurial chief. They worked together in general harmony at the College for seventeen years, and Frank Pownall, up to the time of his break-down in 1913, frequently accompanied Parry on his yachting holidays. He was one of Parry's nearest and dearest friends and admirers, though his devotion stopped short of idolatry: for example, he did not refrain from expressing his anxiety as to Parry's incursion into the realm of opera. But he was always deeply moved by the *Sirens*, and the letter he wrote in September 1903 faithfully reflects his feelings about Parry's "message":

"R.C.M., *Sept.* 18, 1903.

"Dear Old Hubert— . . . I hope you have been enjoying these last two lovely days at sea. I must say that I was rather glad as I lay in bed last Thursday night listening to the gale to feel that you were safe ashore. . . I gathered from the newspapers that *Voces Clamantium* [produced earlier in the month at the Hereford Festival] made the effect which I was sure it ought to, and rejoiced accordingly. I am glad the noble 'tag' did not pass without notice. I think Isaiah will stick his name down as one of your backers when you put up for the Prophets' Club in the Elysian Fields. Bless you! Go on with your message: there will always be many of us to whom it is a higher and truer one than that of the Tchais and Strausses. At all events there is no vodka in it!"

To deal in detail with Parry's relations with all his staff would be impossible. But no method of selection should exclude his recognition of the services of the subordinate and non-musical officials. Two examples may suffice. The second of the addresses on Character delivered in the year 1913 was prompted by the death of a faithful friend of the College, Mr. W. L. Broadbelt, for many years chief of the clerical staff. And in December 1914, in a letter to Sir Walter Parratt, he speaks of the great loss the College had sustained by the death of Mr. Fern, " a devoted and loyal servant, who kept the other office people cheery and alive ".

It remains to speak of the Director's relations with the Council, the Founder and successive presidents and patrons of the College ; and if I have inverted the conventional order by dealing first with pupils and professors, it is because I believe such a method is more in keeping with Hubert Parry's interpretation of his duties and responsibilities. That was in his own words, to give " rational direction ", though, as Mr. Colles correctly observes, " some remarked that for a Radical he could be surprisingly autocratic, and his views on ' collective wisdom ' were strikingly at variance with the doctrinaire utterances of any political party ".

As for the Council, composed as it was to a considerable extent of personal friends and intimates such as Spencer Lyttelton, Robin Benson, Sir William Bigge (Lord Stamfordham's elder brother) and Lionel Benson, he was assured in advance of benevolent and sympathetic treatment. He certainly had no reason to complain, and he did not complain of undue interference or opposition to his views. Divergences of opinion there were, and Parry did not always get his way ; but there is the best authority for stating that the relations between the Director and his Council were for the most part cordial, and in his diaries and private letters he alludes to the unvarying consideration shown to him by the Executive on the occasion of his frequent absences through illness, and their solicitude that he should not return to his duties

before his health was thoroughly re-established. As a matter of fact the duration of these compulsory absences almost invariably resulted in a compromise. When the doctors insisted on months, he made it weeks. When they said he would get all right if he would do nothing, they were recommending a counsel of perfection. On the occasion of a serious break-down in 1901, when he wished to reduce the period of his rest-cure to three weeks, a member of the family wrote : " He is a hopeless person. He ought to be kidnapped and kept abroad." It was on the same occasion that Lady Maud wrote to Sir Walter Parratt, begging him to persuade Hubert to prolong his rest and adding, " Frank Pownall is indefatigable in his attentions. I don't know what we should do without him." Ultimately he was persuaded to go on a trip to Madeira and was away for nearly the whole of March, but he went most reluctantly. " It's so tantalizing ", he wrote to Parratt, " to think of it [the College] all going on and not to be allowed to be there ".

There is something approaching to a tragic irony in this *cri du cœur* when one reflects that these periodic collapses and absences were largely due to his inveterate habit of overtaxing himself by unnecessary overwork. He had remarkable administrative gifts, but he was lacking in that extremely valuable quality of great administrators—the readiness to delegate responsibility to subordinates. Such delegation is not merely self-protective ; it economizes strength and enables the man in authority to concentrate on essentials and reserve himself for the higher functions of direction. There was no lack of devoted assistants eager and willing to help him, but he went on to the end writing all his letters—a prodigious number—with his own hand, and, in the early years of his Directorship, never denying audience to the endless stream of pupils, parents and others who came to interview him every day. Later on an effort was made to limit these interviews, with the result that it was said that he did not see the pupils enough—the inevitable result of having been previously too accessible. This immersion in detail and unnecessary drudgery distressed, and even exasperated, those of his admirers who thought

that musical composition and not the direction of musical education was his true mission. So we find Sir William Richmond rebuking him for wearing himself out in voluntary work instead of devoting his energies to his " real business, which is clearly writing music, and big music " :

" It is not as if you had to do the work to earn a living as I have to. But that a man who has it in his power to add to the small list of English composers should be hampered for want of time is wrong."

Hubert Parry's relations with his Council and Executive Committee have prompted a digression, but it may serve to illustrate the difficulties they encountered in inducing him to spare himself and turn his great qualities to the best account. As for the various Royalties with whom his appointment brought him into contact, it may be fairly said that his experiences taught him to revise very considerably the estimate he had formed of their abilities and utility in his earlier years. The process was gradual, for when he went to stay at Sandringham in February 1897, though the Prince and Princess of Wales were very pleasant and friendly, and the Princess in particular attracted him by her eagerness to be kind, he found the experience " trying all the same ". His knighthood in 1898 caused him no exultation :

(*To Sir Walter Parratt*)

" Highnam Court, *May* 22, 1898.

" This business has one quite delightful point about it —to have brought me such a dear generous letter from you. You may guess I was in a bit of a quandary. The whole question was how it concerned the College. I saw Francis Knollys about it—and it had to be. But certainly it is worth while after all to get such kind words from my friends. And it is nice to see the good folks here pleased too."

The further honour bestowed on him in 1902 is laconically recorded in his diary for June 21 : " Had a letter from Lord Salisbury saying that H.M. proposed to make me a baronet ! Kind of him ! " A story is told of a

gallant and genial officer that, while rational in other respects, whenever he mentioned Royalty or the nobility his jaw dropped and he became quite inarticulate. This certainly could never be said of Hubert Parry at any time. His family connexions from early years brought him into close touch with many members of the " old nobility ", and while not insensible to their personal charm he was on the whole a severe and even hostile critic of their outlook on life, their exclusiveness, self-indulgence and arrogance. There was no doubt as to what " peers, idle peers " meant to him. Not that he condemned the class wholesale. He judged them on their merits, character and record, and where they interpreted the maxim *noblesse oblige* with consideration, courtesy and humanity, and without ostentation or an undue claim on the deference of others, he held them in respect and admiration. He was no courtier : he had no illusions as to the divinity of royal houses, and, as we have seen, went so far as to recognize that Royalties might be " duffers of the first water ". But where they showed tact, wisdom and broad-mindedness, he was generous of acknowledgment. His address to the pupils in September 1910, after the death of King Edward, is entirely void of any fulsome panegyric, but remains none the less a remarkable and well " documented " tribute to " the true, liberal and large-hearted goodwill " shown by the Founder of the College, based on fifteen years of personal experience and co-operation. King Edward, as he reminded his hearers, took a peculiarly personal interest in the foundation of the R.C.M. : " the extent to which we owe our existence to him would hardly be believed if we had not the undoubted facts to prove it ". But the King scrupulously avoided all superfluous guidance once the College was started. " Nothing was more remarkable than the extent to which he left us free and independent to work out our salvation " :

" It is not so long ago that such an institution would have been regarded by people at Court as a convenient means of providing for dependents, favourites and importunate scholars. But times have changed, and though

no doubt the importunate folk were not absent, appointments have always been made at the College on the basis of tried ability and worth, and not on mere personal favour. The King knew quite well how coddling can ruin man, woman, or institution, and he knew that it was better for us to find out our own way than to have it made too easy for us. So far from resenting any independence in regard to his views, he once said, in discussing an important matter in the arrangements of the College, that he always meant to act as a constitutional President, and not to insist upon his private views if the views of those who ventured to differ from him proved to be substantially grounded. And the result has been that we have thriven much better than if we had been coddled."

He goes on to quote the passage, to which I have already referred, from the speech of 1883 in which the Prince President, as he then was, laid stress on the value of music in promoting the fusion of classes. With his accession to the throne he ceased to be President, but the tradition of kindly consideration descended from father to son. "A President more completely free than the present King from the obstructiveness of punctilio or etiquette, or fussiness or meddlesomeness, it would be difficult to imagine." The occasion, Hubert Parry observed in conclusion, demanded a serious mood, but there was nothing to stand in the way of the good spirits befitting the resumption of work:

"Our Founder would not at all approve of our suppressing good spirits on his account. He, of all men, was of a mind to approve a cheerful humour, and knew what a splendid help it is to getting work done. You cannot pay a much better compliment to his memory than to continue to enjoy our College life and its good fellowship as of old."

END OF VOL. I

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